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VOLUME II.

OCTOBER, 1892. JUNE, 1893.

ANDOVER, MASS.

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It is the purpose of the magazine, first, to promote literary life in the school. With this in view, the editors will strive not only to secure the best work from the best pens, but also to encourage and, so far as possible, to assist men not habituated to writing.

The magazine is intended, as well, for a medium of communication between the undergraduate body and the Alumni. To this end, a paper by some prominent alumnus will appear in each number, and a special department will be devoted to alumni notes.

The Editors will recruit the Contributing Board, as occasion demands, from men who have shown marked ability in the quality and amount of their work for the magazine.

From the Contributing Board, will be filled all vacancies arising from time to time on the Editorial Staff.

All contributions should be addressed to EDITORS OF THE PHILLIPS ANDOVER MIRROR, and all business communications to

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Vol. 2. October, 1892. No. 1.

Harvard.

TO describe a great college so as to give any adequate or even correct notion of the students' life is a difficult task. A graduate has his own impressions of what college life was to him. He knows how some of his acquaintances developed during the years he was associated with them. He can tell an inquirer what opportunities for study and instruction the college offers, who are accounted the most stimulating instructors, which the most valuable courses of study. But even to answer definite questions about the characteristics of college life is exceedingly difficult, and to give any helpful general picture of it is next to impossible. On the one hand any generalization, unless drawn from statistics, is apt to be unduly influenced by some single striking case which occurs to the memory, and on the other hand so much depends on the individual student who is going to college, — on what he desires to gain from his college course, and especially on what he is in himself, that what well describes the college life that is likely to show itself to one sort of man may be altogether misleading to another.

Especially is this true at Harvard, for one of the most striking features of Harvard is the heterogeneousness of the college. At Cambridge they are fond of saying that this means that the college has grown to be a "true

university." However that may be it is certainly the case that the college is made up of a great number of groups of men whose chief interest is in some one line. Thus there is the literary group, the group of mere "grinds," the group of idle, rich men, the musical group, the "society" group, and the many kinds of hard-working groups interested in some one line of study, as philosophy or science. The very narrow man will belong to only one of these groups; the more of a man a student is the more of them he will have some affiliation with, for the groups always overlap. Few students are so very limited as to care for only one of the many interests which college opens to them; but so rich in all directions is life at Harvard that for no one, I think, is it now possible to participate in all sides of college life.

This is, I think, a different thing from what is ordinarily meant by "cliquiness." It is not an arbitrary division into little sets of men, every set having about the same interests as another; it is rather a natural gravitation to one another of men who are congenial and are interested in the same things. The chief thing to be said in this respect to a person going to Harvard is that if he wants to enjoy college life he must prove himself congenial to the group of men (who will not all be in his own class) with whom he has interests in common. The qualities that he specially needs are sincerity, friendliness (of a sort which is willing to take a little trouble to gain desirable friends), agreeable manners, and zeal in the pursuit of some real interest, whether it be studies in any branch, or athletics, or literary work, or music.

A student who goes to Harvard College finds himself thrown on his own responsibility for the government of his life, both externally, in a large measure, and as to the determination of what his inner interests shall be. The college provides him with instruction in any line which he desires. If he comes seeking a classical education it is ready for him, arranged so that he has simply to accept the group of classical "courses" laid out with his particular case in view. If he is intending to gain a scientific education, that is provided for him with a wealth of opportunity equal in almost every line to that which he would have at a special Scientific School. And so with a literary education in other than classical lines.

The college insists that he shall be in residence during term time and shall do a certain amount of work in the branches which he has chosen.

The freshman is assigned on entrance to one of the instructors as an "adviser," who must approve his election of studies, and to whom he is encouraged to go for advice of every kind. If, as is usually the case, the adviser be a man of tact, he will find ways of gaining further personal acquaintance with the student. The chief difficulties in the working of this system of advisers, which, since it was started four or five years ago, has every year been of inestimable service to some freshmen, are the natural reserve of an American boy in new surroundings, and the fact that a faithful, upright freshman meets with so few difficulties in which he seems to himself to need advice.

There is a common impression that at Harvard the student, being one of so many, is shut off from the personal acquaintance of the instructors. This is wholly a mistake. It is of course impossible for any one student to know all of the more than a hundred professors and instructors, but if he cares at all to know personally such of them as he comes in contact with, he will find them going more than half-way to meet him. If he is an earnest student he will find himself, in the later years at least, admitted, as it were, into the professor's own workshop, and may enjoy the great privilege and inspiration of seeing and perhaps sharing in the constructive work of the eminent scholar. Those of the faculty whom students most desire to know are very accessible at their own homes. Some of them have regular times for receiving students. Others take pains to invite their classes to their house at luncheon, or dinner, or a general reception. And almost every instructor has regular hours for consultation, when he may be seen at some one of the college rooms. The small sections which the elective system secures, the various social clubs connected with the different departments, such as the Classical Club and the Philosophical Club, and above all the general spirit of life at Harvard lead to a personal relation between instructors and students which the members of the faculty at Cambridge believe (how correctly I do not know) to be more intimate and more general than exists at other colleges. The relation may be summed up by saying that the undergraduate is treated by the instruc-

tor, so far as is possible, and that at Harvard means very far, as a fellow-student, to be helped as such. Of course all this will not come in the first few months of the freshman year. The freshman begins by knowing personally only a few instructors. As he goes on he may come to know these more intimately, and he ought every year to know well more and more instructors. It is his own fault if at the end of his course he has not several warm personal friends among the members of the faculty.

There are many ways for a freshman to make acquaintances outside the little circle whom he has known before entering college. He will become acquainted with the other men who room in the same house with him, if he is in a private house; if he cares to, he will come to know the men who sit near him in his different recitations and lectures. If he goes into any branch of athletics he will be brought into contact with a large number of men. The training for the freshman crew, especially, in which many freshmen engage, is both an admirable course of daily exercise (it does not consume an excessive amount of time), and will introduce a freshman to many desirable acquaintances. What he will need here as elsewhere is sincerity, manliness, and freedom from "freshness," a fatal vice according to the college estimate.

In regard to athletics as in everything else each student is thrown on his own responsibility. At Harvard as elsewhere the successful athlete is a marked man, and to a certain extent gains social advantages which his personal traits would not always bring to him; but no one is forced to devote himself to athletics unless he wants to. It is assumed that a student knows why he came to college and must be the final judge of how he will reach his own ends. In general the place of athletics at Harvard is the true one, as a recreation for gentlemen whose main business is in other directions. It is an interesting fact that the average scholarship of athletic teams is higher than that of the college at large. There is no other college, I suppose, where so large a proportion of the students take part and excel in some branch of athletics, whether track athletics, rowing, tennis, or the rest. The excellent college trainer, who superintends all work in the gymnasium and on the track, and the very

useful and popular Weld Boat House, which provides rowing facilities for students who are not members of regular crews, are two important reasons for the wide diffusion of interest in personal physical development. The opportunities for exercise in the gymnasium are excellent and generally used. The ideal of athletic regulation at Harvard is to promote the physical culture of every member of the University. It is because it is believed that inter-collegiate sports tend toward this that the college authorities are heartily in favor of them.

The student will ask whether by going to Harvard he puts himself in the way of bad influences. Here again the responsibility is his. A student who wants to associate with vicious companions can easily find them, as he can at Phillips Academy or anywhere else. If he desires to lead an upright, conscientious life, he will find the vice which exists thrust on his attention far less, I believe, than at other New England colleges. The general moral tone of the college is high. Dishonesty in examinations is almost unknown. While I was in college I heard, in connection with one examination only, a vague rumor of cheating. I believe that the moral dangers at Harvard are, to say the least, no greater than at other colleges. The religious influences are of course different from those in a college where nearly every instructor is an evangelical Christian. The real strain on a young man's faith comes when he finds that outside the ranks of avowed Christians are men of earnest purpose and conspicuously pure life. Harvard meets this in the only way there possible, by offering attractive opportunities for worship and for religious advice for those who will accept them. All religious exercises are wholly voluntary. Morning prayers are well attended, and are the most beautiful and helpful religious service at which it has ever been my privilege to be present. There are also public services on Sunday and Thursday. The old religious societies, the Harvard Y. M. C. A. and the St. Paul's Society, are more flourishing than perhaps ever before. The Religious Union is a new society lately started. There are now more men every year who go into the Christian ministry (mostly of the "evangelical" denominations) than probably ever before and a large number as compared with the other New England colleges. The one characteristic of the Harvard life on the religious side

is absolute sincerity. Professor Henry Drummond, who spent nearly a week at Harvard when in this country, said that to his surprise he found Harvard the most genuinely religious college that he visited in America. It must be admitted that there are many students who neglect the religious opportunities, and are not very strongly touched by the religious influences; but from all I can learn, this is the case at all colleges. The type of religion which Harvard College seems to me to inculcate is a natural, genuine, spiritual one. I believe that the religious influences are growing year by year in power and reach, and this is the opinion of good judges, who are familiar with the religious life of other colleges.

In regard to social life my observation has been that a man at Harvard gains about that success which he deserves. College societies play a smaller part in the actual life than at most colleges. One's intimate friends will be made up from members of various societies. Men gravitate into the circle which is congenial to them and to which they really belong.

Whether a given man will on the whole have a better time at Harvard than at some other college is impossible to tell. There is a serious and intense side to the life at Harvard which sometimes obscures to an outsider's view the real and continual pleasure of the life. Most men at Harvard pass a four years full of delightful enjoyment. There are "soreheads" everywhere; I do not think there are more at Harvard than elsewhere. I have sometimes been surprised to learn of the enthusiasm for Harvard life on the part of men who seemed beforehand unlikely to prove socially eligible. The pleasure of college life, however, is something wholly dependent on the man. At Harvard a man is not always forced into a common current of goodfellowship. If he cares for it he can have it; if he is not willing to take the time and trouble necessary to make and keep friends, that is regarded as his own responsibility: he has a right to govern his own life as he pleases. If he makes himself agreeable, men will prize his society; if he does not prove a pleasant companion, they will let him alone, unless his money, or his family prestige, or his athletic or literary success make him worth knowing. It is not true that only rich

men, or men of good family, can have social success at Harvard. Men earning their own living, and of the humblest origin, mingle, as everyone sees, on perfectly equal terms with the richest, and gain all the pleasures and advantages of college life, As to expenses in general, it is estimated that "perhaps a quarter of each college class live on less than $600 a year, clothes included. Another quarter spend between $600 and $800."

It is of course true that a man of moderate talents is more likely to shine in a small community where the competition will be less keen. On the other hand, in a large college one is stimulated by the great variety of men with whom he comes in contact, and is led both to do his best and to judge more fairly of himself by the presence of a larger number of earnest and brilliant students. At Harvard there is, it seems to me, the peculiar advantage that the present system encourages every student to have a controlling interest of his own. There is a constant intellectual excitement in the fact that this man with whom you sit at table is full of an intense interest in history, the next man in philosophy, another in Elizabethan literature, another in geology. The stimulus which comes from this wide diversity of interests combined with a general community of training and tastes, is a very real fact of which one often is not fully conscious until after he leaves Cambridge. It is one of the great sources of the pleasure of college life not only to the man with whom the intellectual life is the only thing in the world, but also to the athlete and to the "average man." The actual tendency of the Harvard course is to make men do better in their work every year, and to lead men to hit on branches of study in which they find themselves thoroughly interested. This is illustrated both by many individual cases and by statistics.

The full enjoyment of college life does not come at first. I am told that even at Yale, with all the prestige that comes to a Phillips graduate, a freshman is apt to feel pretty lonely. The best things in college are friendships and those interests which call out the best effort of the whole man. These come to one gradually. The early part of one's college years is largely a preparation for them, rather than the realization of them.

What one gets out of any college depends on himself. The Harvard system is intended to make one conscious of this fact and to force each student to reflect on his own purposes and make a deliberate choice of means to carry them out. This responsibility has been imposed, and the present spirit of college life has been fostered, out of the deliberate belief that this method is the best for the development of manly character.*

James Hardy Ropes, P. A. '85.

* For discussion and description of Harvard College, I would refer to Professor W. W. Goodwin's Phi Beta Kappa oration (1891) on "The Present and Future of Harvard College" (Boston: Ginn and Co.); to W. R. Bigelow's article, "The Better Side of Harvard," in the New England Magazine for December 1890; and to the pamphlets issued by the University for free distribution, especially "Harvard University: A brief Statement of what Harvard University is, how it may be entered, and how its degrees may be obtained," by Frank Bolles, the "Report upon Athletics, with statistics," Professor Palmer's address on "College Expenses at Harvard," and the pamphlet on "Opportunities provided for Religious Worship, Instruction, and Fellowship."

Primrose.

A gem of purity thou art, sweet rose,
So bright and majestic, as the morning star;
Thou 'rt like true innocence,
With world-wide charmingness. — L.

Forgiven.

IT was a bright September afternoon. The sky was cloudless, save for some phantom mountains above the western hills. The tree-tops waved laughingly in the fresh breeze. Here and there a sunset-hued maple contrasted its brilliant foliage with the greens of the forest. The falling leaves, which fluttered softly to the ground, showed that Summer was giving way to Fall. Through a grove of massive pines, on a rich carpet of green moss and brown pine-needles, a pair of artists were walking slowly, engaged in earnest conversation. Soon they came out into an old logging road, entirely overgrown with grass and ferns. On both sides birches and elms rose out of the thick bushes, and interlacing branches made a beautiful arch. Occasional patches of blue, framed by the exquisite tracery of the leaves, broke up the monotony of green above. Below, the sun cast delicate silhouettes on the ground. The whole formed a wonderful vista with the summit of Mt. Washington clearly outlined against the pale blue sky in the distance.

The artists walked down this road and soon emerged into the open. They found themselves in a clearing on the side of a hill. At their feet lay a fertile valley, through which flowed the swift waters of the Ammonoosuc. Back of the hills, on the opposite side, rose the peaks of the Presidential Range. Garfield, Lafayette, and Cannon, on the right, towered above them with imposing grandeur, while far off in the distance, above the hills on their left, could be seen the tops of the Green Mountains. As they seated themselves on a bowlder, shaded by a mighty hemlock and commanding a fine view, they heard the rush of steam cars in the valley below. Looking down they saw a train winding in sinuous curves along the banks of the stream. When it disappeared in the distance they took out their books and prepared to sketch.

For a little while they drew steadily. Soon, however, they laid aside their work and talked, and watched the strange pictures in the clouds. Arthur King and Mabel Rosmonde had known each other only a short time, yet they had become close friends. The similarity of their tastes

had made them companions in many excursions. She was an artist of promise, while he, although a physician by profession, had considerable artistic talent, and usually spent his summers in sketching. Many long strolls had they taken together through the woods and fields. Their friendship had become closer and closer, and Arthur now realized that he felt for her all the love his passionate nature was capable of. On the morrow he was to leave, for his short vacation was already over, and the demands of his practice required his presence in New York. So they had started off on this afternoon for a walk, the last they could take together for some time.

As they talked the sun sank lower and lower. Finally it went down below the low line of hills. The whole sky shone resplendent with the radiant hues of an autumn sunset. Lustrous clouds crowned the summits of the mountains as they stood forth in purple-robed magnificence against the pale green of the sky, mighty sovereigns of time! Gradually the glory faded from the heavens, and in the quiet after-glow he spoke of his great love for her. With eager expectancy he awaited the answer. Slowly and hesitatingly at first, but then with greater firmness, she said that it could never be. He could never, never care for her if he knew who and what she was! Earnestly he pleaded with her! Passionately he protested that nothing could ever lessen the intensity of his love! At last she consented to tell her story, and then if the next day he should still be of the same mind, she would be his.

As they walked homeward she told him of how her father, in an outburst of anger, had killed a man named Clayton; how he had bitterly repented the deed and given himself up to the authorities; but the stigma remained, and the family had changed their name and surroundings to escape the opprobrium of the crime. She should have told him before, but could she be blamed for wishing to conceal the story of her own disgrace? Yet she could not let him marry her without first telling him the truth.

She said no more. The tears had been in her eyes but her voice had been firm. She was a strong, noble girl, and she felt that she was doing right in telling him all. A fiendish light flashed through Arthur's

eyes. He started, as if to spring upon her, but checked himself. A short, fierce fight waged within him. A look of grim determination mixed with hatred and disgust settled upon his features. In silence they walked homeward and parted for the night. He left the next morning, as he had planned. From his cold and formal good-by she realized that now he regarded her with abhorrence. Why, O why should she suffer so terribly for the hasty deed of her father?

Several months passed away. Arthur had resumed his practice and was working successfully, but he seemed gloomy. His love had been too deep to be cast away entirely without fierce struggles. Often as he blamed himself for his weakness, he could not feel as he had before that summer; but he worked on grimly. He was a man of strong will; what he thought was right he did with stern resolution. He had come to trust himself so implicitly that he considered all thought of supernatural aid as the folly of weaklings. He could believe nothing which was not clearly proved to him. Brought up from youth as he had been, to live a strictly moral life, he thought that others could and should do so. He considered a sin as an irreparable injury and disgrace to the perpetrator and his relatives. The idea of forgiveness was entirely foreign to his nature. What wonder was it, then, that he should regard with horror the daughter of a murderer — and of his father's murderer! For his real name was Clayton, and his father had been murdered by this girl's father. No! he could never think of her with anything but bitter hatred and contempt. He had once in a youthful passion vowed dire vengeance against her family; with the discretion of increasing years, however, he had given up all thoughts of revenge. Yet his first impulse had been to kill her, — her, the one whom he had loved! But he could never love her more!

One cold night in December, Arthur was summoned to the side of a dying woman. Her home was in a tenement in one of the worst parts of New York. As he entered the house he recoiled before the signs of sin and poverty which he saw. He climbed the rickety stairs and entered the sick chamber. There was no furniture in the room, save a chair, a stove, and a pile of straw for a bed; yet the floor was clean, and a certain air of neatness made him believe that the occupant was above her sur-

roundings. By the sick woman's side was a lady who evidently belonged to some mission. There was no one else in the room. The patient's face was towards him. Lines of care and anxiety on her face showed that she had had a sad life. But in spite of the sorrow there was a look of expectancy on her features. As he entered, she half raised herself with an exclamation of joy. "My son!" burst from her lips, but the words died away and she sank back again disappointedly when she saw it was a stranger. A few minutes investigation showed that she was beyond human aid; the end was very near. With bent head he stood, listening to her irregular breathing. The door opened softly. A rough looking man stepped in, and when he saw the dying woman, threw himself beside her bed, weeping tears of bitter anguish and repentance.

"Mother! O mother! forgive me!"

A beautiful light came into her face. Her lips moved feebly, and a faint "Yes, my son!" was barely audible. Her eyes closed in death, but the sad, patient look had changed to a smile of joy. In peaceful tones were heard the words "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us, ... for Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, forever. Amen."

Arthur slept but little that night. Somehow the scene at the woman's death-bed haunted him. He had heard from his own lips the son's story of how he had ruined and disgraced his parents, hastened his father's death, and broken his poor mother's heart; and of how he had heard of her sickness and had arrived at her side, bitterly repentant, just in time to be forgiven. Arthur contrasted the woman's eagerness to forgive so much with his own mean hard-heartedness. What had Mabel done to injure him? Was she to be blamed for the sins of another? Had she not, indeed, suffered terribly for them already? And was she not suffering even now because of his own pride and coldness? What a cruel man he was!

His brain was in a turmoil. The old love once more made a supreme effort for victory. Time and again he thought he had conquered what he termed his weakness, only to be haunted by the vision of the woman's peaceful, loving face. When he did sleep he dreamed of Mabel. How

sad and patient she looked! He could bear it no longer. Although the sun had not yet risen he put on his clothes and started for a walk. The streets were deserted. Without knowing how he got there, he found himself on the Brooklyn Bridge. The waters were covered with a dense fog. Suddenly the sky brightened, and the sun had risen. The mist melted away under the warm rays, and the water sparkled in the light. Everything showed out clear and distinct. As he watched the transformation a change went on within him. The mist cleared from his mind, and his own cold-heartedness and unbelief showed forth in rugged detail. A new sun had risen in his horizon and dispelled the clouds of doubt, and in the peace that followed he repeated to himself the lines which his mother had taught him when he was a boy; "And be ye kind one to another, tender hearted, forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you." The words had a clearer and deeper meaning to him now than ever before.

His friends soon noted a change in his manner. They thought it had been brought about by the beautiful and charming wife, whom he had just married. They also noticed that the love of the young couple did not grow dim with age, but that they continued to feel a deep affection for one another throughout their lives.

Nathan A. Smyth.

The Need of a Course in Current Topics.

IT is surprisingly evident that a large quota of men in school are almost entirely ignorant of the important incidents which are happening in their own and in foreign countries. This is partly due to want of inclination and partly to the lack of sufficient opportunity. It may be doubted by some, but it is true nevertheless, that the newspapers, which may be regarded as daily modern histories, are an empty void in the rounds of their scholastic life.

The average Academy man reads in his morning paper the ball scores or the sporting columns, and after a casual glance at the news headings throws it aside and turns his thoughts to other things till next morning's issue reaches his hands. Should an exciting scandal or murder case present itself it might claim a reading, but the latest news from Europe or the Washington correspondence is quite out of the question. Now I don't mean to say that the base ball or theatrical news shouldn't be read. They have their place, as any reasonable man will admit, but they should not occupy the exclusive attention.

As a generation soon to go forth, and to mingle with and form the country's influential citizens, we should possess a clear understanding of the doings about us. We should keep thoroughly abreast of the times. Such a knowledge of the vital matters of our country would yield us as much benefit, in a certain way, as will ancient Greek or English History. There are fellows in school who are studiously delving into the intricate problems of Roman History, who could not speak five intelligent sentences on the relation of the Homestead troubles to the social conditions of the country. If they had read any of the many and excellent editorials which have been written on that subject they might have had better understanding to-day.

The great dailies of our big cities are the bold, free, and persistent advocates of the people's rights. A prominent writer on Civics says that "they are the vast throbbing pulse of the country." They are the grand mediums through which the far ends of the earth are brought to a focus

in a day. That their influence is a great and a good one is undeniable. The respectable newspapers of the country voice its best sentiments. The current magazines are on a higher plane, but they do not enter so closely the lives of the people as do the newspapers. The independence and bravery of some notable dailies which have stood steadfastly out for the right, when under the greatest pressure, is but an example of the courage and independence of our press. In no other country is it so free or so loyal. Yet but few fellows read them thoroughly.

It would be interesting to know how many fellows now know the fundamental principles and characteristics of the coming campaign, how many will enter into it intelligently, or how many are Republicans or Democrats merely because their parents are such, or for some passing fancy. How many, for instance, understand the principles of free trade, tariff reform, reciprocity, free silver, civil service reform, and scores of other issues of to-day. How many read the more important governmental transactions at Washington, or the important every-day topics?

With the advent of modern methods of instruction and a new era in education, teachers are awakening to the fact that the old curriculum is unfit for the present. They are realizing that it must be radically altered and enlarged upon. What suited the student of 1872 is largely unsuitable for the student of 1892. The items of government and trade, which are of special interest and significance in life about us, should be given an equal footing in the course of studies with the classics and sciences. The subject of having a course in Current Topics is being discussed at both Yale and Harvard. Fellows cannot be expected to pore over the papers rather than be on the campus. The moments of leisure are altogether too few to rob them of their recreation.

If such a course is needed at college, how much more need is there of one at Andover. It is quite certain that one could be established without interfering with the other studies. It need not necessarily mean an additional amount of work or recitation time. If, for instance, half the Monday morning recitation were devoted to a discussion of the events of the preceding week, and a terse talk upon some of their bearings by the instructor of each class after his own plan, great benefit would surely ac

crue. The relations of this matter to the progress of science, economics, civics, and classics are obvious. In certain lines it would be a feeder to the other work of the school, if properly pursued.

It is safe to say that the time thus spent would be irksome to very few fellows. Students would take a new interest in affairs and understand the great workings of the world far more clearly than before. They would leave the Academy better educated men. They would be more broadly fitted to begin their college life, their business, or their profession.

Arthur C. Mack.

A Tribute to Keats.

So fair a lily grew upon a cliff,
Unspotted and unsullied,
That when night spread her dark eclipse,
The stars looked down and smiled.

And when in day's first flash the stars grew faint
And lost their light,
The sun arising grew more radiant
At that fair sight

For in her shining cup the sunbeams found
Refinement rare,
The strong rays softened sought the lower ground,
To brighten there.

The stars themselves burned deeper, having read
In that soul pure,
How Love and Duty meeting, happ'ly wed,
And live obscure.

So all the poets of our Golden Age
Refinement find,
And feel the depth that lies in every glade,
In his pure mind.

He was their lily; they the sun and stars
That swam within his ken.
With their light he has sweetly mixed his own,
And lifted men.

Wallace D. Weed.

Because of Eleanor.

TOM Wallace always was a queer sort of a fellow. In the first place, he was rich, a fact which society could stand very well; in the second place, he worked for his living, a thing which horrified society. Taking it altogether, he was something of a puzzle.

But he had not always worked for a living. It was only within recent years that he had turned from butterfly to bee, and then it was not Tom's fault, but all on account of a girl. Yes, Tom had been in love once with a girl named Eleanor. She was a very nice girl indeed, and when Tom proposed to her, feeling sure that she would accept him, it made him feel very badly when she shook her head, and said very slowly that she would never accept a man who was too lazy to work for his living. She may have done wisely, or not. We will not discuss that. One thing is certain, Tom felt decidedly ill-used, and he then and there registered a vow never to make a fool of himself about a girl again. He really thought he meant it; yet in a little while he had dropped his club, ceased driving in the park, and given up going into society. He went to work instead, writing squibs for the papers. He had always been handy with his pen, and in a short time he was taken on to the staff of one of the great dailies, as a reporter. The other men called him a dude at first, but there was nothing dudish about Tom, though he did crease his trousers and wear a nosegay, and he soon gained their respect by his steady work. Good, solid work always tells, and the city editor soon became accustomed to give Tom important items to write up; and they were always well done.

Tom often thought of Eleanor, but he never went near her. "Wait!" he said to himself, "Wait until I've a good start; then I'll try again." As for Eleanor, she tried to forget him at first. Then, when she heard of his articles, she became quite proud of him, and read the New York —— very attentively, trying to pick out the pieces which Tom had written. After a while she began to get a little provoked at him for not visiting her. "The stupid fellow," she thought, "I wonder what is the matter with him!"

For some time previous there had been trouble at Homestead in the steel works. When the men struck, the editor of Tom's paper scented trouble. Ringing a bell, he ordered Tom to be called to his office. On that gentleman's arrival, he motioned him to a chair. For some moments there was silence. Tom gazed anxiously around the room, and chewed a toothpick. "Wallace," said the editor, at length, shifting his position, and looking at Tom searchingly, "Wallace, I think I can trust you. You have always looked out for our interests faithfully. The point is this; will you sacrifice your time, perhaps more, for the sake of getting us the exact state of affairs at Homestead? I do not mean regular news. That is all right. What I want is some one who will get at the inside facts, mingle with the men, and get us up a series of articles that will take the town by surprise, and get ahead of the other papers. What do you say?"

Tom thought seriously for a moment, then he said, "I 'd like to try it. When shall I start?"

"Let me see. It 's now six-thirty. If you hurry, you can make the eight o'clock train from Jersey City. I leave everything to you. Good-by." With a shake of the hand, Tom had passed the swinging doors, and soon the editor heard him hurry through the hall, and then all was still. "Fine fellow that," mused he, "I must make a note of him." Opening a drawer, he wrote Tom's name in a memorandum book. After putting it away again, and smothering a yawn, he turned to his writing.

Although Tom had seen New York in many phases and from many positions, he always loved the view from the river at night He now stood on the rear deck of a Pennsylvania ferry-boat, holding his hat and looking out over the rail. The sky was clear and bright with stars, but there was no moon. A stiff breeze was blowing from the sea, and he could sometimes see the white caps as they rose and fell on the black water. In full view, for miles up and down the river lay the lights of the great city, twinkling in the distance. To the right there shone out the torch from Liberty. Now and then a passing boat hid the glitter for a moment, then slowly, as the boat went on, the bright point came in sight once more, outlined distinctly against the horizon.

But now the boat began to slacken speed, and Tom knew from that and

the noises ahead, that they were nearing the Jersey shore. Sure enough, right before them twinkled the red and green lights of the piers, and above, towering away up into the darkness, was the great arch of the station roof, all aglow with electricity. It was the work of but a few moments for Tom to hurry through the crowds in the busy depot, and get comfortably fixed in the Pullman. In a few moments more the train had pulled out through the yards, and was speeding along towards the Delaware, ninety miles away.

It is quite a change from the Jersey plains to the hills and valleys of Western Pennsylvania. So thought Tom, as he stood at the rear end of the train, and watched the sails fly away behind him. Just then the brown face of the porter appeared in the doorway. Tom opened up with, "Say, John, how far is it to Homestead?" John scratched his head. "Well, suh," he said, "I reckon its 'bout two miles right across them hill tha. Why, suh, are you gw'in da? They says them strikers was pretty ugly las' night." Tom looked interested. "The deuce you say. Say, John, here 's something for you," slipping a V into his hand. "Mind you keep mum on what you see." With that he swung himself down on the lowest step, and jumped off. The train was running slowly, so that he did not get hurt. After turning a summersault, he arose, brushed the cinders from his hair, and took his way across the fields towards Homestead. "Golly!" ejaculated the son of Africa, as the train swung around the next curve.

Tom made this little manœuver for the sake of avoiding the suspicion which would surely arise if he came into Homestead by the usual way. After about three quarters of an hour he came to the first straggling outskirts of the town; on each side of the road were vacant lots, overgrown with weeds, while at intervals, as a sort of relief to the eye, he could see small cottages, unpainted, and blackened by age and the rough touch of the wind. Heaps of rubbish, empty cans, etc., surrounded the houses, adding their share to the general desolation. Continuing along this street, if street it could be called, he noticed in the window of a grocery store the sign "Boarding and lodging." "I guess I may as well try here," he thought to himself. So saying, he entered the little

store-room, and approached the counter. Behind, reclining on a soap-box, sat a man spitting tobacco-juice with remarkable accuracy through a hole in the floor.

"Beg pardon, sir," Tom began; "but can you accommodate me here for a few days?"

The man looked at him intently out of his small eyes. "Be yez a stranger hyar?"

"Well,—yes; I am coming to take part in the strike; help the thing a little."

"Oh yes, I see. Well, I reckon we kin keep yer for a few days. I'll call Maria." Awkwardly rising, he went out into a room back of the store, and called quite loudly "Maria, Maria!" Soon an elderly woman with a face full of care marks, and eyes which had lost their brightness, answered the summons. In answer to the old man's question, she thought a moment, and then said, "Why, yes, I guess we can give you a room and feed you."

"All right," said Tom. "I would like to go to my room now, if you please." The woman led him up a dark, narrow staircase, and opened the door of a room nearest the street. "Here it is," she said. After a moments survey, he said it would suit, and shut the door. "One good thing," he thought, "I can get out by that window, if the dark and quiet game is ever on the board."

That was the beginning of a busy time for Tom. What with talks with the men, sketching bits of the town which he thought picturesque, and writing and sending off his articles, he was kept quite busy, and often his light burned far into the night.

One morning, as he lay in bed, idly counting the flies crawling about on the wall, he was startled by the shriek of a steam whistle, which came sounding through the morning stillness.

"By George! that's the signal!" exclaimed Tom. Tumbling into his clothes, he hurried down the dark stairs, and out into the street.

It was still a little dark, and a slight mist hovered in the air. Soon there came the sound of hurrying footsteps in the silent street, and in a few moments more a steady stream of men was hastening along on the

way to the river. Tom was among the foremost, anxious to reach the bank as early as possible. In a few moments he lay stretched out on a girder of the high railroad bridge, note-book in hand, and ready for action. Down by the river-bank lay two covered barges, filled with men, and at the top of the steep bank a line of men was stretched for quite a distance. From all along this line puffs of white smoke arose, and gun-shots resounded. Bullets fell like hail on the boats, splintering and tearing the wood. Every little while a small cannon belched forth smoke, and poured a broadside of scrap-iron on those below.

Soon there came a lull in the firing, and it looked as though the fighting had ceased. Then a very strange thing happened. There came floating through the air an odd, pungent odor. Tom knew what it was. He had not nosed around the great refineries at Williamsburg and Hunter's Point for nothing, "Oil," he exclaimed; "wonder what they are up to now!"

Suddenly from a curve in the shore there came swinging out into the current a broad sheet of flame, resting like a veil upon the water. It was a mass of burning oil, and it was coming straight for the boats. The men in those little barges gazed spell-bound at the sight. In the midst of the flame nothing but fire could be seen. Around the edges the water was fighting terribly to quench the blaze. It leaped up and over the fiery mass and almost quenched it, then, with a hiss, the water changed to steam, and the flame burst forth once more. The smoke, tinged with color by the fire below, rose in dark clouds, and floated off behind. It was as still as death, save for the flame, as it hissed and roared and swept along. Just then a little gust of air blew the leaves of Tom's note-book. With a sudden thought he raised his finger to see in which direction the wind was blowing. After a moment's thought he said, "I believe God will save them after all, if this wind keeps up." And so it was; for the mass of fire which, driven by the force of the current, would have drifted right into the barges if left to itself, swung round when it felt the wind, and drifted harmlessly by.

The firing now began again, and continued for some time. At length a white flag nailed to a stick was thrust through a hole in the boats, and waved violently. A hoarse shout arose from the mob on the banks, but

the firing and the bullets did not slacken. The flag was pulled in. This scene was repeated three times, and then the firing ceased. The crowd yelled in triumph. "We've got 'em! They've give in!" was the cry. Tom slid down from his perch, and hurried to the scene.

Soon the doors were opened, and a line of men began slowly to ascend the bank. They were hard looking specimens, all black with powder, with bandaged heads, and clothes stained with blood. Slowly they marched along, with guards by their sides. The crowd hooted and groaned, and even shook their fists. One tall, gaunt Irish woman shouted out, "Och, ye blatherin' blaggards! Was it yez thet murdered my poor Tom; I'll kill yez, so I will." This was the spark that touched off the powder. With a yell, the mob rushed upon the defenceless column. Tom was borne on with the rest. He saw the man by his side raise a cobble stone in his hand, and lunge forward. Now Tom was not very large, and this fellow was a great burly ruffian, who looked as though he could fell a man at one blow; but Tom never thought of that. He never quite understood how it all came about; but the next thing he knew the stone was on the ground, and the man was swearing and shaking his fist in his face. Tom suddenly remembered that you should always hit first in a street fight. So he struck the fellow in the temple with all his force, and had him on the ground before he knew it. The fellow was a coward, and cowards always know when they are beaten; so Tom had no more trouble with him. But this little affray had attracted attention, and he now saw that it was all up with him unless he could reach the edge of the crowd. Although Tom was not large, his forefathers, the Anglo-Saxons, had transmitted to him a good measure of that spirit which gives a man a cool head and active hands at such a time. He felt his nerves begin to tingle. "Now or never," he muttered. Then he shut his lips firmly and pitched in. It was a fight worthy of his knightly forefathers. He had to force his way through a solid file of men all maddened by liquor and the thought of revenge. Stones fell in a perfect shower. The little line of prisoners was beginning to slacken its speed. "Come on, fellows! Follow me!" Tom shouted. At the sound of his ringing voice the battered column took fresh heart, and pushed on.

Twenty feet of hard-earned ground had been covered, and Tom was beginning to feel contented. Yes, actually contented. Tom was built for a soldier, though he did not know it. It gave him the keenest pleasure as he struck men and crushed them under him. But he did not escape unscathed. He was covered with bruises, in some places the skin was broken; but he knew nothing of that. He could just begin to catch glimpses of a break in the crowd, when a fellow struck him on the head with a bar of scrap iron. It was a cowardly stroke, done from behind. Tom reeled, and felt himself falling. All began to get dark around. The roar of the mob quieted to a steady hum, and he would have been crushed under a thousand feet, if he had not seen something very wonderful. There, right ahead, was Eleanor; yes, Eleanor! All was dark around her; but she was dressed in a sort of filmy, floating garment. She was smiling, and holding out her hand as if to reach him. Collecting himself for a moment, he made a final staggering run towards her. Then he dropped. But that last effort had brought him through the line of death, and he was tenderly cared for where he fell.

Tom lay in the hospital at Pittsburgh a week, and then returned to New York. He went at once to the ——— Building, and was shown to the editor's office. "Well, Wallace, so you are back again!" said that personage, holding out his hand. "See here, my boy," he continued, "you gave us some good articles out there, but you must not get mixed up with fights, or play the part of a Don Quixote in these affairs It interferes with business, and — well, you know the rest of it." Tom bowed, and turned to the door. "By the way, Tom," he called after him, "we are proud of you, and Jenkins has a place for you in the editorial room."

Tom went down stairs, and started up town at a very rapid rate. Some of the reporters wondered where he was bound. I happen to know. He was going to see Eleanor.

Cornelius P. Kitchel.

What is the Highest Purpose of Life?

MORE than twenty centuries ago, when Grecian philosophy and Roman superstition well nigh ruled the world, Plato and Aristotle were discussing the question, what is the greatest purpose of life, what is the the highest aim of ambition and efforts. The Thracians thought of life as hard labor, and who denies that the moral force of the world is consumed in character building. Down through all the ages since the days of those Grecian philosophers, men have been revolving this question, only to conclude that life involves character. Yet some ask the question, is not power the highest aim of life? Is not pleasure or fame the highest purpose of life? Is it ambition, or is it something still higher than all these, something that soars above education and development?

These are questions worthy of profound thought. Many men have great power and live in pleasure, but what of their character? True, Brigham Young was a great man and lived sacredly in the heart of the Mormon world, but what of his character? The money men of to-day are the men of power, but comparatively few of them realize that society has any claim upon them. Shakespeare, doubtless, exercises a greater power over the literary world than any other man, but did his great power of conception grasp the true ideal of life for himself? Napoleon steadily worked for power and honor, and history shows him an exile on the isle of St. Helena. Benedict Arnold grasped for wealth, linked with social and political power, and to-day his name stands as a by-word in the homes of England and America.

We should remember that he who rules the nation with a sceptre is not king; the brightest star of literature is not king; but he is king who stands with unassailable character, a *pure man.* Emerson places character as higher than intellect, and therefore the real purpose of life must extend beyond mere mental culture. But according to Young, who has wisely and truthfully said, "The man who makes character makes foes." One should obtain a definite idea, as far as he can, of what character is, then place all the energies of body, mind and soul toward gaining that end. Henry Ward Beecher has fully expressed it in one short sentence:

"Many men build as cathedrals were built, the part nearest the ground finished; but that part which soars toward heaven, the turrets and spires, forever incomplete."

Every man's works make or mar him, so the history of character is a checkered story of life. We may sing with the inspired bard:

"For I doubt not through the ages,
One increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened,
By the process of the suns."

J. W. L.

Charm of Incompleteness.

Why, when watching roses blooming,
Would we fain recall the buds?
Why, when on the river's margin,
Wish we for the freshet's flood?
Why, admiring manhood's stature,
Do we sigh for youthful blood?

Would we give the rose more color,
Add more fragrance to its flower?
Is the river not far grander,
Than the torrent of an hour?
Is not youthful hope completed,
In the swell of manhood's power?

There 's a promise in the rose-bud
Which the rose can ne'er fulfill,
There 's a glory in our boyhood,
Which our manhood wanteth still.
There 's a charm in incompleteness,
Which defeats, allures our will.

William B. Parker.

Memories of Japan.

VERY often after studying late at night, on retiring, my brain keeps on working long after my lamp is out, and everything in the house is still. The most common freak of my imagination, is to go over some past event. Sometimes it is one thing, and sometimes another, but in every case, the sights and figures are as clearly pictured in my fancy as they were the day they occurred.

Frequent subjects for these strange, dream-like musings are the different trips and experiences I have had in Japan, and it is on one of these crazy rambles, without reference to dates or other matters of a like nature, that I mean to take you.

To begin with, I am in Kyoto, the old capital of the empire. It is early spring, and the cherry-blossoms are just out. The tall, feathery bamboo is waving to and fro in the breeze with a low rustling murmur, and there is not a cloud in the sky. As I walk along I meet scores of white-belted schoolboys going to and from the exercises of the Doshisha college. I look over my shoulder and see, towards the north, Mount Hie (or Hiezan, as we Japanese call it). Its rounded summit, covered with snow, making it conspicuous among the other mountains by which the city is surrounded.

. . . . . .

My imagination takes a jump. It is four months later, and I stand on the now green summit. The wind is blowing and waving the long grass, and the sun is shining brightly. I turn toward the east, and far below, nearly filling the plain, I see the city, hot, though fresh-looking from a summer shower. The sun is reflected from the white plaster of the temples, the palaces, the castle, and the walls of the buildings, and I gladly turn around after a few moments. Now right at my feet lies Lake Biwa, that "jewel among jewels," its blue surface moving just enough to make the numerous fishing-boats slowly rise and fall. My eye follows along the margin of the lake, up its sixty miles of length, and I see stately Ibukiyama on one side and Kuramayama on the other. The coast is dotted with villages all the way along, and in the nearer ones I

can just see a farmer guiding his ox along in a rice field, or a jinriksha toiling along over the dusty road.

Suddenly the scene changes, and, hot and tired, I myself am jolting along in one, up a steep though beautifully made incline. A friend just out of college, is with me, and we are bound for Miadgee, a little seaport on the west coast. Late at night we reach our destination, and in the little hotel, we cool and rest ourselves, as we look out on the wide bay not twenty feet from us, and watch the lights bobbing up and down on the other side. Still later in the season, and perched high on the cargo of a freight-boat, we are flying down "the Rapids," between high hills, the sides of which are in some places covered with flowers and maple trees. We come to an exceptionally bad place. The experienced boatman in the prow braces his feet against the sides of the boat, and with a push on this rock or that, a "noise of many waters," and a slight ducking, we are past.

. . . . . .

And now a longer jump. I am two hundred miles to the northward. The month is August, and the time 6 A.M. In the direction we are facing, tall, stately, and magnificent, rises Fuji Yama, that mountain so loved by every Japanese. The base of lava and volcanic ash, where not a tree, bush, or blade of grass can be seen, is black from a recent rain. The middle of the mountain is surrounded by mist, and is not visible; but the upper part, wreathed in milky clouds, sets off the snow-capped summit to the best advantage, forming a picture never to be forgotten. .... My fancy here takes another jump, which *would* have been a very welcome one, and the five weary hours of slow tramping through volcanic ash, sinking sometimes over the ankle, is passed over. I stand on the highest peak, and find it hard to realize that I am as high as I can get in Japan. .... The night has passed. The sun is rising, and bathing the few clouds in gold. The sky has cleared. My eye runs down the grand sweep of the mountain, which extends for miles upon miles down to the fields in the distance. I draw my lungs full of air, and look till I can look no more.

Suddenly the mountain seems to sink. It fades out of sight. I see it no longer. Everything grows dark; and I open my eyes to find the light streaming in at my windows. *Donald Gordon.*

Editorials.

A GREAT academy like Andover offers to students many educational advantages which cannot be had at a smaller school. Among the most important of these are the superior opportunities for development in all lines of literary work. Nowadays a man to be well educated must have perfect command of his native tongue. Far more valuable to us than Latin or Greek, History or Science, is the ability to speak and write English truly well. To acquire this should be one of our chief aims in education. Of course it is not easy for everyone to learn to express his thoughts in clear and forceful phrases. In fact, some despair of ever being able to do so. They have no natural talent in this line and the power, not only to write correctly, but even to appreciate good literature, seems far beyond them. Yet there are but few who cannot, with faithful practice, become proficient writers. True, not everyone can become an Emerson or a Lowell. Great writers are born, not bred. But to make one's words easily intelligible is beyond the power of no one; while many, if they would only try, would soon be able to write and speak with surprising ease.

There are parts of a good literary training which can be obtained better by independent work of the student than by drill in the class-room. Although instruction in the English language does not take so prominent a place in our school and college courses as it should, yet even when it is given its proper attention there will still be need of outside work. Much of this can be accomplished in associations composed of and managed by students, free from the restraining influence of the teacher. In such literary societies, formed for mutual instruction in writing and speaking, future orators are trained. Yet such geniuses are by no means the only ones to whom these societies offer their advantages. The man who has no talent in oratory, and who is in especial need of this drill, is the one who profits most by them. Every good citizen is likely to be called upon to make a speech in public at some time in his life. Then it is that his early

training will stand him in good stead. To be able to think while on one's feet, to have the power of expressing one's thoughts clearly and persuasively, to understand the rules of Parliamentary law; these are invaluable attainments. They may most easily be acquired in such societies as we have mentioned. Phillips has the good fortune to have two of these associations. We urge upon every student who has come here with the purpose of obtaining a good education, and of fitting himself thoroughly for his future life, the importance of entering heartily into the work of either Philo or the Forum. Many graduates of Andover afterwards lament that while in school they neglected such a fine opportunity for improvement as these societies present. Let us profit by their experience, and make the best of our advantages. Of course some of us are very busy with other things, some are greatly interested in athletics, yet almost all of us can, if we try, find time to get both pleasure and profit from regular attendance at these meetings and participation in them.

Since our last issue the school has undergone a great change. Many have gone out from our number. Old faces are missed, but new ones are here in their places. Together with the loss to our school of the many fine men in '92, we have also to mourn the loss of four members of the editorial board of the Mirror. Two of the positions left vacant by them are occupied by Messrs. R. C. Gilmore and J. W. Lewis. The two remaining must be filled soon. We should like it understood that new men, if they begin to contribute at once, stand as good a chance in competing for these positions as the old, since the quality rather than quantity of the work is considered. The Seniors, especially, need not feel debarred from trying by the fact that this is their last year in school. We shall also gladly receive articles from any student, be he trying for either of the boards or not.

All contributions for any department of the November Mirror must be given to one of the editors or left in the Mirror box in the lower hall, on or before Monday, Oct. 17.

The Month.

ON the fourth of June the athletic team went to Exeter for the usual track meet. Andover added another to her unbroken list of victories. by winning this tournament. Andover won firsts as follows :

Half-mile run, A. S. Davis, 2 minutes, 4 2-5 seconds ; 440 yards, J. D. Clark, 53 seconds ; pole vault, L. P. Sheldon, 9 feet, 5 inches ; running high jump, L. P. Sheldon, 5 feet, 7 1-4 inches ; running broad jump, L. P. Sheldon, 19 feet, 8 1-2 inches ; putting shot, Foley, 34 feet, 11 inches. Of the above the 880 yards, 440 yards, pole vault, running broad jump, and putting shot either equal or excel the previous records.

Andover won 6 firsts, 6 1-2 seconds, and 4 1-2 thirds ; total 54. Exeter won 4 firsts, 3 1-2 seconds, and 5 1-2 thirds ; total, 36. Score, Andover 54, Exeter 36.

During the last two or three years Andover has attracted attention through the country for the wonderful athletic record which she has made. Last spring there seemed to be a very poor outlook for a winning base-ball team. Only three of '91's famous nine were back, and Capt. Murphy had to begin work under the great disadvantage of having to deal with new and inexperienced men, but by persistent training he brought the nine to a high grade of perfection. The scores of games played during June are as follows : May 28, Phillips 8, Lawrence Stars 5 ; June 1, Phillips 11, Burkes 3 ; June 4, Phillips 4, Lawrence Stars 3. The Exeter game was played at Andover, June 11, and resulted in a victory for the home team by the score of 10 to 5.

The street ball league ended the season successfully. English Commons finished first with six victories and no defeats ; Phillips Street was second, five victories, one defeat ; Morton Street third, four victories, two defeats ; Salem Street, three victories, three defeats ; School Street and Blunt House, each four defeats.

The Draper prize speaking was held May 31. The winners were: W. H. Wadhams, P.A. '92, first prize; R. T. Francis, P.S. '92, second prize; W. J. Lapham, P.A. '93, third prize.

The Senior party was given June 9, in the Science Building, and was a very enjoyable affair. The baccalaureate sermon was preached June 26, by Prof. Moore of the Seminary. The annual Phllo exhibition took place June 27. The meeting was entirely successful. The clsss.day exercises were held in the morning of June 28. After the customary in-door exer cises the class ivy was planted.

The graduation exercises took place in the afternoon. H. B. Foster gave the valedictory address. During the exercises the Joseph Cook Greek prizes were announced, as follows: first, S. O. Dickerman, '92; second, H. B. Foster, '92; third, H. A. Farr, '92. The Harvard-Andover English prizes were awarded; first to H. B. Foster, '92, second to N. A. Smyth, '93. The reception given after the exercises in the Science Hall was very pleasant.

Mr. Moses T. Stevens, to commemorate his connection with the class of '42, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation from Phillips, on Aug. 16, by calling together the surviving members of his class. There assembled at the Treasurer's office, Mr. Stevens, Principal Bancroft, Mr. Stephen A. Holt and Mr. Stephen H. Cutter of Winchester, Rev. W. G. Tuttle of Worcester, Prof. Churchill, Judge I. W. Smith of Manchester, N.H., Mr. D. Peabody of Lynn, Mr. Draper, Prof. Taylor, and the Rev. T. W. Nickerson of Rockdale.

After viewing the Academy grounds, the party was driven over to the home of Mr. Stevens, where dinner was served. During the speech making it was announced that Mr. Draper is the donor of the new $7500 dormitory which is now being constructed.

On reassembling Sept. 15 it was found that although many had left the school last year, the number of students has remained about the same. There were about two hundred new students. In the places of Profs. Coy, Comstock, Gile, and Dr. Bierwirth are Prof. C. H. Moore of the

Belmont School in California, Mr. W. R. Newton from Rutgers Preparatory School, New Brunswick, N. J., Mr. A. R. Benner, Harvard '92, and Mr. A. A. Freeman of Cortland, N. Y.

At a school meeting, held Sept. 22, the following Reading-room Committee was appointed: J. P. Sawyer, chairman, T. F. Russell, A. I. Lewis, J. M. Woolsey, A. E. Branch. F. W. Conant was elected to the foot-ball management, in place of L. G. Fisher, resigned.

The following schedule has been arranged by the foot-ball management: Sept. 28, F. M. A. A., Haverhill, Mass.; Oct. 1, West Roxbury Athletic Association; Oct. 5, M. I. T., at Boston; Oct. 8, Tufts College; Oct. 12, Harvard 'Varsity, at Cambridge; Oct. 14, Dartmouth; Oct. 22, Bowdoin; Oct. 29, Boston Athletic Association; Nov. 2, M. I. T.; Nov. 5, Yale Fresh (?); Nov. 9, No game; Nov. 12, Exeter. All these games will be played in Andover, except those with the Harvard 'Varsity and M. I. T. teams, which will be contested as designated.

The foot-ball prospects are not as encouraging as they gave promise of being last June. Then we thought that five of our last year's victorious team would be back, but we find that only two have returned, Capt. Hopkins, half-back, and Jennings, quarter-back. The rush-line must be selected from the new material. The eleven commenced practising Sept. 17, and played their first game the 27th, against the Boston Latin School. The score resulted in favor of Andover, 22 to 0.

The Tennis Association has been organized under the following officers: president, S. M. Allen; vice-president, R. H. Spaulding; secretary, N. A. Smyth; treasurer, R. M. Crosby; executive committee, H. Anderson, T. F. Russel, O. Preston. The courts back of the school have been put in first-class condition, and another new court has been put in order across Main Street. The school tournament began Sept. 28. The Exeter tournament comes off at Exeter Oct. 8. Andover does not seem to be as well represented as last year, but with hard work we should win both singles and doubles.

Clippings.

WOULD YOU?

While we are smoothly sailing
O'er life's aquatic track,
Though some would take a schooner,
I'd much rather take a smack.

Amherst Student.

COSTLY KNOWLEDGE.

Conditions confront me and tutors are dear;
Alas for my situation;
I must save all my cash and spend it I fear
In gaining a *hire* education.

Trinity Tablet.

AT THE CHURCH FAIR.

I looked on a maid who was passing fair,
She caused my heart to ache;
Another maid came along
And she was passing cake.

Yale Record.

THE NATIONAL GAME.

Her head inclined quite near to mine,
My heart did then incline
To talk about a "diamond" as
The clock was striking "nine."

I held the ring where she could see,
And "struck out" for a "match;"
I "pitched" right in, and asked if she
Could make a better "catch."

"'Twould be an 'error' if I failed
To 'assist' you through your life,
So I'll 'accept the chance," said she,
"And be your little wife."

Alas! I saw her dear papa
As I then glanced about;
He put a "short stop" to the "game"
And I felt much "put out."

Because he showed me to the door;
And of my dear bereft,
"Out on a fly" for a long "home run"
With one "base bawl" I left.

Amherst Student.

AN APOLOGY.

Forgive me love, if I amiss
The other evening stole a kiss;
But that sweet smiling face of thine,
Wreathed by its tresses, soft and fine,
Was just a bit too close to mine.

You know you raised your head to hear,
What I was whispering in your ear;
When in an instant our lips met:
Sweet memories linger of it yet,
Sometimes, you know, love will forget.

Nassau Lit.

A TRIOLET.

The little bow of ribbon white,
That in my desk lies snugly hid,
Recalls old scenes of gay delight,—
The little bow of ribbon white.
For from fair Annie; laughing sprite,
I stole it while she gently chid,—
The little bow of ribbon white
That in my desk lies snugly hid.

Dartmouth Lit.

Mirage.

A story is told of two fellows who roomed in Latin Commons while Dr. Taylor was principal of the Academy, which may be of interest.

The names of the two fellows will not be mentioned, but that of the man rooming directly above them was Stevens. Stevens was one of those jovial, sociable fellows who are always dropping round into other fellows' rooms. His "bumming "propensities had not been much of an annoyance, but, on the night in which the event to be related took place, the fellows in question had an unusual amount of "plugging" to do, and had decided to withstand all Stevens' attempts to get in.

Some time after eight o'clock they heard a knock at the door, and after keeping quiet for some time in spite of the continued knocking, concluded that they might as well make their presence known.

Accordingly one of them called out, "Say, Stevens, we've got to 'plug' and don't need you." A deep voice from the other side of the door answered, "It is I, Dr. Taylor." "O you can't fool us; we're onto you" was the reply from the room.

After some more discussion, the owner of the voice started up-stairs, with the remark, "Very well, I will go and get Stevens." A few steps on the stairs, a knock at Stevens's door, a few more steps, and then Stevens's voice was heard to say, "Say, fellows, it's Dr. Taylor." "You'd make a smooth ventriloquist, but you can't fool us" came from the inmates of the room. A moment more and a shoulder came against the door on the outside, while from the inside came a bucket of water straight into the face of — Dr. Taylor.

Amid profuse apologies and protestations of their innocence, they rubbed the Doctor down; but he could never be quite satisfied that they had not really intended to "duck" him. *A.*

I was disgusted the other day. I have often found myself in that indelicate state, because of some unnatural state of affairs. Is it not righteous to be disgusted when we see affairs take such shape that real, true modesty and charity are below par in the lives of some? This was my position the other day when, in my wanderings, I saw a fellow who was gifted with an exceedingly prepossessing appearance, snub another whose face and appearance was not his fortune. "What art man that thou art mindful of him?" If we only realized this more fully, our heads would not be propped up by imaginary collars of worth which make us look over the heads of our neighbors, but rather our eyes would look deep into the life of our associate before a judgment would be passed.

A. E. B.

One morning, in the last of July 1886, a party of boys might have been seen sailing along the shore of Lake Wapsacket. They had just finished their fishing and were now looking for a landing place, and after finding one they left one of the number to build a fire and otherwise prepare for the coming feast. The rest of the party, with one exception, went up the mountain side blueberrying. The exception, Jimmie Todd, stayed behind for a swim. In fact, he had decided to try to swim across the lake, although he did not see fit to tell the rest, of his determination. The feat was a difficult one, at which even the best swimmers hesitated before trying, since the lake was about a mile and a quarter wide and very cold. To-day, however, Jimmie felt confident of success. As he stepped into the water he was very certain that before another hour should go by he would be on the opposite shore. He had been swimming for perhaps ten minutes and was about a quarter of the way across. Each stroke came with an ease and energy which every moment brought the opposite shore nearer. Still, he felt that he must save his strength, and turning on his back he lay looking tranquilly upward. Above him were gulls making the air ring with their discordant cries. Farther off a pair of eagles were circling about, watching for some unwary fish to come near the surface.

Jimmie lay on his back, lazily looking at the birds and thinking of their skill in diving under the water after their prey.

Then as the eagles took a position directly over him, he was seized with one of those ridiculous fancies which sometimes possess people. "What," he thought, "if they should take my face for a fish?"

The eagles probably did see him, and incited, perhaps, by curiosity, began to soar about in large circles directly over him. At the same time they settled gradually down toward the face in the water.

Jimmie, like the inexperienced fellow that he was, fancied them to be in pursuit of him. He became frightened at the thought of their sharp beaks and talons, and turned back toward the shore from which he had come.

The eagles still actuated by curiosity, kept their position above him. Then Jimmie got into a panic and began to hurry toward the shore. He had swum but a short distance, however, when looking up he was terrified to find the eagles not only right above him, but within a few feet of his head.

He hurried along, swimming now as best he was able, and at the same time crying out to attract the "cook" in the camp. The latter, however, apparently did not hear him, for no attention was paid to Jimmie's outcries.

Suddenly he was seized by a violent pain just above his knee. His leg was drawn up under him as if by iron bands. He realized that he had a cramp. Then

instead of trying to get out of reach of the eagles he was obliged to use his utmost strength in trying to keep afloat. He redoubled his shrieks. Still no answer came from the shore. Then he began to sink and stopped shouting to make one more despairing effort to keep his head up. Once more he sank, but just then there came a swirl of water; the sound of rattling oarlocks; an answering cry, and he found himself dragged over the gunwale of the boat by the "cook."

When the berrying party came down the mountain they found a very pale and much bedraggled young man reclining on the flat rock. Jimmie started to tell them the story, and when he came to the "attack of the eagles" there was a general laugh from the older members of the party, although they stopped quickly enough when they heard the sequel.

Jimmie can afford to laugh at the terrible eagles now, but he still has a horror of swimming in the icy waters of Lake Wapsacket.

A. W. H.

Undoubtedly, the próudest moment in a boy's life comes when, for the first time, he sets foot in the room that is to be entirely his for a whole year or longer. Not until then does he realize what a man he is getting to be, and how much confidence has been placed in him. Notice with what a critical eye he looks about the room, doing his best to find some trifling fault with it, although secretly he is immensely pleased; and vainly trying to impress the landlady with a sense of his importance. Of course he fails; people who try to be unduly important always do. The landlady realizes this and leaves him.

Then the boy begins to work on his room; his ideas broaden and his mind expands with every picture he hangs and every nail he drives. In an hour he is at least three years older than when he entered the room. Presently he goes out to his first recitation and when he returns he is again back at his former age. Still, this rude awakening does not shake his pride in the least. The consciousness that he is the proprietor of a little kingdom of his own is very pleasant to him. His heart throbs with joy as he looks at the battered table where he vows he will do such good work, the window-seat, and above all the fire-place, if there be one. There is an age when we take an immense delight in burning things; the new boy is generally at this age, and so he makes a shrine of his hearth, and sacrifices there daily to the insatiable chimney god. I remember very well, how a room-mate of mine once burned three waste-baskets and an old tennis racket, not to drive away the cold, but "just to see them burn," as he put it.

All these surroundings put the boy in an enviable frame of mind, and he revels in the joy of a landed proprietor. The emotions that rack a fellow's bosom

when he cashes his first check are not to be compared with those that are now filling his mind. And there, in the midst of his glory we will leave him, as happy and proud as a boy can be. *G.*

School has commenced again and with it comes the "music fiend." Do not think from this remark, however, that I detest music. We all like music, that is, good music. But when I speak of the "music fiend" I mean the man who is always strumming on some instrument, but who never seems to be able to play any. Suppose his specialty is the piano. He laboriously runs the scales and then starts to play (?). First, he plays a few notes of some melody, but suddenly seems to trip over something. He wildly strikes several keys in succession, and seems to be grasping for the "lost chord," as a man, jumping from a swiftly moving car, grasps at the air. He never finds just what he is looking for, and, after commencing again several times, finally gives up in despair, but not until you have given up in disgust all hope of peace for the evening.

Then there is the "banjo" or "guitar" fiend. He never plays a piece of music, but is always doing what he calls "tuning the instrument." He picks a couple of strings but thinks they are not in tune. Then he tightens them and picks again. Unfortunately, when questioned, you have to admit that there is still no harmony in the sound. At last, he gets the strings to his liking and triumphantly strikes a chord, and then, — a string breaks. Ergo, the whole thing must be done over again.

We can endure the piano, banjo and guitar. We get used to them. But we feel that life is not worth living when the "flute" fiend starts. The person who can *play* a flute is like Tascot; he has never been found. But there are those who try to play. Whenever you are busiest and want quiet the flute begins. At first you rush to the door, thinking some one has been hurt, but then you hear "The Star-Spangled Banner" or "The Girl I Left Behind Me" ground slowly out. These two tunes are invariably played upon the flute. You try not to hear but cannot help yourself. Cold shivers play tag upon your back. With pleasure you think of the dentist's "digging" into your pet tooth with that little buzzing wheel of his. Finally, you rush from the house. It may sound paradoxical, but it is true nevertheless, that as you slam the door you fervently mutter, "Requiescat."

G. B.M.

Leaves from Phillips Ivy.

As we wish to make this department as interesting as possible to both alumni and students, any information concerning the recent actions of the sons of Phillips will be gladly received.

'29.—Oliver Wendell Holmes celebrated his eighty-third birthday August 29. He is now the sole survivor of the great circle of American writers of this century. Andover adds her voice in wishing him many happy returns of the day.

'29,—Rev. Joshua T. Tucker, D.D., grand-father of G. H. Nettleton, P.A. '92, has recently moved from Andover to Boston.

'47.—Hon. W. W. Crapo is mentioned as a candidate for the United States Senate, to succeed Senator Dawes.

'54.—Maj. W. Marland of Andover had the honor of carrying the colors at the head of the old Sixth Massachusetts Regiment in the great Grand Army reunion at Washington. His regiment held the place of honor on the right of the line.

'58.—Prof. J. P. Taylor of the Andover Theological Seminary recently gave the address at the beginning of the Seminary year. His theme was "The English Bible in its Relation to the Ministry of the Future." He also spoke in behalf of the invited guests at Mr. Stevens's class reunion. At the Republican rally, held September 24, he presided.

'59,—Rev. Newman Smyth, D.D., of New Haven, has just published a book on Christian Ethics in the International Science Library.

'60.—Mr. Samuel C. Darling is president of the Boston Congregational Club.

'61.—Mr. Peter D. Smith of Andover has been nominated for congressional elector on the Republican ticket.

'70.—Harry G. Bixby has been taking a prominent place in tennis this summer. Besides winning many tournaments in New Hampshire, he made a fine showing in the "All-comers" at Newport.

'70.—Hon. Hempstead Washburne is at present mayor of Chicago.

'70.—Dr. H. C. Bierwirth, Ph. D., formerly instructor in Phillips, is now teaching German at Harvard.

'79.—Moses C. Gile, who taught French and Latin at Phillips, is on the faculty of the Colorado College.

'82.—Prof. George R. Carpenter will this year teach at Wellesley, in addition to his work at the Institute of Technology.

'92.—W. H. Wadhams and F. E. Weyerhaeuser, formerly members of the Mirror Board, have entered Yale. H. B. Foster and A. T. Robinson, who also belonged to the Board, go to Harvard.

Books.

Amherst Sketches.

Essays will continue to weary us as long as there are cyclopedias, and college stories on well-worn subjects will multiply their mannerisms indefinitely, but while there are fellows who can write light prose freely and gracefully, forgetting everything save nature and grammar, the college "Lit." will continue to flourish.

When the first number of the "Amherst Literary Magazine" appeared, two deparments — the "Sketch Book" and the "Window Seat"—were set aside for sketches of college life and scenes, with an editorial injunction to be free, natural and spontaneous, and to exercise skill, not learning. These departments have always been popular, and more than any others have made the "Amherst Lit." what it is.

The present volume is a collection of some of the most notable that have appeared, and it is undoubtedly a true exponent of Amherst, or in fact any college life. We can follow a man from the memorable day when he first enters his college room, through four years of pleasure, trouble, work, and musing, and at last, with the remembrances of these years thronging in upon him, take leave of him and give him to the tender mercies of the world. It is impossible not to share the sadness he feels as we read the concluding papers,— impossible not to appreciate their delicacy and sentiment.

That Amherst is a delightful place, there can be no doubt, but many of us have never appreciated it until we read this equally delightful book. *G.*

Hartas Maturin.

The above title is the name of a very striking novel which attracted my attention some months ago. It deals largely with the supernatural, as seems to be the fashion nowadays, and is a little strained and unreal. The theory of the transmigration of the soul also plays an important part in it.

In main outline this story is that of a man who kills his wife for the sake of a sum of money which she possesses. He subsequently falls in love with another girl, the very image of his first wife. She is on the very point of accepting him when the spirit of the murdered woman reveals to her the terrible crime of her intended.

As will be seen from this sketch, the story is not cast in the ordinary lines, but is very original and as such is worth perusal.

Taken all together, it is a very original story with many master touches, but lacking in that subtle influence which a purpose gives to a book. It will be read to idle away some leisure moments, and then be forgotten.

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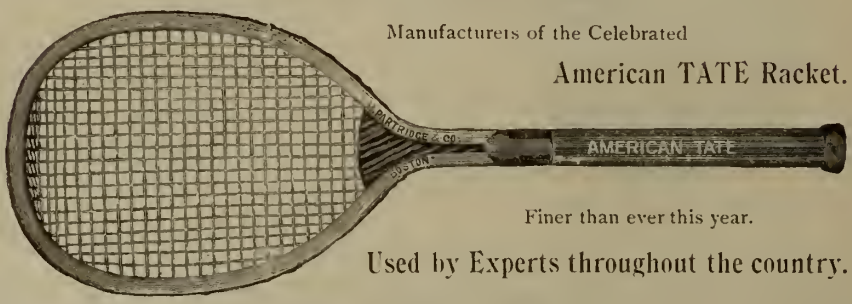
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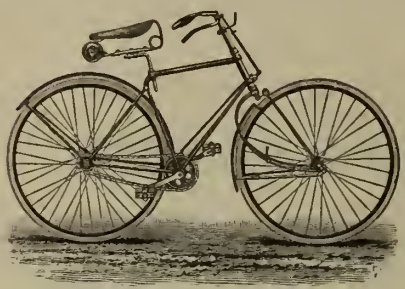
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Vol. 2. No. 2.

The Phillips Andover Mirror.

A Literary Magazine Published by the Students of Phillips Academy.

NOVEMBER, 1892.

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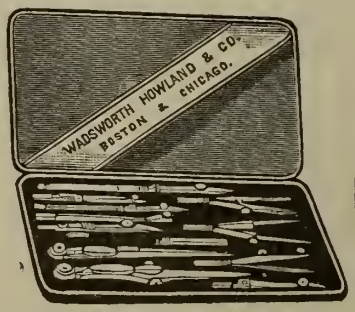
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THE MIRROR is published on the first of October, November, December, February, March, May and June, of each Academic year, by the students of Phillips Andover Academy.

The subscription price is $1.50 per year, or 25 cents per single number, payable in advance.

It is the purpose of the magazine, first, to promote literary life in the school. With this in view, the editors will strive not only to secure the best work from the best pens, but also to encourage and, so far as possible, to assist men not habituated to writing.

The magazine is intended, as well, for a medium of communication between the undergraduate body and the Alumni. To this end, a paper by some prominent alumnus will appear in each number, and a special department will be devoted to alumni notes.

The Editors will recruit the Contributing Board, as occasion demands, from men who have shown marked ability in the quality and amount of their work for the magazine.

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Vol. 2. November, 1892. No. 2.

Phillips Academy Re-endowment.

AS Dr. Bancroft has well said, "a great school is a great charity." Phillips is no exception to this rule. In 1878, one hundred years from its foundation, the Academy's need of funds was almost desperate. The $100,000 then raised attested two things: first, the general interest of alumni and friends; second, the financial ability and devotion of the Principal. Nothing short of this enlargement of the material resources of Andover at that juncture could have arrested educational decline, if not collapse. That the old school was lifted from the slough of despond was much. Even more, however, was the new impulse thus given to secondary education at its very fountain-head in New England.

The movement of last Spring by the citizens of Andover had much the same import. To-day the Andover cottage is advancing rapidly to its completion. Why? Because an Andover woman saw the need, and sounded the alarm? That is part of the truth. The whole tale is, that Andover money could not be denied to an Andover institution. Therefore the town press wrote up and the town hall rang out the contributions called for by the crisis. The old dormitories had outlived their usefulness. They were a blemish on the beauty of the place, and a bar to the usefulness of the Academy. Wisely, heartily, summarily, the citizens resolved,

therefore, that they would erect the first of a new and better order, architecturally and hygienically. It should not be their fault if the next generation of Phillipians were not housed in structures more sightly and salubrious. The Commons of the future must conserve the democracy, while abolishing the ugliness of the old. Christmas is likely to find four cottages embodying this thought ready for occupancy. I do not see how any rich friend of Andover could do more to beautify and benefit the school than by giving $10,000 towards another of the remaining eight. Who will add to the "Andover," the "Bancroft," the "Draper," the "Taylor" cottage the money to build the "Tilton," or the "Adams," or the "Newman," or the "Pearson"?

The Committee of Re-endowment are striving to raise half a million of dollars for the Academy. They want every cent of this sum within five years. The new Science Building calls for $25,000 more than has yet been received. There is a noble opportunity to endow a chair in the English language for $50,000. Professorships of Latin, of Greek, of Mathematics, of Science, of Modern Languages, of Music, are claiming to be furnished with funds, permitting the school to retain or to secure the best available teaching talent in each of those fields. This alone will require $200,000. The Committee are cheered by the $60,000 already pledged or paid to the treasury. They count upon some alumnus of wealth to put up a dining-hall costing $50,000, worthy of his Alma Mater and himself. The class secretaries are relied upon to cherish and multiply the smaller gifts, which, ungathered or gathered, represent a vast aggregate lost or gained. On our rolls are such names as Moses T. Stevens of North Andover, and Eben D. Jordan of Boston, and Hon Francis W. Sayles of Providence, and Governor Frederic Smyth of Manchester, and Col. Oliver Hazard Payne of New York, and Prof. O. C. Marsh of New Haven. It is by no means impossible that at a stroke of their pen the new Gymnasium shall start into life. Stranger things have been than that one such giver should graciously donate the $50,000 needful to make it a palpable fact.

Not every school has the co-operation of the foremost educators in its pecuniary plans. Phillips Academy has. The testimonials of Bishops

Brooks and Clark, of President Dwight of Yale, of President Andrews of Brown, President Carter of Williams, President Bartlett of Dartmouth, Ex-President Seelye of Amherst are of the warmest character. The latter gentleman's successor, President Gates, says "The Phillips Academy at Andover, under the wise direction of Principal Bancroft, seems to me to come as near to the realization of the ideal fitting school as does any institution in the land." President Hyde of Bowdoin writes, "It is one of the strongest educational forces in the country, and is worthy of the hearty and generous support of the friends of education everywhere." Dr. A. P. Peabody adds, "It is worth all the more to the public for its honored history and traditions. A new school must have at least half a century of life before it can be as desirable a place of education as this, that has its well considered and carefully established modes of instruction and discipline."

Let it be remembered that Phillips Academy, contrary to the general impression, has a meagre endowment. Exclusive of charity foundations, the productive funds are less than $200,000. To compare this with Exeter's $400,000, or Williston's $700,000, or Lawrenceville's $2,000,000 is humiliating. Yale University has received $2,000,000 the past year. Surely the school which sends the largest number of pupils to Yale should receive $100,000 within a similar period!

How President Eliot of Harvard is affected towards this matter is shown from the subjoined letter. Already published by the Committee, it merits more permanent reproduction by the Mirror.

"Harvard University, Cambridge, Nov. 4, 1891.

"DEAR SIR: I should be glad indeed to promote in any way the further endowment of Phillips Academy at Andover. Its endowment is very small in comparison with the work it does, and smaller still in comparison with the work it might do. It has an honorable name, a high standard of scholarship, a healthy situation, and a large and increasing number of pupils; but it needs several new buildings and an increase in the number of teachers. I can speak with confidence of the excellent quality of the instruction given in the Academy, inasmuch as nearly one

hundred of its pupils have entered Harvard College during the last ten years. A much larger number have entered the other New England Colleges, where I know they are valued as among the best prepared students in the several colleges. Very lately the Academy has set an excellent example by establishing an examination for admission, which cannot but have a good effect upon the lower schools. I sincerely hope the efforts of your Committee will be crowned with complete success.

Very truly yours,

"George O. Shattuck, Esq." CHARLES W. ELIOT."

"Why should I help Phillips Re-endowment?" is a question perhaps sufficiently answered by the foregoing. Other reasons are not wanting. For those who have studied here it is a debt of honor. One half of the expense in the case of pupils paying their term bills, all of it in the case of others, has been received as a gratuity. That much, justice requires to be returned. Gratitude for mental and moral stimulus can voice itself in no more real way than by cash. Loyalty and love for the Academy prompt to the pecuniary equipment which the Academy must have to keep the lead in modern secondary education. A wise economy will invest new capital when numerical prosperity is at the flood, not when it is at the ebb. Every one of the four hundred and twenty boys now on the benches of Phillips is an argument for endowing the chairs of each of his instructors. Patriotism founded the school before the Constitution was born. Patriotism should enrich it when the State is elsewhere dictated to by the Church, and in the land where a true Americanism is wanted by pupils from Maine to California. Education of the secondary grade is the weakest point in the American system. To strengthen a school like Phillips, on the English as on the Classical side, is to create a model of the secondary education, whose influence will work upward to the university and downward to the grammar school in all the land and for all time. Philanthropy and Religion are seeking channels for usefulness. What investment could be more productive of good to the individual and society, more efficient for truth and righteousness in the world, more honoring to Christ and his Church, than treasure poured into the lap of the first Char-

tered Academy in the Commonwealth, the training school of ministers and missionaries without number?

There are various ways in which undergraduates may contribute towards the half million which Phillips desires and deserves to have. Let me suggest two only.

The first is by inviting rich parents and relatives to visit Andover. One glimpse of the barracks known as the Latin and English Commons is enough to excite a wish for their removal. The new Draper Cottage, if seen in contrast to the shanties between which it stands, will be an appeal, more eloquent than words, to be duplicated. The son who leads a generous father where he can discern a need so obvious, an improvement so vital, is in no small degree author of the $10,000 check that father may sooner or later sign.

This way is restricted to the few, however. A second method is of universal application. The whole school can concentrate its efforts towards a NEW GYMNASIUM. Than this, there is no more popular or more practical object in the Re-endowment list. Athletics appeal to the instincts of youth and the judgment of age. What they can do for body and brain, for self-denial and self-control, for order and loyalty, for pleasure and duty, for honor and manliness toward rivals, for the perfecting of oneself in the interest of humanity and God, cannot be exaggerated. They are more than an antidote of vice. They are a muniment of private and public virtue. Each boy who will make sacrifices for the new gymnasium, as for a bicycle or a club-house, will hasten the day of the ideal education. The subscription paper might be presented to every member of the school with the payments extending over a longer or shorter period as seemed best to class or council. The wisdom of the Faculty and of the Graduate Committee might be boldly drawn upon. Let undergraduates aim to raise so much money themselves and through the alumni of the last ten years, that they can fix on site, architect, and contractor, before February 1893. Then it would be possible to begin on the first day of next Spring a Gymnasium, which among the Academies shall be what Yale's is among the Universities!

John Phelps Taylor, P. A. '58.

Brown's Scarf Pin.

I WAS sitting before the fire vainly trying to kill time, when the door opened and Billy Brown, you know him, the tall man in '9–, came in. "Hello!" said I. "Sit down, old man, and make yourself comfortable. Have a light?"

"No thanks. I 've smoked once to-day, and I'll not try it again!" He smiled and gazed abstractedly into the fire. I was used to Billy's ways, and saw that something was coming, so I did not say anything. At last he began: "You fellows have been guying me about this pin a great deal lately, and seem to be rather anxious to hear how I got it. Now, I'm going to tell you, because you 'll believe what I say, but the rest of them — they would laugh and think I was yarning." He paused again for a moment, and with an unconscious movement drew out his scarf pin, the one we had been so curious about, and held it in his hand so that the light would strike it. It certainly was a queer design. A solid gold skull set with diamonds for eyes is not the regular thing in scarf pins. Billy smiled as he looked at it with half shut eyes, and then he started off:

"It's a queer story, and no mistake, and I wouldn't blame you if you did take it with a grain of salt. But it's true, whether you believe it or not. 'T was up in Maine, about two years ago, when I was tramping to Boston. I left Augusta in the rain, and by the time I'd done five miles I was pretty well wet through. Judging from the way the drizzle fell, there seemed little hope of its stopping soon. Everything was soaked, from the clay road to the dead leaves on the apple trees. A wide, lonely valley, cold, distant hills, and a muddy stream, swollen by the rains, were the only things to be seen, and these gave a fellow a fit of blues, they looked so cold and dismal. I splashed along the muddy highway in a very bad humor, mentally calling myself a fool for walking when I had money enough to pay my fare.

"For the last few miles the country had been rolling, and now I had a regular hill to climb. When I reached the top I stopped to rest and

look about me. I saw a sight dismal enough at any time, more so than ever on such a day. Off on one side of the road, almost hidden in a group of dark pines, stood an old-time mansion. Masses of mouldy, discolored ivy leaves hung from the rough stone walls. The wood-work on the doors and casements was blackened by the storms of a hundred winters. The windows were boarded up. From the ragged eaves the water fell in a steady patter on the decayed planks of what had once been the piazza, and the wind, in sympathy with the general feeling of sadness, moaned softly through the trees.

"I don't know what prompted me, but I was seized with a sudden desire to explore those dark and mysterious rooms behind the boarded windows. So, picking my way cautiously along, I stood at last before the front door. After a moment's hesitation I turned the rusty knob and entered. I found myself in what had formerly been the hall, as I judged from the curved oak staircase at the rear, and the many doors along the sides.

"Giving it a hasty glance, I went into one of the side rooms, and, finding nothing particular there, opened the door into the adjoining room at the rear of the house, and was about to enter, when — Caesar's Ghost! I stepped back as quickly as I could and made a dive for my revolver. There was a man in the room. At the noise of the door creaking on its rusty hinges he looked around. Seeing me, he sprang up and levelled a rifle at me. George! I shall never forget how those holes in the ends of the barrels looked! We must have made a picture worth looking at. I with my pistol half raised, and he squinting at me along the top of a double barrel rifle. I managed to get out the words, which seemed rather ludicrous in that connection: 'Beg pardon, sir! No harm intended. I was merely looking over your cottage and had no notion that you were in, or I should not have called.' This appeased him somewhat. 'Lay up your pop-gun, young man, an' don't yer ever draw it on me no more, er I'll blow yer head off. See?'

"I saw, and did as requested. All this time he was watching me closely, to check any quick move I might make, but when he saw my revolver disappear, he laid down the gun, and turning to a chair said, 'Set!

As long as ye've come on friendly business, I'll treat yer white. But, by ——, don't yer never come here no more.'

"He turned to the table, and continued his meal, which I had evidently interrupted. He was a queer fellow. Evidently a rough of some sort, I could not exactly place him. He was no ordinary thief, but a master of the art, if he devoted his attention to that line at all, a thing I was by no means sure of. From his face you could not tell him from an honest man, yet an honest man I did not believe him to be, because he had an indescribable air about him that honest men do not have. After munching away for a while, he said: 'Well, now I s'pose that you'd like me ter show yer 'round the place, since you've had so much trouble ter find me.' He laughed softly to himself, and rose from the table. 'I'll show ye 'round upstairs, if ye'd like,' he went on, 'and then perhaps ye'd better go 'way, as I am purty busy terday.' Another chuckle. What was he up to? I could not guess. But seeing no harm in viewing the rooms above, I followed him into the hall and up the staircase. When he reached the top he waited till I came up. It was pitch dark, save for a little light that came in through a hole in the roof. I could barely make out the main objects in sight. I could, however, see two doors, one on either side of the hall, and towards these he pointed. 'Them's the objects of curiosity to most vis'tors. I've seen 'em so much thet I'll wait here till you come back.'

"'I'd rather have you go with me,' I interposed in a meek voice, scenting mischief.

"'I guess you had better go alone.'

"George! I'll never forget the cold, solemn way he said that. So, unwillingly, I slowly went on, and had just reached the doorway, when I looked around. There, right behind, rushing at me with his arms outstretched, came the man. I yelled in terror and tried to turn around, but it was no go. With an oath he leaped upon me, and before I knew what was up, he had thrown me into the room and banged the door to. As the lock turned, I heard him laugh again in that curious way of his, and say to himself: 'He'll be a rare sight when the boys get done with him!'

"Well, I'll admit I was rattled. I'd never been handled in just that way before. I was scared pretty nearly stiff. I rushed against that door like a man out of his senses, but all my efforts were useless, as a mad man's generally are. By and by I realized the folly of wasting my strength this way, and began to look around to see what other means of escape there might be. A single glance at the window showed that descent by that way was out of the question. As I was pacing up and down the room, my eye suddenly caught the glitter of this pin here, as it lay on the floor. It was half buried in the dust, which probably accounts for my finding it. Somebody, probably one of the fellows down stairs, had dropped it, and lost track of it in the dirt. I picked it up and gave a shiver when I saw that skull. I wondered if mine looked anything like that, and if anyone would ever find my bones. For I was firmly convinced that they would murder me and put my body in some hidden, out of the way place.

"Just then the boughs of an apple tree which came down into the room through a hole in the roof were shaken by a sudden gust, and the drops from the wet leaves fell all over me. Never was a ducking more welcome! A moment's glance at the size of the limb, and I was crawling up through the rafters and out onto the roof. I could see the great, free world once more,— the world I thought I had lost forever. I believe those first few breaths of the cool, moist air were the sweetest I ever drew. With a little difficulty, I managed to crawl down the projecting limb till I reached the main trunk. After that it was plain sailing. When I reached the ground I listened for any sound from the old house, but all was quiet. Then, turning away, I started off on a brisk run and had soon left the terrible place far behind. This pin is all I have to remind me of that experience, and so I value it very highly."

Billy gazed at me silently and twisted the pin around in his hand. The yellow face seemed to be smiling to itself and the diamond eyes flashed in the firelight.

Cornelius P. Kitchel.

Reflections.

To-day I pressed my fingers on the cloth
That bound an old Egyptian, ages dead;
To-day I looked upon the countenance
Of Rameses, once Egypt's mighty head;
To-day I clasped the mummy hand of one
Who aeons gone toiled for his daily bread.

Time has grown gray since that brown cloth was woven,
Wetted, perchance, with tears of toiling slave;
Nations have lived since Rameses, the proud,
Engraved his name among the noblest brave;
Peoples have passed away since in this hard,
Cold, brittle hand life rolled its ruddy wave.

Buried is all thy pompous splendor now,
And yet to thee, O ancient, sphinx-like race,
We bow; for we must still thy pupils be.
Greater art thou, O Egypt, in thy place
Of outward ruin, failure, and decay,
Than in thy proudest days of youth and grace.

There is no death, no future, and no past:
To-day is but the rest of yesterday.
No nation ever lived but liveth yet;
No soul yet lived that doth not live alway.
The silent still are strong, the old is new;
Our pride is humbled, and we own their sway.

William B. Parker.

Politics as a Profession.

MOST respectable people to-day look upon politics as something altogether beneath them, and meriting feelings of loathing and disgust. This attitude of mind is in a measure justifiable. There are in public life, both in national and state politics, hordes of unprincipled men of both parties, with no particular political sagacity or ability, who are there "for what there is in it," and not from any laudable motive of ambition or a desire for the betterment of the public service. The "Tweed Ring" in New York, the "Molly McGuires" in Pennsylvania, and the "Credit Mobelier" of more national renown, are examples of the kind of political deals and trickery that has disgusted the public mind.

There is no essential reason why the profession of politics should be regarded in so unfavorable a light. It is its association in the American mind with all that is disreputable and low that has driven decent and well-meaning men from its ranks, and has caused others to shrink from entering the political field.

The young men of the present generation do not take enough interest in politics. It may arise from this cause, or it may be for private reasons; at any rate it is a fact that cannot be denied. They are in a large part content merely to vote with one or the other of the two great parties, according as their fathers before them were Republicans or Democrats; a position which seems to me utterly unjustifiable. The issues of to-day are altogether different from those of the past, and these great questions must be decided by each man for himself, not relying upon the opinions of others, formed perhaps long ago, and under entirely different circumstances. If there ever was a time in our history when we have needed individual thought and judgment in regard to public questions, we need it now. When a man exercises the right of suffrage he is sometimes forgetful of what his action means, and what there is at stake. It is something more than merely casting his ballot. It means that he is thoroughly in sympathy with the party for whose candidates he votes, and that as regards the issues before the country, he believes the nation's

welfare demands their election. If he only reflects the opinion of some one else, he is honest neither to himself nor to his country.

One reason, I think, why so many of our young men are deterred from entering upon a public career is the financial side of the question. It is a common saying now that no one but a rich man can afford to enter politics, and it must be admitted that there seems to be some ground for this opinion. Sixty-five per cent of the members of the United States senate are men of great wealth, and I think I am safe in saying that the great proportion of them, directly or indirectly, occupy their position by the aid of their money. And yet the leaders of the great parties to-day are men of comparatively little means. The experience of William McKinley, Roger Q. Mills, ex-speaker Reed, and others, has proven that wealth is not necessary for political advancement.

Statesmanship is only an extension of political wisdom, and we can never have statesmen of high order until men of principle enter politics with lofty motives and high ideals. The condition of American politics, in both parties, at the present time, is very bad, perhaps the worst in our history. But what is the remedy? It surely does not consist in sitting still and deploring the existence, in almost every town and city, of organizations and rings, oftentimes under the control of men of the worst moral caliber. Nothing ever was accomplished in this way, and great harm is sure to result from not standing up against this bad element in our political life; an element which, if allowed to remain, must necessarily undermine the foundations of our institutions. I do not doubt in the least that if the decent, self-respecting citizens of New York, irrespective of party, at the proper time, had united in the cause of good government, the country would have been spared the spectacle of the American metropolis under the control of Tammany hall, the most corrupt and criminal political organization in the world.

What we need to-day is to have intelligent men go into politics as a profession. Places of honor must be filled by capable men, and we cannot have men capable in this sense until we have honest ones.

There is a present phase of the question that should not be overlooked. The American people have now before them for solution some

of the greatest problems that a nation ever was called upon to deal with; and these are questions that must be settled with intelligence and skill, if we would have them settled rightly. In view of this, can we afford to entrust to the hands of incompetent and second-rate men, matters of such far-reaching importance?

Although there are many and difficult places ahead, I firmly believe that the good sense of the American people will pull us through, and that the United States will continue to be in the future, as it has been in the past, a refuge and haven for the oppressed and down-trodden of every nation of the earth. Individual thought in regard to the vital questions of the day, principles of rational, honest politics taught in our schools and colleges to a much greater extent than is at present done, will do more than anything else to heighten public interest in our political affairs.

A young man who has received an early political education, and settled for himself his course in regard to public questions, deserves as much honor and remuneration for devoting himself to the purification of politics as those who are enrolled on the lists as officers in the army or navy.

The time is surely coming when educated, able men will enter the political field, and not regard it as descending to something distinctively lower, something unworthy of them; on the contrary they will deem it an honor and a mark of distinction to be found in a field in which all their ability will be called into play, — in a field in which, in our own history, we find such names as Charles Sumner, Daniel Webster, and Henry Clay.

William M. Gardner.

A Mistake.

MR. and Mrs. Frederics were very hospitable people, and were accustomed to have their house full of company most of the year. They owned a beautiful home in the country, surrounded by spacious lawns, which were shaded by many fine old elms.

Then, too, they had an only child, a charming daughter. Nellie Frederics was the belle of the surrounding country, and she held this supremacy not alone by her beauty, but also by her sweet disposition. She was a tall, graceful girl, whose wavy hair, more of a bronze than a gold color, swept back from a broad, white forehead, gave her a commanding presence. A pair of deep blue eyes, a small yet firm mouth, completed a face which was charming in its entirety.

With such a home, with money to maintain it luxuriously, and with such a daughter, it is not surprising that a lovely day in the latter part of July should find the Frederics' mansion filled with a company of eight young people, friends of Nellie's.

On this particular July day, the men — there were four in the party besides Mr. Frederics — were fishing on a stream thirty miles away, famed for its trout. They had been gone two days, and were to return that day, and meet the ladies in the evening at a distant neighbor's house, where a garden party was to be given.

Before the fishing party set out it had been arranged that the ladies should go in the afternoon to the house where the party was to be held, and have time to rest themselves from their drive before the festivities of the evening. Because of the irregularity of the trains the men could not return until late in the afternoon. However, they were to drive over as soon as they had dined.

In the party was a young man, George Meredith, whose well knit form and cheerful countenance made him a general favorite. He had met Nellie in New York, where she had spent the previous winter. He had seen her at many parties, called on her frequently, and had fallen deeply in love with her. He had tried many times during the month which was

now almost past to raise his courage to the point of learning his fate from Nellie's lips. Once, indeed, he had started to confess his love, but was interrupted by the chance arrival of several friends.

He was getting desperate. He did not know Nellie's feelings toward him. So he determined to seize the opportunity of sending her some flowers, and with them a note asking her if she favored his suit, to wear the flowers that evening at the garden party. He had made arrangements with the gardener to deliver the note and a boquet of roses to Nellie. The gardener fulfilled his part of the bargain, and Nellie was put in a flutter of delight and excitement by the receipt of both; for she secretly loved George, yet her modesty made it impossible for her to give him any signs of it.

That evening she wore the roses. Their perfume constantly reminded her of what they meant, and the thought made her light-hearted and brought a becoming blush to her cheeks. Her friends asked her why she was so happy but, fortunately for her, they were not sufficiently observing or inquisitive to ask why such a simple question caused her to blush so violently.

At last the gentlemen arrived, and their coming caused much repressed excitement to at least two of the party. They entered the parlor, and George's eyes eagerly sought Nellie's figure, and the flowers which she wore at her throat. The sight of them, however, brought no pleasure into his eyes. He grew pale, and, merely bowing to Nellie, took a seat by the side of another young lady. Nellie had not noticed his paleness. At his entrance she involuntarily cast down her eyes, and nothing but her blushes showed that she was aware of his presence. When he only bowed to her, she thought it was from a consideration of her feelings, and silently thanked him for it.

But as the evening wore on and he did not ask her to dance she was surprised; when the others were walking in the garden and he not only did not ask her to promenade, but actually took some one else, she was wounded. She could not ask an explanation from him; nothing but pride kept back her tears. Finally, she accepted the invitation of one of the other gentlemen to promenade, and thus passed a miserable evening.

During the drive home neither spoke to the other, and the party broke up for the night without their having an explanation.

George had passed as miserable an evening as had Nellie. He had ordered the gardener to take her red roses; she had worn white, which he took as her refusal. He determined to leave the next day. A telegram summoning him to the city on important business would be a sufficient excuse. Late as it was he packed his things that night, and made all arrangements to leave early in the morning.

At breakfast next morning he told Mr. Frederics that he would have to leave for the city in an hour or two, and, in spite of the urgent remonstrances of his host and the other guests, could not be moved from his determination. A remark made jokingly caused him, however, to change his decision.

For while the whole party was discussing the events of the preceding evening, one of the other ladies told Nellie that the white roses which she had worn were stolen property, because she had ordered them for herself, and, instead, got a bunch of red roses, Nellie blushed furiously, but George looked perfectly happy, for he then saw his mistake, and every one else thought it a good joke.

About an hour later George thought he would pick a bunch of red roses, and offer them to Nellie as a peace-offering. He went into the garden, but as he approached the rose-bushes saw Nellie herself gathering some red roses. As she stood there daintily clipping the flowers, her hat lying on the ground, the summer's breeze with what seemed great presumption to the young man, gently kissing the curls about her temples, she made a picture fair to look upon.

So thought George Meredith as he advanced towards her. She did not look up when he stood beside her and took a rose from her hand. But somehow in a moment she had dropped the roses and found her hand in his, and she knew then that he loved her, and he knew that his love was returned.

Guy B. Moore.

Young Men in History.

IT is exceedingly interesting, as well as profitable, in reading a list of renowned men, to notice how large a number of them did their greatest works while young. We will then see more forcibly what the writer meant when he said, "From the age of twenty to that of thirty-five is a period of great efficiency and activity." President Gates of Amherst, in his speech to young men, said, "The self-confidence which a young man has often drives him to do things which, had he been of maturer years, he would never have undertaken."

Phillip of Macedon ascended the throne at twenty-two. His son, Alexander the Great, was regent of Macedon when a boy. He became king at twenty, and at thirty-three he died the ruler of the world. Hannibal had control of the armies of Carthage at twenty-nine, and he was not conquered until he had passed beyond the half of his three score years and ten. When at last he was defeated, it was at the hands of Scipio. This renowned general became famous at seventeen by saving the life of his wounded father in the battle of Ticinus. At twenty-three he was made consul, notwithstanding the law which provided that the consul should be at least forty-three. Four years later he was Rome's greatest defender.

Although the greater triumphs of Cæsar's life came when he was of maturer years; yet when he was only eighteen, Sulla said of him, "There is many a Marius in that lad." Washington at twenty-five saved Braddock's army from destruction. Lafayette came to America when only twenty, and ten years later "he seemed to hold the destiny of France in his hand." Napoleon at twenty-seven was at the head of the armies of Italy.

The same may be seen in a list of statesmen: Pitt was made Chancellor of the Exchequer at twenty-three. Only one year later he was Prime Minister of England and sustained himself against the greatest statesmen of his country. Fox entered Parliament at nineteen. He became Head of the Admiralty at twenty-one. Gladstone entered Parlia-

ment at twenty-three and became Head of the Treasury at twenty-five Hamilton at eighteen wrote his papers in defence of American liberty. Patrick Henry charmed Virginia with his eloquence at nineteen. Clay went to Congress at twenty-eight and five years later was speaker of the House.

Of great artists: Raphael began his Vatican frescoes at twenty-six. He died at thirty-seven, the most famous painter of the world. Michael Angelo was invited to Rome to print the walls of the Sistine Chapel when thirty-four. Sir Joshua Reynolds was recognized to be the greatest painter of his age at twenty-nine.

Of pre-eminent authors: Pope published his "Pastorals" at seventeen. Burns published his first volume of poems at twenty-five. Macaulay wrote his essay on Milton at the same age. At eighteen, Bryant wrote "Thanatopsis," which has been called the greatest poem America has produced.

Let us see what influence a few young men have had on the world with their song:

> "For all the arts beneath the heaven
> That man has found or God has given,
> None draws the soul so sweet a way
> As music's melting, mystic lay."

Campbell's best songs were written before he was twenty-six. "The Lines to a Frigate," by O. W. Holmes, was written when "the now venerable author" was a very young man. It was only a few days ago that we heard in our chapel about his translating Virgil into English verse when he was a student at Phillips, and how he afterwards thought it suitable to go into the first volume of his poems.

Someone has said, "Some of the most touchingly beautiful pieces on death and the glories of immortality will be found to have been written by those whose visions of Heavenly bliss have not been clouded by too long a stay in the damp atmosphere of this mortal world." Milton was seventeen when he wrote, "On the death of an Infant." He is supposed to have been only a few years older when he wrote his ode "On the Morn-

ing of Christ's Nativity," which some one has said is "the grandest religious lyric we know of in any language."

Of preachers: Wesley founded Methodism at twenty-seven. Spurgeon, who died only a few months ago, was drawing crowded houses in London at twenty. David, as a lad, was champion of Israel. Isaiah was the greatest prophet of his time at about twenty. And Jesus Christ, the greatest of all, died at only thirty-three.

And yet it is not true that all great men have made their triumphs when young. For, if all great generals had died at Alexander's age, we should never have heard of Caesar's "Gallic Wars," Washington's name would not be found so frequently on the pages of history, Napoleon would never have met his Waterloo, and Wellington would be known only as a young Indian officer. If all the great statesmen had died at Pitt's age, Gladstone would be known only as a promising young member of Parliament, and the same may be said of Fox. Suppose all poets had died at Burns's age, we should never have seen the greater poems of Shakepeare, Chaucer would never have written his "Canterbury Tales," which, indeed, were written after the author was over sixty years of age.

On the other hand, Tasso, although he lived twenty years after "Jerusalem delivered" was penned, never equalled that great epic which was written when he was thirty-one years old.

"Perhaps the best books have never been written, for we always feel that the men are greater than their works. Who knows, moreover, what geniuses have died in childhood?"

William R. Webb, Jr.

Some People I know.

DOWN by a big yellow river, surrounded by bare grassy hills, lies a little town. It is much like the average American town, but possessing a peculiar interest for me, for the reason that I live there. I fear that I may appear prejudiced in its favor. For all that, I honestly believe that there are many interesting things about it, many quaint characters living in its limits. Characters, in that sense of the word which means people with some distinguishing mark, some individuality, are, I am sorry to say, rapidly disappearing from the greater number of growing towns, and we have nothing to take their place. Individuality seems to flourish or decrease accordingly as the population is large or small. The reason for this is not hard to find. It is because of the energetic, practical atmosphere which envelopes our American civilization. Such an atmosphere is sure to discourage the development of the quieter, more individual side of a man's mind, which depends for existence on the freedom and quietness incidental to a country village.

Not that there are no real characters in city life. Richard Harding Davis's stories show that such exist in New York in some degree. Yet the stir and hubbub of a great city and the running against so many other atoms of humanity tends to blunt the edge of our originality and to make us like hundreds of those about us. This is why, in my opinion, we find individuality best developed in the life of a small town. Some of the peculiar people who used to live in our town I remember very well. One of them was a negro known as "Old Boss Reed."

Boss had always been old and never became any older, so far as I could discover. He looked the same when I saw him last as at first sight. A slouchy, stooping figure supported a head, rather large in proportion, covered with gray curly hair. His eyes were brown; mild, gentle eyes, which seemed in sharp contrast with the numerous wrinkles, which gave his forehead and mouth a threatening aspect. His broad forehead suggested an evenly balanced mind, while his thick, curling lips betrayed the

hot impetuosity of his African blood. Taking him all together he was something of an anomaly.

Boss's occupation was whitewashing, and he was generally to be seen hobbling slowly along, carrying a bucket of whiting in his hand and a long-handled brush over his shoulder. His clothes were always smeared with lime, and sometimes his face. He was always chewing tobacco, and the movement of his jaws rolled the loose brown skin into the queerest wrinkles imaginable.

Boss's favorite job was whitewashing a back-yard fence. First he would get an old box, plant it squarely in the sunshine before the surface to be whitened, then sit down, roll his eyes, and be supremely happy. Sunshine seemed to have a soothing effect on Boss, and he was in his best humor while basking in its rays. One day I discovered him at work on a fence, and creeping quietly to the spot was able to get a good view of the whole operation through a knot-hole near by. He first rubbed the brush around in the wash until it became saturated Then, slowly raising it in the air, he applied it to the boards in generous quantities. Of course a good deal of whitewash was lost by the operation, but this did not disturb Boss in the least, for he was, I am sorry to say, of a very wasteful disposition. In fact, it was always a question as to where he put the most whiting, on the fence or on the ground.

Boss was an object of awe to the small boys, and the sight of the old man at work on a fence in the vicinity was enough to bring every urchin in the neighborhood to the spot.

He had, however, one fault. He was extremely touchy. There was one phrase which the boys used to fling at him which aroused his anger more than anything else. It was "How are you flipping up Boss?" Whenever he heard this he used to rise from his work, seize whatever happened to be handy that might be pressed into service as a weapon, and advance upon his tormentors like an avenging legion. The boys always stood their ground till he was within a few feet of them, then a panic occurred and Boss was left in possession of the field. On one occasion, as the writer has reason to remember, he did not desist when his enemies dispersed, but followed them to their homes and demanded the right to

give them a good thrashing. This being denied him, he turned on his heel and walked wrathfully away. The boys were dragged with some difficulty from under the bed of an upstairs room.

I have not seen Boss for a long time. I think he must have gone away. But I shall never forget his comical yet pathetic figure.

Another queer specimen of humanity was Davy Brown. Davy was a little darkey about three feet tall, with chocolate brown skin and kinky black hair. His eyes were brown and fairly running over with fun and mischief, but his face was usually as solemn as an owl's. Davy lived down in the negro quarter back of town. His father carried a mortar-hod and his mother took in washing as a means of support. In the struggle after the necessities of life, Davy's education was neglected, so that all the knowledge he received the shady side of town life taught him. As a natural result, he was not a model boy by any means, but smoked, swore, and fought to his heart's content. It seemed to be instinctive in him to fight. If he could not find a boy to tackle, any animal in the vicinity answered his purpose, and it is common report that a great cloud of dust was once discovered in the road before his house, which, on investigation, proved to be caused by Davy and a turkey who were having a hard tussle.

One day he had twisted himself up under the rear end of an express wagon and was enjoying a fine ride when a boy on the side-walk apprised the driver of the fact by yelling "On behind! On behind!" at the top of his lungs. The driver curled his long whip around Davy's extended form with stinging effect, and he dropped to the ground, a sorer but wiser boy. Looking around for the cause of his misfortune he beheld him on the side-walk doubled up with laughter and evidently thinking it a first-rate joke. Davy did not see it in that light, so, running up to him, he began in the following forcible, but not elegant words: "Say you ——— little fool, what d'yer do that fur?"

The boy addressed, stopped laughing and flushed with anger. "I aint no fool neither," said he, "and I'll be blamed if I ai'nt glad yez got licked, ye — little nigger you, — lemme be!" he snarled. "Lemme be, I aint goin ter fight with you. I wouldn't touch yez with the end of my little finger, so I wouldn't, ye little coon!" Since the boy was the son of

an Irish laborer who was always half drunk, this remark was hardly appropriate.

It was Davy's turn to get angry now, and what had at first been mere words now became a bloody fight. With a little yell of rage Davy pounced on the luckless son of Erin and clawed his face till it ran with blood. Then letting him go, with a contemptuous laugh, he picked up a half consumed cigar stump and went off down the street puffing it contentedly. That was the last time I saw Davy, but I hope to get a glimpse of him again for he is certainly one of those rare personages, a character.

On a door in a small frame building facing the public square is this sign, "Leyde's Novelty Works." From certain mysterious noises which can be heard within, we judge the proprietor to be at home, and accordingly enter. We are in what appears to be a tinker's shop. It is a sight to behold littered as it is with rubbish and remnants of all sorts. Old sewing-machines, lamps, guns, clocks, a broken fiddle, tools of all sorts and sizes, nails and screws by the box full. All these, together with the windows covered with grease and dust, present a striking appearance. The ceiling is covered with gay lithographic posters, which serve to make their surroundings only the more dismal. Here the proprieter putters away. Standing as he does, full in the light which manages to gleam through the coated glass, he forms a curious picture. He is bent and sallow, with pinched, drawn features, a sharp nose, and straggling gray hair and beard. His eyes are of a cold blue tint; cunning scheming eyes, all screwed up and twisted in the effort to see clear through one. Altogether he has the appearance of a very aged Mephistopheles.

He earns a precarious living by doing odd jobs and bits of tinkering about the town. At least, he used to do that till the great event happened. That event was this. In the course of the town's growth and prosperity, a drinking fountain was placed in the public square. A small engine was needed to pump the water, and, by some good fortune, Leyde obtained the job. A proud day it was for the proprietor of the "Novelty Works" when he descended for the first time into the underground chamber, started the engine, and heard the water begin to fall into the iron basin above; first in a tiny trickle, then in a steady gush. He was

an object of interest, a sort of modern case of Moses and the gushing rock, he who by a turn of the hand could give cool water to the thirsty multitude. As to the boys, why they reverenced the ground he trod on, and hung over the mouth of the opening which contained the engine, watching him puttering and tinkering away, sniffing the bad tobacco smoke, and listening to outlandish oaths.

But one day the engine stopped running ; the water ceased tumbling down into the iron basin, and the cups hung dry and empty on their rusty chains. Leyde, the proprietor and manager of the "Novelty Works," and engineer of the drinking fountain, was not to be seen! He lay far away in a dark cell in the city lockup. He had spent his substance in riotous living, had looked on the beer when it was brown, and now he was suffering the consequences. Justice, which falls on the high and the low, the rich and the poor alike, had not spared Leyde. And that is why the boys hanging around the fountain could get no water and find no trace of their idol, the owner of the "Novelty Works."

These are some of the curious people who live in our small town. It takes a little time to find them, and a little observation to understand them. Yet, is it not worth the while?

A Day of Rest.

Another day of rest has come,
Another day of life is run,
And finds us nearer home.
Once more the bells, in silver tones,
Peal forth the strains that end in moans,
To call God's people home.

Sequel Pen.

Two Days in Nuremburg.

OF course almost everyone knows where that ancient town of Nuremburg is situated, but for the sake of those who have forgotten I will give a brief description. Nuremburg is in Bavaria (although under the German government), and about ten hours ride from Dresden. Its population is nearly 115,000. Everyone speaks German. There are very few English speaking people in the place,—very different from Dresden, where a great many speak English. In by-gone days Nuremburg was one of the richest and strongest of the free imperial cities of Germany, but it fell at last, in 1806, into the power of Bavaria.

We arrived in Nuremburg at 4.30 P.M., Saturday, July 23, and went at once to the Maximillian Hotel. After supper we took a long walk and succeeded admirably in getting lost in the narrow, crooked streets. As a result we did not get back until about ten o'clock. The next morning we went to walk and to see the city. The first thing we noticed was that the houses were flush with the streets and that they all had tiles on their roofs. The windows were made of small concave panes of glass and were protected by heavy iron bars. Some of the houses have from three to six dormer windows. All the old mansions are gabled. In some of them the second story projects out over the first, and the third over the second, and so on. Sometimes the houses nearly meet above the middle of the street. The front doors are all finely carved and have heavy brass fittings. Generally there are four or five bell cords near them, which lead to the different rooms.

The streets are very narrow and poorly paved. As they are also very crooked it is hard to find one's way about. Generally, when several of them meet, which is a very frequent occurrence on account of their irregularity, there is a statue or fountain, around which a crowd of children may usually be found playing.

The things of greatest interest in Nuremburg are the "Old Castle," St. Lawrence Church, Albert Dürer's house, and the church of St. Sebald. The St. Lawrence Church was the first place we visited. After giving

the keeper a small fee, we were shown around this most interesting building. We then went to the market place and saw the "Frauen," or Women's Church. There is nothing remarkable in this edifice except the clock on the belfry in front. Every day at 12, seven figures come out of a doorway, walk around the base of the dial, and then go in on the opposite side. In the market place is a very notable fountain. Wrought into the iron railing is a movable iron ring, the two having been made from a single block of iron. This ring is the trade mark of the iron-mongers' guild.

After leaving the market place, we took dinner and went to the old "Burg," or Castle. It is situated on the border of the city, on a high bluff which overlooks the town. It is very old, some say it dates as far back as 800 A. D. Going in at the main entrance the first thing that caught our eye was the five-cornered tower. This tower is the prison of the castle and is full of old relics and of guides who try to rob you of your money and time. We got a nice looking young woman to show us around, and with her little English and our less German we managed to get along very well. We passed into the main hall through a door, over which were hung old shields and pikes. On one side of the hall there was a collection of instruments of torture of all kinds and descriptions. Hanging on the walls were iron masks for persons who quarrelled and lied. Some of these had clamps on them for the tongues of "tattlers" or "busy-bodies." Near by was an upright board, sharpened across the top and fastened to a stand. Upon the sharp end of this the person to be tormented was placed, with a leg on each side; weights were then tied to each foot, and he was left to be slowly cut in two lengthwise.

Next we saw the awful rack about which you have often read. Near this was a cage called the "Baker," intended for the luckless baker whose loaves were under weight. This was last used in 1770. The old pillory was still there, in which the last victim was tortured in the year 1849. There was a large oak chair all covered with cone-shaped wooden spikes, about four thousand in number. Into this the sufferer was bound and then rolled over with a spiked rolling pin. It was last used in the latter part of the 16th century. Then there were several wheels with knives for

tires, which were used to break the bones and to chop to pieces the bodies of the victims. After examining these instruments we turned our attention to a large double-edged sword that had been the means of beheading eight hundred victims. It was last used in 1820, when it had cut off the heads of twenty persons in succession. We then went upstairs and saw the well-known "Iron Virgin." It is a large iron-bound box, with a swinging front, in which are long iron spikes. The victim was put into the box and the door was closed and fastened by means of bands running around the outside. The cruel spikes soon pierced the body and death resulted. A trap door was then opened and the body shot down into a pit with knives in the sides; to fall at last into the river. Thumb-screws, lancets, pincers, and knives, were in abundance. In fact, almost every invention of fiendish minds bent on torture was in that old tower. How glad I was to get out of it and to see the sunlight once more!

Leaving the tower we went to the deep well in the court-yard. This well is 335 feet deep and is dug out of the solid rock. It took a gang of convicts thirty-three years to do the work. A tunnel at the bottom runs to the city hall, a distance of about half a mile.

When at last we left these old castle walls it was with feelings of great thankfulness that we did not live in a time when a man was maimed for life for so small a crime as killing a rabbit, or was cut to pieces for expressing an opinion about the "kingdom to come."

Earle R. Marvin.

Happiness.

HOW Diocles, king of Thrace, having sought many years and through all lands for happiness, at last found it awaiting him at his own gate.

THERE dwelt, the old tale runneth,
In vine-clad Thrace of yore,
A prince by heaven well-favored
In things man striveth for.
From sunrise to its setting
Might he journey toward the west,
Still could he hear the lowing
Of his cattle, seeking rest.
But now his soul was troubled,
For a single day before
There chanced to come a seer
Slow hobbling by his door;
Him now, the great Diocles
Bade to his well-spread board,
Then showed him all his riches,
Through slow-going ages stored.
At length, slow spake the wise man:
"O king, in all thy store
There lacks yet one thing only,
That gained, there is naught more.
You ask me what? A flower."
"A flower!" "Aye, aye, 'tis all;
'Tis called the four-leafed clover,
And happiness it brings
To all who find,— to lovers,
Fair maidens, knights, or kings."
And now no more Diocles,
When the sunset sky grows red,
Sits gazing at his cattle,
Slow seeking stall and shed;
No more when twilight deepens

And the moon her edges fills,
Can he see his herds in slumber
Upon a hundred hills.
For kingly garb he long has doffed,
His kingly mien is humble now;
For former homage, now he's scoffed;
No diadem adorns his brow.
In pilgrim guise he wanders
O'er seas and far-off lands.
E'er grasping at his fleeting prize
With ever-baffled hands.
But now when years had flown,
As still the years will do,
And white his hair from grief had grown,
His cheeks had changed to ashen hue,
Weary and mocked and buffeted,
Diocles homeward turned;
Though unfed longing in his soul
Like raging passion burned.
And now through May-time weather
He sailed o'er weary space,
Till from the sunset sea there rose
The sun-kissed hills of Thrace.
Then to his royal palace,
A king once more, he strode.
But thirsting as he fared along,
He stopped beside the road,
Where his own well-spring bubbled
From its moss-grown basin clear.
He checked his horse and tossed the rein
To a servant standing near.
When, stooping low, he knelt to drink
The water, bending over
He saw beside the fountain's brink
A dainty four-leafed clover.

E. '93.

Editorials.

THE subject of Phillips Academy re-endowment is one upon which too much cannot be said. In this issue of the Mirror we publish an able article on this topic by Prof. J. P. Taylor, P. A. '58. The author has generously devoted much of his own time and strength to help bring about the results so far accomplished, and his words are full of a devotion and enthusiasm which all should share. Much has already been done towards raising the necessary funds, but there is still great need of more money. Four of the new dormitories have been built, but many others are wanted. The large dining-hall and the gymnasium are yet to be erected. Ample quarters should be provided for the reading-room, and there ought to be funds sufficient to furnish it with papers and magazines. All of the professorships need more money, and a chair in the English language must be endowed. The graduate committee is working devotedly to obtain the funds for these purposes and their efforts should be crowned with success; for there is no nobler object to strive for than to benefit a great school, and there is no school more worthy of contributions than Phillips Andover.

Prof. Taylor asks the students to assist in this movement, especially in obtaining funds for a new gymnasium. That we need one is beyond question. The old brick building now used is a disgrace to Andover when compared with the fine edifices at Exeter and other schools. Yale's magnificent gymnasium owes its existence in great part to the efforts of the undergraduates. Why should not we Phillipians be able to collect money enough to build ours? Two years ago a movement to this end was started. A committee of students was appointed to solicit subscriptions. $1,600 was soon collected from the undergraduates, and the prospects for an early success were bright. But here the matter seemed to drop. No subscription paper was passed around to the new fellows last year and as yet we have not seen one this year. Yet there is no adequate reason why the work should not continue. Let those of the former committee who remain in school be assisted by a number of energetic fellows. Let them see that every student has a chance to contribute. Let them work

among the alumni. With the aid of the graduate committee they will be able to make the imaginary gymnasium a present fact, before the date set by Prof. Taylor. This seems an almost impossible result to strive for, but with hard work it can be accomplished. There should be no delay in choosing the committee. Let no member of the school rest until the new gymnasium stands completed, a monument to the energy and devotion of Andover students.

In the constitution of Phillips Academy it is emphatically stated that there are four objects of that Institution. These are: first, the promotion of true Piety and Virtue; second, instruction in the English, Latin, and Greek languages, together with Writing, Arithmetic, Music, and the Art of Speaking, third and fourth, instruction in various other subjects. It will be noticed that the Art of Speaking is placed in the first group, before such studies as Geometry, Science, and Modern Languages. Yet to-day this branch is almost entirely neglected. True, the Seniors do have a course in Elocution under the finest of teachers, which, as far as it goes, is all that could be desired. But no individual work is done. From the number of fellows who take the course now provided can be seen how much the rest of the school would value such instruction. The Means and Draper men, indeed, receive an invaluable drill, but for the school at large there is no opportunity given to take lessons in declamation. Such an important branch of education should not be neglected. One of the efforts for re-endowment is that instruction may be provided in this line. But re-endowment comes slowly, and meanwhile valuable time is lost. In many schools the different teachers, beside their other work, have a class in declamation at least once a week. If such classes could be formed here, there would be many who would profit by them.

The Board of Editors take pleasure in announcing the election of G. B. Moore, W. B. Parker, W. M. Gardner, and D. Gordon to the contributing board. All matter for any department of the December Mirror must be handed to one of the editors or left in the Mirror box in the lower hall, on or before Wednesday, November 16

The Month.

THE progress of the foot-ball team has been watched with a great deal of interest. The games played so far resulted as follows: Sept. 28, P. A. 6, F. M. A. A. of Haverhill 6; Oct. 1, P. A. 10, West Roxbury Athletics 6; Oct. 8, Tufts College 24, P. A. 0; Oct. 12, Harvard '93 32, P. A. 0; Oct. 14, Dartmouth 26, P. A. 0; Oct. 19, Brown University 6, P. A. 4; Oct. 21, Harvard '95 50, P. A. 0; Oct. 22, Bowdoin 36, P. A. 0. This may seem a poor showing, but it must be remembered that the team has been greatly crippled by the absence of some of its best men, laid off on account of severe injuries. These will, however, probably be able to play in the Exeter game.

The following street teams have been organized; Phillips Street, English Commons, Morton Street, Latin Commons, and Salem Street. Two practice games have been played, which resulted in Phillips Street's defeating Salem Street, and, in turn, being defeated by Morton Street.

A practice game of base-ball was played between a picked team from the Academy and the Theologue nine. The score was; Theologues 9, P. A. 5. It would seem from the game that there is some good material in school for the nine next spring.

The Peoples' Lecture Course thus far has proved a very interesting one. The following entertainments were given during October: Oct. 3, Concert by the Apollo Quartette; Oct. 14, Lecture by Mr. Fox, on Rugby; Oct. 24, Reading by George W. Cable.

The enthusiasm over the election resulted in the formation of political clubs representing the Republican, Democratic, and Prohibition parties.

The following serve as officers for the Republicans; president, E. S. Sawyer, '93; major, R. B. Harkness, '93; captains, H. E. Pickering, '93, and H. B. Woodfin, '96.

For the Democrats P. R. Lester serves as president, and Cornwall and Collins as leaders of brigade.

The Prohibition Club elected the following officers ; president, McClellan ; secretary, Auten.

The Athletic building now in process of construction on the upper campus is nearly completed. When finished it will furnish for the various teams the necessary facilities in which the old gymnasium is so deficient.

Of course we were all pleased with the results of the tournament with Exeter. All of our men played tennis as it should be played and easily defeated their opponents. The scores were: Anderson defeated Rand, 6-4, 6-2, 6-0 ; Millard and Allen defeated Read and Davis, 6-2, 7-5, 6-2.

The Reading Room is now open. The committee in charge have been greatly hindered by various causes, but have completed their list at last and turned the room over to the school. A good supply of daily papers and weekly and monthly periodicals will be kept on file.

Work on the new dormitories is being pushed as much as possible. Draper Cottage, which is much like Taylor Cottage, is expected to be ready for occupancy by Christmas. Andover Cottage, the largest and handsomest of the three, is under roof, and will be pushed without regard to the weather. It will be completed by next term. Bancroft Cottage is rapidly taking shape, and promises to be a very fine looking building. It is built in the old Colonial style.

Columbus Day was celebrated by the omission of the usual lessons. In their place Mr. Freeman gave an interesting talk on the great discoverer. At 10.30 a game of foot-ball was played with Harvard '95. The rest of the day was spent in various ways.

Notwithstanding all the discussion regarding the advisability of discontinuing the cane rush, old customs prevailed, and it came off Oct. 22. The Middlers were victorious, as usual, by a score of 25 hands to 22.

Clippings.

SENTIMENT VS. REALITY.

Some mortals rise to feast their eyes
  Upon the fair Aurora;
Another sighs, as lusty cries
  Burst wildly from "a roarer."

Brunonian.

FOR SWEET CHARITY.

She sat beside me in the pew,
And turned towards me her eyes of blue
Just as the box was passed around,
And I my pocket-book did sound;
And as I had no change, you see,
What could I do but drop that V?

Brunonian.

SERENADE.

In the gentle light of the silvery moon
  He sang a serenade,
On the listening ears of the fleeting night,
  To his heart's own chosen maid.

And e'en as the last notes die away,
  Up goes the window pane,
And the other fellow politely asks
  If he won't oblige again.

Williams Weekly.

ONE JOY LEFT.

No matter how heavy his burdens are,
  Nor how full he may be of remorse,
No student will ever himself debar
  From our childhood's old game of horse.

Brunonian.

AFTER THE SEASON.

His face is bruised and battered,
  And his ribs are mostly shattered,
And his beauty is a long forgotten dream;
  But he's wined and dined and fêted,
  And with glory he is sated,
For he's half-back on the college football team.

Williams Weekly.

THE AUTHOR'S DISCOURAGEMENT.

The hardest work is writing,
  As it is often said;
The pen is always driven,
  The pencil must be lead.

Brunonian.

APPLIED BOTANY.

"A kiss for each flower," I gaily said,—
  She had violets pinned at her breast;
But her face grew sad, and she turned away
  With a sigh of deep unrest.

Then raised her black eyes to mine once more,
  And I thought I saw a tear,
As her sweet voice softly, falt'ringly said,
  "There are only two dozen here."

Ex.

A STARTLING RESEMBLANCE.

Mrs. Grub out-Shylocks Shylock,
  In a manner quite unique,
For she takes from every boarder
  A pound of flesh each week.

Brunonian.

Mirage.

Perhaps the pleasantest trip the writer ever took was one to Concord and Lexington. A year ago, just before school began, two of us started from Andover one fine morning, at eleven o'clock. We were in high spirits, and when, at the fashionable hour, we stopped under a large apple tree for lunch, fully ten of the twenty-four miles were passed.

After a short rest we started again. About three o'clock the country, which had been very uninteresting, took on brighter colors, and we rejoiced as we saw on a sign-post, "5 miles to Concord." But our joy was rather short-lived, for after two solid miles of tramping we again saw "5 miles to Concord" on the side of the road. On inquiring at a house a little farther on, where we drank some nice fresh milk, we found out from the old lady that it was "nigh onter sex miles."

Three miles more of steady walking, and we overtook a man drawing a wagon load of cucumbers, who, after we were safely seated beside him, opened the conversation with the remark, "I s'pose you didn't know that I was a medgium." He then went on to tell us that he had quite a collection of coins which the "sperits" brought him, and also that he could cause them (the sperits) to "take a chair out from in under you without you knowin' 't was gone."

He left us on the outskirts of the town, near the graveyard, where, after a short search, we found, surrounded by a hawthorn hedge, the grave of the author of the "Scarlet Letter." Near it, under a large pine-tree, was a white, untrimmed, uninscribed bowlder, marking the grave of Emerson, in accordance with whose wish it was his only monument. Leaving the graveyard, we soon reached the Thoreau house, where we spent the night.

Early the next morning we were standing on the spot "where once embattled farmers stood," and trying as we looked at French's fine statue of the minute-man, to bring ourselves into touch with the men of a hundred years ago.

After breakfast we started out on the Lexington road, over which, in 1777, the British troops advanced, and then retreated, followed by the immortal heroes of the Revolution. On the right we saw Emerson's house, and on the left "The Wayside," where once the inexplicable Dr. Alcott lived. Behind it, under the pines and evergreens, was Hawthorne's favorite study, and here, doubtless, he thought out as many unwritten books as those he published.

In Lexington, aside from the historical connection, we found little to interest us, save the monument.

In Cambridge, where we next went, after visiting Harvard College and noting Holmes's house, we visited Long-

fellow's home, where we were most kindly received. Here we were shown a chair made of the "spreading chestnut tree," the pen with which the great poet wrote his last words, and many other interesting things.

As we stood on the steps in leaving, it was twilight, and looking out into the distance, into our minds, as the natural expression of feeling came the words:

"I see the lights of the village, gleam
through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
that my soul can not resist."

Baka.

Although he hadn't yet tried for the Phillipian Board, Mr. William McGraw was decidedly of a poetical turn of mind when he came to the Academy. A romantic soul always finds plenty to expatiate upon in Andover environment, however dull the day, however dark the night. There was certainly an adventurous vein in McGraw's character, but it shaped itself into somewhat strange channels. He formed great dreams of building a mighty fortress upon the wild crags of Prospect Hill, there to withstand, by cannon and moat, fierce invasions from Ballard Vale and Frye Village.

Unlike many of his friends in the Academy, "Billy," as members of Inquiry familiarly called him, had never loved. This coincidence was in itself strange enough to make him a decided curiosity among his fellows. But McGraw never belonged to the "freak" fraternity, for he was refined and well liked. When of a winter's evening a little knot would be seated around a table at "Chaps," William would boast of his achievements to his interested hearers.

Now it happened that Rosalie Redcliffe was the most bewitching girl in the Fem. Sem. that year, and this is no small compliment, for many were the entrancing maidens who paced the asphalt walk in front of Draper Hall. Rosalie was dubbed by her companions "La Guillotine," because so many masculine heads had been lost through her instrumentality. Tom Hathaway was the latest victim. So deep was his ardor that he swore she would be his, or the sneaky waters of the Shawsheen would clasp him in their dark embrace. In the warmth of his feeling Tom told Rosalie about Will's peculiarity, for Will and he roomed together up at B's.

Now, no sooner had this wilful little maiden received this intelligence than she inwardly determined to snap in twain this wonderful spell. So Tom had to walk out on the turnpike the next afternoon with that horrible red-haired Isabelle, while McGraw stalked sedately beside the smiling Rosalie. They returned in season for the girls to be in by 5.30 o'clock, and Tom, to his great relief found his chum utterly unmooved.

This state of affairs continued till the warm May days came, when Nature,

in all forms, seems loveliest to man. Then his intimate friends noticed a change in William. Whether he were working out some great ode for the MIRROR, or inventing one of those startling lines of Phillipiana, they knew not, but his mind seemed pre-occupied by something. Not even the Exeter game nor Prof. ———'s sermons awakened him from his apathy. Rosalie also seemed a trifle strange toward Tom and her friends.

It was the last night of school, and McGraw had departed on one of the nocturnal wanderings he had been lately wont to take. Tom slid down and out of the back window, determined at last to find out his room-mates whereabouts, either by fair means or by foul. Fortunately he chose the latter, and crept stealthily along towards the Fem. Sem. woods. The moon shone full upon the white blossoms of the apple trees which border the Fem. Sem. yard, but beneath them all was dark. As Tom neared them, he heard a subdued and muffled voice saying, "Will, ..."

M.

"A BARGAIN AS I SAW IT."

A stretch of sandy beach
"'Neath a sky of azure blue,"
A restless ocean's waves that reach
Now here, now there, and you
Behold this beauteous view
As I saw it.

Back from the beach arose a ledge
Of weather-beaten rock;
On the top, in scanty soil, a hedge
Struggled with oceans winds to grow.
It hid me from the beach below,
But yet I saw it.

The short grass was my resting place
Under the hedge's pleasant shade.
I read awhile "A Shred of Lace,"
But sleep kept coming on, and laid
His heavy hand upon my face,
And in a dream there shone a form,
I saw it.

I looked again and then I knew
T'was that of Rosa Linde.
Last night I swore to e'er be true
To her, and now I find
Her answer, "I trust you."
Another form, I woke and saw it.

Was it a dream? It seems not so,
For there upon the beach she stands
While on her face the blushes glow;
"The other form" holds fast her hands.
The breeze wafts me the words, so low,
"A bargain, dear,"—I saw it.

H. P. S.

Up in the White Mountains, lying among towering peaks and wooded hills, is a little village. Although the scenery around is very grand, this town is not at all prepossessing; in fact it is about as common and uninteresting a place as can be found anywhere. The houses, of the commonest and plainest kind, stand in two rows and fronting on

the only street of which the town can boast. Two stores and a church constitute the business part of the village.

The inhabitants, as might be expected, are not attractive, being of the sort one would avoid when carrying anything of value. Yet in this unpromising spot, last summer, were at work all the elements which make a first-class tragedy. Of course the origin was jealousy. It arose thus:

There was, according to the account, a young lady who was gifted with more than the average (of the town, I suppose) amount of personal attractions, and consequently was the object of much attention. Among her many admirers was a very respectable, well-to-do, and elderly farmer, who seemed to have a very decided advantage over his rivals, presumably on account of his financial standing. There was also a rather tough specimen who stood, according to public opinion, no show at all. He, however, thought otherwise, and when the elderly suitor had won the prize, took it as a personal insult, and set about his revenge.

And here he differed from the ordinary villain of tragedy; for when the latter would (or, at least ought to) have done away with either the lady or the gentleman, our villain had other plans. His successful rival was the owner of several large and well-stocked barns, and also of some very fine horses, of which he was very proud, and he, with intuitive genius, saw that he could best, and with least danger to himself, wound his enemy through these.

But did he, like any common tramp, go and set fire to his neighbor's barns? No? he took a more fiendish and Italian method of revenge than this. Arming himself with the necessary tools, he entered the barn of his unsuspecting victim in the dead of night, and sheared every hair from the manes and tails of the horses!

What was the love of a village beauty to a revenge like this? Had he rested here, at the successful culmination of his vengeful labors, all would have been well. But unfortunately there is a sequel.

The outraged owner employed a detective to investigate the crime; and its perpetrator, being suspected, was easily led by the wiles of the detective to plan further troubles for the man who had robbed him of his lady love's affections.

This time he decided to poison the horses, with the detective's assistance, and, poor unsuspecting innocent, on entering the barn fell into the hands of the sheriff (who is also the barber), poison and all, and is now, I think, awaiting trial *F. B. G.*

SELF-SATISFIED.

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men,"
I say this to myself, and am consoled
To think that's why I'm far from mortal ken,
On the list of hidden geniuses enrolled.

Columbia Spectator.

Leaves from Phillips Ivy.

As we wish to make this department as interesting as possible to both alumni and students, any information concerning the recent actions of the sons of Phillips will be gladly received.

'47.—Hon. W. W. Crapo recently addressed a monster political meeting in Worcester. In introducing him to the audience Hon. J. H. Walker referred to him as "one of the most diligent and faithful men Massachusetts ever sent to Congress."

'52.—Rev. William H. Ward, D.D., LL.D., is on the editorial staff of the Independent.

'55.—Rev. Alexander McKenzie, D.D., of Cambridge, has been elected to a position on the Prudential Committee of the American Board of Foreign Missions.

'55.—Congressman Wm. Cogswell made his first speech of the season in Danvers, Oct. 24. The next night he presided at a Republican rally in Salem.

'71.—President Charles F. Thwing has contributed an interesting article on Education in the West to the October number of Harper's Magazine.

'72.—Rev. Charles A. Dickinson of Berkeley Temple, Boston, has resigned his position on the Prudential Committee of the American Board.

'74.—Rev. Francis G. Burgess, P.A. '74, Amherst '78, of Worcester, was married last June to Miss Christine Jarvis of Middletown, Ct.

'75.—Nehemiah Boynton of Boston is conducting the Saturday afternoon Bible lessons in Tremont Temple.

'78.—Attorney John L. Wells, P.A. '78, Y.U. '82, who made a brilliant record in his school and college courses, is at present candidate for judge in Edmunds County, S.D.

'79.—Marcus Morton of Andover, who was treasurer of the committee which collected the funds for the Andover Cottage, was married, October 26, to Miss Maria E. Welch. The ceremony took place in Grace Church, Newton.

'84.—Dr. Leonard W. Bacon, jr., and Miss Emma W. Shulock were married July 6, in New Haven, Ct.

'87.—John L. Dodge of Iowa, President of the Harvard Republican Club, made a strong speech before the Republicans of Worcester, in a monster rally, held in Mechanics Hall.

'88.—Wm. F. McClelland was married to Miss Gertrude Strong at Winsted, Ct., October 4th.

'92.—Herbert B. Foster, formerly of the Mirror Board, and valedictorian of his class, has been admitted to the Sophomore class at Harvard.

Books.

THE SCAPEGOAT.

There came to my notice this summer probably the most powerful work I have ever read. The Scapegoat, by the author of The Deemster, shows us how prone we are to neglect the crying evils of the present in the contemplation of evils past; to shudder at the cruelty of the dark ages, but to pass by indifferently a state of things existing not in the dark ages, but in this present age of enlightenment and culture, in the land of Morocco, which the author declares is a blot upon civilization and the fair name of Christianity.

The plot is too complicated to allow a summary to be given here; but, as the title suggests, the story is founded upon the old Hebrew tradition of the scapegoat bearing the sins of the people even as this young girl bears the sins of her father with a patience that culminates in triumph.

A perusal of the book cannot fail to impress, by very contrast, the blessedness of Christianity in comparison with the hollow shams and mockeries of that remnant of barbarism, Morocco.

E. '93.

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA.

Mr. Aldrich's story of the above name is certainly a very interesting one. It goes to prove the fact, that while he may not be classed in the first rank of the literary men of the past, he surely deserves such a place in the literary world of to-day. We rarely find a man whose stories are as uniformly interesting, as original in plot and method of treatment, as are his.

The Queen of Sheba is essentially a romance. It describes the meeting of a traveller, and a young girl who has escaped from an asylum, and who believes herself to be the Queen of Sheba. She subsequently regains her mind, and the two meet again in the Alps, and everything comes out happily.

Some of the description is capital. I was especially taken by the chapter picturing the little village in New Hampshire. One sometimes happens on views such as are there described. The green fields, the small white houses of the village, the dull red towers of the asylum, are so real that we can almost catch a glimpse of them as they shine in the warm summer sunshine.

In the hands of any other than a master the story would be commonplace, fit to be embalmed in the columns of a country paper, and then forgotten. As it is, there is a charm about it that cannot be explained, and that can be appreciated only by reading the book.

C. P. K.

To be Reviewed.

THE APPEAL TO LIFE, by Theodore T. Munger. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.



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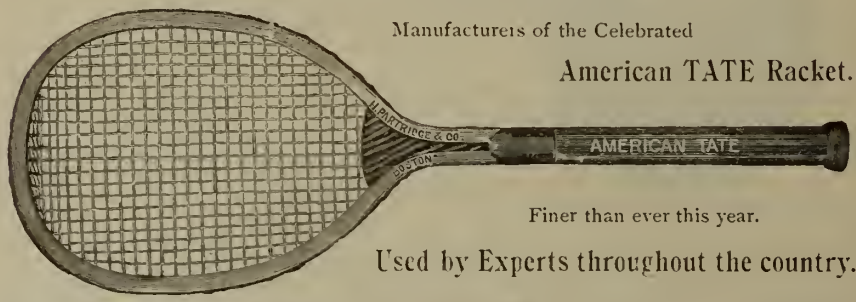
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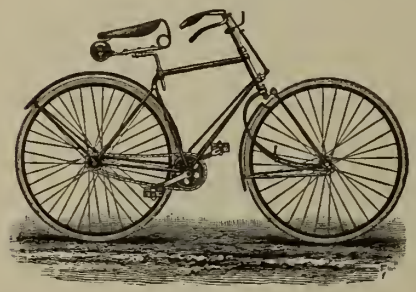
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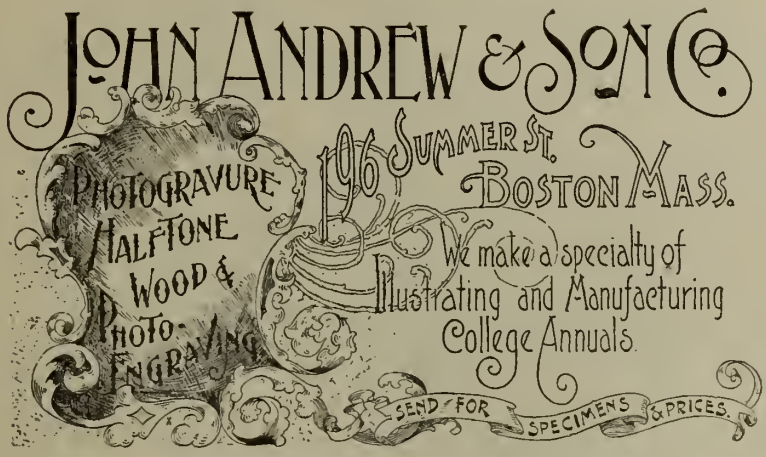
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Vol. 2. No. 3.

The Phillips Andover Mirror.

A Literary Magazine Published by the Students of Phillips Academy.

DECEMBER, 1892.

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Vol. 2. December, 1892. No. 3.

The American Boy as I have met him at School.

MY dear Fritz:— Last summer when I visited you once more in our beloved fatherland, I was rash enough to promise you a letter on the American boy for your *Morgenzeitung*. I have since wished that I had never done so, for the word "American," alone, is sufficiently vague and indefinite to deserve a treatise for its definition, to say nothing of the "Boy." Why! were not you yourself ready to conclude from what you had seen of Americans in Germany that there could be no such period of life here as boyhood, that everybody must be born a full-grown man? Very natural! And yet, there is such a being as the American boy, most emphatically; and a schoolmaster like myself ought to know fairly well what stuff he is "made on."

Were I to render the chief characteristics of the typical American boy intelligible to a German, I would first tell him something about the country of the United States and its history; how small it was in the beginning and how vast it is now; how thickly settled it is in some places, how thinly in others; how the settlers differed from each other, and differ still; how they had to struggle and are still struggling to maintain themselves against nature and conquer her; and, last but not least, how the people had to fight for political recognition among the nations of the

earth. Perhaps I might then succeed in making you understand what a diversity of things, good, bad, and indifferent, this convenient term "American" must needs cover and continue to cover for decades to come.

Far better, to be sure, it would be if I could show you and your readers the school where I have myself studied American boyhood, probably the most democratic school in this democratic country, and an institution reflecting the United States *en miniature* — I mean Phillips Academy at Andover. There, where at least every "section" of the country, and almost every state, is represented, you would also find all the types of American boyhood. "All? the good as well as the bad? the manly as well as the unmanly?" Yes, all; but the bad, the unmanly — in justice to the school be it said — are generally but transient guests. Yes, you do find there occasionally the familiar, elegant idler, perhaps the identical one whom, a few months ago, you saw lounging in the *Cafés* of Berlin, and whom, a few months hence, you may find there again — the type unfortunately still too conspicuous in Europe. But you would also find such as you have not seen at all, boys whose very sturdiness and grit remind one of the early struggles of that most typical of all Americans — Abraham Lincoln.

Now, to catalogue and describe all these various types of boyhood cannot possibly be the purport of a short letter. Nor do you want a composite photograph of them. Hence I will only single out some of those traits which are most likely to interest Germans; and this I will do by saying a few words about manners and morals.

Manners, one is apt to think, are all on the surface, external, and everybody ought to be able to tell off-hand whether a person whom he meets has good manners or not. But is not this view one-sided? At all events it is in great part the reason why so many of our good people in Germany have come to the conclusion that the American boy not only has no manners, but that he is the embodiment of all that is bad in this respect. Now I do myself admit that, ordinarily speaking, the average American boy has almost no manners in the sense which we in Germany attach to the word. What manners he has, however, he often treats somewhat like his heavy luggage which he checks all the way from New York

to San Francisco, preferring to travel with nothing but a light bag. And in countries where people do not check boxes and trunks such long distances, he may often be seen travelling, for convenience's sake you understand, with no heavy luggage whatever. In other words, the American boy, though he frequently appears to be utterly devoid of good manners, has nevertheless a capacity for such ; and that, I think, makes his case far from hopeless.

Moreover, it is important to notice where he does and where he does not show his good manners, or, to put it differently, what persons can and what persons cannot induce him to be on his good behavior. You know very well that a blustering policeman cannot ; nor can a conceited young army officer ; nor, in fact, any official that "puts on airs." Of all this you have been able to convince yourself among young Americans in Germany, and it is not otherwise here. But why is it that, on the other hand, a man of natural dignity, or only a plain, straight-forward, self-possessed man, without show and "airs," seldom, if ever, fails to call forth from a boy all the good manners and all the respect that anyone can reasonably ask for? And, what is more significant, why does a woman so generally and easily exercise a restraining influence over the American boy, and why is she so safe against rude and improper conduct on his part ? Indeed, my private opinion is that the influences which prompt the American boy to good behavior are more to his credit than the influences which provoke him into being ill-mannered and impertinent are to his discredit. Clownish and awkward and noisy enough he is at times, Heaven knows, but quick enough to take a hint also. No German boy, I care not from what kind of home he may come, would ever walk up to his teacher's desk after the recitation, sit down on it, sometimes with his hat on his head and a pencil in his mouth, and then begin a conversation somewhat in this hail-fellow-well-met fashion : "I say, Professor, can't you put us into the Reader pretty soon ? I want to get on more rapidly and don't care for German Grammar at all." But let me not omit to add this : almost no German boy, after having been rebuked, in sledge-hammar style, for a much less flagrant breach of etiquette, will go on and improve so rapidly on his old self as the young American, after receiving a kindly hint, will rise from

boorishness to gentlemanliness. As I said before, he has capacity for manners, and if that capacity has lain dormant up to his sixteenth year, nay, if during the few pliable and docile years of schooling that are left to the belated youth before he must go out into active life again (for only too often he has already one period of active life behind him), if, I say, during this brief time he does not attain to that instilled and ingrained life refinement which is the happy birthright of others, then blame not him, not *young* America, in fact, not even always *old* America, either, but ask yourself: "Could it be otherwise at present?" That it will be otherwise sometime, soon, I firmly believe.

Do you think me too lenient, too hopeful in this matter of good-breeding and manners, my friend? I hope not. Yet, if you do, lay it to the fact that I have seen some real and permanent improvement in the manners of boys since I first came to Phillips Academy.

"But what about morals?" you ask. Well, you will not expect me to be so unphilosophical as to hold that a community like that of Phillips can make genuine progress in manners and yet be actually going back, or even standing still in morals, unless, indeed, I should employ either term or both in a culpably superficial meaning. Nevertheless, true consistency does not compel me to admit progress of morals in every particular simply because I maintain that there has been an improvement of manners in general. It may well be that for a decade or more there is progress in one particular direction, or in most, and stagnation or retrogression in others. What, however, ought I to include and exclude when I speak of morals and morality? Let me again avoid a catalogue of vices and virtues, such as I should have to give if I took these terms in their hackneyed sense and pretended to answer questions like the following: "Do American boys gamble and drink? are many of them given to 'cribbing,' lying, licentiousness, etc.?" To answer questions like these would be easy but unsatisfactory. Most of them you can answer for yourself *a priori*: "Does young America gamble?" "Of course it does." "And why?" "Because old America gambles." And similarly: "Does young Germany get tipsy?" "Of course it does." "And why?" "Because old Germany does." How could it be otherwise?

Of far greater interest than an inquiry into the details of morality or immorality is the question whether there is being developed in the American boy, and especially at such an important school as Phillips, any true ethical insight. If so, then the different features of moral depravity appear in their true light, as symptoms pointing to an ethical system more or less diseased. Then, too, and not until then, will the different virtues be cultivated from a nobler motive, with a higher aim in view than ever before, that is, not merely as means to an end, but for their own sakes. Now, I honestly believe that the curative treatment which Phillips Academy administers to symptoms of moral disorder is just as far removed from quackery as her cultivation of moral health from the hot-house process. Not that I think the old school perfect or proof against the easily besetting sins of the American national character, but I fully trust whatever exigences may arise, Phillips will show herself equal to them. Are there, then, such exigences in sight and imminent? Are there weaknesses and vices which to-day, more than at other times, threaten to damage the character of American youth? It would be strange if there were not; and, unless I mistake greatly, the dangers which young America has to face just now are extravagance and an inordinate love of popularity. If they are not absolutely the most serious obstacles in the way of our boys towards true and sturdy manhood, they are ceriainly none the less serious for having been recognized, so far, by but few. Especially does there seem to prevail a widespread blindness in respect to the dangers arising from this vulgar and cowardly craving for popularity. And in this point I regard the American boy as decidedly inferior to the German. But why? Chiefly because the average American teacher, so far from checking this weakness in his boys, even encourages them in it by his own example.

There are other points of morals in which I fear the American boy cannot hold his own against the German, especially as regards scholarship, in so far as that is a question of morals or character, and to a very large extent it is. But here he labors under too great disadvantages to make a comparison seem at all fair.

To sum up, then, briefly, I may say that in manners as well as in

morals I cannot but believe that the American boy is capable of working out his own salvation unto full manhood though it may be, here and there, with fear and trembling. His manners are in general not so bad, certainly not so helpless, as foreigners think them to be; his character not in all points so free from weaknesses as his countrymen may think. Such, in hasty outlines, is the American boy as I have met him at school — a boy most emphatically, and a good deal of a man, too; at least with excellent material for the making of a man.

Yours very sincerely,

Conrad Bierwirth, P. A. '79.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., November 23, 1892.
7 Matthews Hall.

When stars are courting lovely earth,
And birds to warm their young have flown,
When busy bees have hushed their buzz,
Cold dew then kisses Nature's gown.

Mab.

The Social Claims of the Andover Student.

TWO principal factors are to be considered in relation to student life of all classes at every institution. They are the direct connections of the student to his school or college, as regards his scholarship and discipline, and the life outside actual scholastic duties, his recreation and diversion periods. Both these phases play active parts in framing the character of the man and the status of the school; both are alike of serious and vital importance to both student and professor.

A school is a community. The laws and provisions of a community are formed to supply its rational demands. Just in so far as the school fails to supply the just demands of the community which it forms, it falls short of its duty, and correspondingly the tone of its excellence decreases. The student ever has a constant duty to his school, but the school has an even greater duty to the student. Whenever these are not nicely balanced evil in some form is sure to accrue; whenever superior and subordinate fail to receive their just dues, the machinery will be somewhere found wanting.

The Andover student has his studies and discipline clearly mapped out for him. For faithful work and good standing he receives the instruction of a well-educated faculty, and an excellent apparatus and equipment. So far as the recitation room is concerned there is sufficient reciprocity. On the other hand, the recreation side of the school is less broad. Athletics head the list, and if one really wishes he may enter some form of them in some position, anywhere between a team captain and a third-rate tennis player. In the winter athletics are practically given up, and there are a large number of men left with extra time upon their hands. A few but only a few, devote themselves to literary pursuits.

It certainly does seem that a voice may be justly raised in the fall and spring as well as in the winter terms for the social claims of the Academy, but during the latter time these enjoyments especially commend themselves. The social conditions of the Phillips community are

somewhat ridiculous. The ordinary fellow who comes to the Academy plods through three years of hard study, till he reaches the senior year, when he enjoys the rare privilege of a sleigh-ride and a banquet in the winter, and a reception in the spring. There are exceptions to this rule. A man sometimes makes friends in town. If he be so fortunate he may congratulate himself above the majority who are not so favored.

The school sanctions these two senior entertainments, but beside them there are no receptions or like gatherings for any class or classes. Fellows come here from homes and environments where they have been accustomed all their lives to social advantages. Here they find a life which on the outside is well nigh monastical. The tendency is to form a diseased social condition. It seems ridiculous that members of Andover's two prominent schools should be obliged to meet in quiet spots outside the populous districts of the town, or claim some cousinship or second-cousinship in order to maintain ordinary acquaintances. True, there is romance in this, and a smack of adventure withal, but it is certainly not the most conventional form of society.

The social side of the student life here may be bettered by two bodies of people ; they are the trustees and faculty of the Academy, and the ladies of Andover. I would by no means say that it is the duty of the faculty to provide for the school's recreation, except in this respect. The trustees of Exeter have so far appreciated these needs that they have arranged for a series of receptions the coming year, which will in part supplement the balls which have heretofore been held by the students in connection with the ladies of the town. Other well-known schools have adopted this course with very gratifying results.

With but few exceptions the ladies of Andover trouble themselves very little concerning the social pleasures they might bestow upon the Academies. Some consider the fellows a rather graceless set, others are willing but they do not know exactly how to bring such things to pass. When a fellow is away from home there is nothing he appreciates more than the friendship of a warm-hearted woman, and there is nothing that will give him more stimulus to righteousness than this. There are some people in town who give themselves no more trouble about the fellows

than if a student were nothing more than a living, eating animal, — nothing more than a dog, who is supposed to make his own society.

If the social claims of the Andover student were better appreciated and provided for, the moral status of the school could not but be raised. The majority of delinquencies, both of scholarship and of character, take their root just here. If fellows were sure that in times of loneliness and of trouble, which may come to all occasionally, they could be sure of a kind welcome in many homes in town, if they could meet members of our sister school on more open terms, and if they could enjoy a few more entertainments than are now given, they would feel deeply grateful.

Arthur C. Mack.

Mary and Edwin.

From the Welsh of Gwilym Hiraethog's Ode on Peace.

A lovely form, with pale and weary face,
Her heart nigh bursting with solicitude,
Into the darkness, trembling, ventured forth,
Urged on by hope, and yet restrained by fear,
Now, overwhelmed, she turned toward home again;
Then hesitated, stopped, and wept afresh;
Forthwith the burden of her grief grew less,
Her heart grew stronger with reviving hope.
On to the field, the awful field of death,
With quickening step, and mildly fearless look,
The dauntless woman dared her way alone;
There dreading none, nor fearing aught to face
That scene of havoc, gentle-hearted maid,
She now advanced, upheld by strength of love;
Yea, in her love she drew so bravely on,
Under the wing of anguish-dealing Death,
Amid the ruin wrought by sword and spear.
There wandered Mary in her toilsome search
For him she loved, lest, lest he might perchance
Be lying there, those death-chilled forms among,
That throng of victims to the insatiate sword.

At morn of that accursed day, the two
Strolled fondly arm in arm — the bliss of both
O'ershadowed by the gathering cloud of grief;
Until at last affection broke its bonds,
And one fell on the other's neck and wept,
While heart to heart rushed, melted into one.
Then suddenly the rousing trumpet-sound
Pierced through their souls; its penetrating tones
Rude rent asunder their united hearts —
The brave, good soldier, with a troubled look,

To Mary gave one fond and final kiss.
This parting sign to her brought agony;
And on his knee, her all but lifeless form
Down, swooning sank. Anon awakened, she
Woeful to know the darkest hour had come —
The hour to separate, — sobbing. sorrowed loud,
As now their hands unlock their lingering grasp ;—
But easier 'tis to fancy than to tell.

Obedient he the rallying squadrons joined,
And soul-sad, Mary homeward went.
Fair reason well-nigh yielded to the strain
Of that dark day, whose dragging moments seeemed
To mournful Mary lengthened into hours.
When tardy twilight came, she keenly watched,
But saw him not; the anxious minutes sped,
She strained her eyes, yet saw no sign of him.
No longer with this unendurable
Suspense could she contend, — out, out she must!
And many a weary hour she still held on,
Fond, faithful one: her keen solicitude,
Her eagerness, in dead of chilling night,
Diminished not; through dreary wastes of woe
She for her soul's beloved, sobbing, sought.
The feeble, fitful glimmerings of the moon
Revealed to her the track of wild revenge,
The ragged gashes of the ruthless sword:
A thousand slain lie in their beds of blood,
While on her startled ear the dismal wails
Of wounded fell — their deep-drawn, angry groans
In death's last agony. In dark despair
Some sighed a mother's name, a father's some,
Or country hoarsely whispered, muttered, moaned,
Ah me! in burning anguish. But, alas!

Nor mother heard, nor father thither came,
Nor brother, sister, wife, nor lover there,
To soothe a moment with one pitying look.

But love bore Mary onward. Many a lip,
Quivering with pain, she touched with grateful wine;
And ministering, as with angelic hands,
She soothed the dying in their desolate hour.
Then as she bent to moist one pallid lip
She started, wondering her own name to hear
By some faint, failing voice scarce murmured forth;
Swift brushing from her eye the dimming tear,
She neared and gazed; and as she gently wiped
The stains, Oh Heaven! the face she recognized;
Her Edwin's self she saw! She called aloud,
Yea called again in tremulous tones of love,—
"Oh Edwin! art thou Edwin? Yes; ah yes!
Edwin! I'm Mary, thine own Mary, list!
And answer. Edwin, to thy Mary speak
One word, my darling, in my deep distress!"
Alas, from dying Edwin sign nor sound
To Mary came; but to her longing gaze
His heavy eyelid once was slowly raised
Again, when sparkled forth a glance of love,
Pure, and bright-burning in the pangs of death,—
A farewell flash, as of a taper lit
And flickering once, then swallowed up in night;
Cold, powerless, senseless, on the clammy ground
Poor Mary fell; her all too harassed heart
Crushed by a load that passed its power at last.
One doleful cry, one heaving, shuddering sigh,—
Her spirit then from earthly sorrow freed,
Toward home and Edwin upward winged its way.

J. Webster Lewis.

Mr. Plymington West.

WHEN I reached my room I found that I had lost my note-book, and discovered an unsuspected hole in one of the pockets of my well-worn overcoat that was responsible for it. I was annoyed at this because the book was full of law-school notes, and, besides, contained some matters that I was about to expand into Sunday newspaper articles, and as these meant money, I felt that I had lost a good deal, and immediately resolved to buckle the strap of domestic economy a hole tighter, as it were, and make up for my loss by some hard work that very night.

I cooked that night, two Frankfurters instead of the usual three, and was content with some bread and a bumper of Chateau de Faucet, in place of toast and cocoa. A year before, when I first occupied the shabby little room, I was recklessly extravagant in the way of steaks, omelets, hot drinks, and such delicacies, but at this particular season I was living on the leanest portion of the land.

I had two lectures daily in the Law School and from eleven until two, five nights a week, did police-station reporting for one of the dailies. The proceeds of this, with a small annuity from a maiden aunt, clothed me in rags and kept the wolf from the door, although it is ridiculous to presume that any self-respecting wolf would have climbed six flights of stairs to get such a bony object as I was.

On one side of me roomed a Shylock who on the street, sold gold watch chains to Wall Street brokers, so he proudly told me. I hardly believe this, for one morning I discovered that he had filched the contents of my provision box, that hung from the window ledge. Our subsequent relations were somewhat strained, as he never was able to explain it to my satisfaction. There were various other neighbors of various degrees of cleanness on all sides of me, but above me was only the roof, a meeting place for legions of scraggy Harlem cats.

When the lunch was over, an exciting law book held my attention for two hours, and then drawing forth a pad, I made ready to get out my weekly article for the *Star*. While I was in the throes of composition I

heard a vigorous knock at my door, followed by the entrance of a short, erect little man who appeared to be about fifty years old. He had an intelligent but dissipated face, wore a very disreputable outfit, and looked like an educated tramp, if there is such a thing. My visitor removed a broad-brimmed felt hat, revealing a Webster-like head, and shaking the November rain from his coat and short gray beard, proceeded to satisfy himself that I was the object of his search, then in a shrill, whiskey-bitten voice said: "Sir, it is my pleasure to render you a service; while strolling this evening on ——th Street I found this note-book. I took the liberty of reading a portion of it, and learned that it belonged to a man of intelligence and talent. As your address was in the book I return it to you, and am pleased to make your acquaintance. My name, sir, is Plymington West, — excuse me, I ran out of cards some time ago and so cannot exchange. I have observed that you are a professional man and a student of human nature. (I felt highly flattered.) On this account I am interested in you, for my own occupation is the study of man. I am, sir, an exponent of the grandest science that ever benefitted humanity! For twenty years I have made Phrenology a study, and in various parts of our land have reformed hundreds. I say this not as a boast, for from its very nature my art is a reformer. Teach a man his weaknesses, sir, and nine times out of ten he will strive to remove them. Phrenology, I speak the word with reverence, shows us our good and bad qualities as we never otherwise can know them, and as a parent, teaches us what things to cultivate and what to restrain." The garrulous enthusiast continued in this strain for some time. I found out that he was a native of Maine, "The Cradle of Genius, sir," and almost everything else about him, but nothing taught me so much as his face. It betrayed every degree of eccentric genius and beamed with fire and ardor as, in the dimness of my room, he lauded his "Art." At last, I cut him short by requesting him to operate on me. To gratify him, I admitted that I half believed in the science, but I submitted to his manipulations only to reward him for his trouble.

Mr. Plymington West rose and studied my visage carefully for, at least, ten minutes. A smile illuminated his face. Then he examined with equal care my head, not omitting a single bump or hollow. I was

greatly astonished at what followed. Mr. West suddenly lost his dignity and began a most ludicrous series of capers around me, clapping his hands and showing every sign of joy. "A discovery! a revelation! at last! at last!" Then more intelligibly, "Sir, your fame is assured; after five years' searching I have discovered the Great American Phrenologist! Here, my friend, my mantle is ready for you! This country is ready for you, and if you will follow me, fame and fortune shall be yours! By every line of your face, every part of your skull, I know that what I tell you is true. By your character, your temperament, and above all, your brains, you are wonderfully fitted for this great work. All that you lack is a technical knowledge that can be easily gained. Think, sir, of the thousands you can help, can educate! Think how much good you can do your countrymen! I implore you to listen to me and not to shatter the dreams of my life."

Mr. West would probably have talked all night if I had not stopped him. I was heartily tired of his foolishness and told him so plainly, but it did not have much effect on him. I saw that he was almost a monomaniac and resolved to get rid of him. I told him I was very busy, had no time for nonsense, and giving him some change, showed him the door. He went, but was not at all abashed. "Sir," said he, "you show your wonderful independence, an invaluable thing for a phrenologist, and I am sure you will show good sense in this matter. I shall see you again. Sir, this is a proud day for me. Good night."

When I returned from my police court trip that night, I found a highly alcoholized and disreputable person asleep in front of my door. It was Mr. Plymington West, overcome with joy, and I realized that even Genius has its afflictions and shortcomings. For three months after this I led a wretched life. Mr. West dogged my foot-steps when he was able to walk, and when he was not, he haunted my room, and I must confess that my room claimed him the greater part of the time. I did my best to reform him, and urged him to exhibit some of those qualities he was so fond of discovering in others. But it was useless. He kept on drinking, kept on clamoring about his Art, and tried in a thousand ways to make me a disciple. His case was a pathetic one no doubt, but as sentiment was too

expensive for me to cherish, I made a bold move. I severed my connection with the *Star*, and one night, quite unbeknown to anyone, moved my trunkful of belongings to a new quarter of the city, there to begin work anew, away from the odious presence of my pitiful and pitiless tormentor.

. . . . . .

I worked hard and Fortune smiled, and sometimes actually laughed, for my benefit. I found work of the police station kind on another paper and had a good market for space work. I made a radical change in my diet and once more enjoyed life. But I could not wholly get rid of the memory of poor West. I knew that he could not last much longer and expected daily to learn of his sudden death. Once I ran across his name as a "Drunk" in the record of an east side precinct, but I knew very well that that was not his only experience in this capacity.

About midnight of a rainy April day, I hurried into Captain Gorman's station and asked for news. Captain Gorman requested Patrolman Kennedy to show me the occupant of No. 2. Patrolman Kennedy took a key and led me to cell No. 2, and there I beheld Plymington West in a mixed state of lunacy and delirium. Although he was shrieking my own name at the time, he did not know me. He strode up and down his cell and howled and cried in that familiar, shrill voice of his. Patrolman Kennedy explained that he was expecting the ambulance every minute to take him to the insane ward, and gruffly added, "He was frisky ould buck an' was dreadful unaisy."

I visited him occasionally in the hospital, but it was June before he had recovered enough to recognize me. Then his joy knew no bounds. I assured the poor creature that I had taken up Phrenology and was maka great success of it; that I was already famous and owed it all to him. He readily believed it, and laughed and cried with joy. When I left, he shook my hand and said, "Sir, this is a proud day for me." Three days later I called and found that my enemy had died from a sudden heart failure the day after I saw him. The doctor handed me an envelope, which, he said, the patient had left for me. I opened it and read:

"To the Great American Phrenologist, my beloved friend:
Poetry is the music of the soul.
In life you rebuffed me
And caused me to feel
In the depths of my heart
The touch of your steel,
But now you can see
That I was right
And"—

that was all.

Robert C. Gilmore.

A Shower.

How softly falls the rain,
How saddening yet how soothing,
Emblem of grief;
Yet what so heals our pain,
Assuaging and removing,
As anguish deep?

William B. Parker.

A Tragic Event in American History.

THE more important engagements of the civil war have driven out of mind some events of great magnitude, which, removed from the large field of operations, nevertheless had an important bearing on the earlier stages of the great struggle. Of course everyone knows that Kansas was the scene of many hardships and disturbances during the eventful years from 1854 to 1863, when the list of the great atrocities terminated in the famous Quantrill Raid. Border warfare between the lawless and bloodthirsty Missourians and Free State men, who had come to settle Kansas, had been in full force long before the firing upon Sumpter startled and awoke the North.

It is not to Kansas as a state that I desire to call special attention, but to the atrocities of a single day, acts to which our own history affords few parallels. A small settlement called Lawrence, named after a Massachusetts citizen, had all along been one of the chief sufferers because it was peopled by New Englanders who were very strong and outspoken in their anti-slavery principles. They had resisted again and again the inroads of the border ruffians, and not only had the town several times been set on fire, but the people had been forced to build forts for their protection. In spite of this Lawrence had continued to prosper, and at the time of the raid contained two hotels, several merchantile houses, schoolhouses and churches, all of which had been built up by untiring labor. Among its inhabitants, numbering about a thousand, there had been one Quantrill, a man of no ability or education. He had been driven out because of his lawless deeds, and having gathered together a band of desperadoes like himself, had often made the threat that he would lay the town in ashes.

Lawrence stands on the south side of the Kansas River, with a background of hills, and is intersected by a deep ravine, which was destined to play a conspicuous part on the fatal day. Imagine the picture of these peaceful villagers, sleeping after a hard-working day, little dreaming of the fate that awaited them.

Shortly before sunrise on the morning of the 21st of August, 1863, Quantrill and his murderous band reached a little hill about half a mile east of the town, and sent forward horsemen to make an investigation. These rode through the principal street and reported that the whole place was asleep. The time was favorable, and Quantrill resolved to make the most of it. He dashed wildly in. The column of two hundred men, yelling like demons, rushed frantically through the streets and awoke the startled inhabitants. Skirmishers were placed in advantageous positions, while the main body pushed on to the chief hotel, where several men particularly obnoxous to Quantrill were supposed to be. The first person the raiders met was an old negro. They shouted as they butchered him that thus they were going to serve all the negroes and abolitionists in the town.

They made the first attack upon the principal hotel, a substantial brick building. Resistance might have been offered if the people had been forewarned, but as it was the hotel quickly surrendered. It was immediately sacked and set on fire, while the men were either murdered in cold blood or driven off as prisoners. After firing the hotel and all the other public buildings, the guerillas separated into small parties and began a systematic search for the Free State men, with the watchword, "kill every man and burn every house." The greater part of the men immediately abandoned their homes and were in hiding, either in the ravine or in the corn fields. Quantrill rode from house to house, demanding that the men come forth, and when, as in a great many cases, he got no satisfaction, without hesitation pillaged the dwellings and then applied the torch.

The heroism of the women upon this occasion was the one bright feature. It was they who saved that part of the town that could be saved, and through their efforts the whereabouts of the husbands and brothers remained a secret. The mayor, common council, and the other town officers were among those especially demanded by the raiders; these were all in hiding in the cellar of the house occupied by the former. When Quantrill reached here he gave these men his word of honor that if they should come out they should not be touched, as he desired to confer with

them concerning the safety of the citizens. Upon this assurance they all appeared at the door, and were at once shot down. Out of the number one alone survived.

For a large part of the day this murderous band continued its bloody work. Towards evening the guerilla chief went to a small hotel, the only one left standing, and demanded dinner. Being satisfied, Quantrill lifted his hat to the ladies present, and said, "I bid you good evening, ladies, and hope that we may meet again under more favorable circumstances." When he rode away he left a scene of great desolation and misery. Two hundred men had been killed, among whom were the chief officers of the place, and all the valuable property had been destroyed.

These atrocities can be compared only to the massacres of British India, and when the details of that wretched day are related by a survivor, as they have been to me, they fully justify the strong words of a historian of the period: "This was a terrible exhibition of what is worst in human nature. With few exceptions the bush-rangers seemed to be transformed into the images of devils. All distinct features of war were swallowed up in its frantic confluence of horrors."

William M. Gardner.

Optimism.

'T was winter;
Biting east winds blew,
And fiercely shrieked midst forest fires,
And whirling snow-flakes madly flew
Like surf up-tossed by battling winds.
The leaden skies were darkening o'er,
And night's grim pall was lowering fast,
Man sought his hearth and beast his lair;
'T was ill to tempt that raging blast.

And now as men listened with trembling,
There rose from this hellish gale
A sound as of wild lamentation
And grief, till a phantom wail
Rang out from the tops of the pine-trees
And smote on the ears of men.

The Song of the Winds.

"Winter's frosts and snows shall melt,
Winter's storm must sometime cease;
Spring's joy through winter's pain is felt,
For fiercest war brings firmest peace.
Where snows drift deepest, fairest flowers
Are sure to bloom when winter's passed;
Clouds but add weight to sunny hours,
Fair skies the longest storm outlast.
And so take heart weak, earth-born men,
And faint not, though the way be long.
But dawn of gladness, eve of pain,
Let each be faced with victory song."

They ceased; But with the echo
Of that wild song they sung,
I heard the laugh of Spring-time,
Mingled their sobs among.

E. '93.

The Extension of Suffrage.

WHENEVER men alone have engaged in a project the coarser elements in their nature seem immediately to have begun to crowd out their better qualities. Man's natural sternness and vigor must be tempered with the innate refinement and delicacy of woman, or in time they surely degenerate into actual brutality. For example, witness the scenes enacted in our western mining camps. How many a well-bred boy has been demoralized by a few years of army life. And to bring the illustration closer home, is not the lack of social life here, in Phillips Academy, felt more keenly than almost any other?

This same principle holds true in politics. What wonder then, that under the present order of things, they have sunk to so low a plane; that men who are considered highly respectable in other lines are guilty of so questionable conduct in our political campaigns, and that thoroughly honest men really do not dare to mix in politics for fear of their contaminating influences. Some say that it is no place for women amid such scenes, and I agree with them; but at the same time I would add that it is no place for a true man. It is for the purpose of elevating our politics to a higher plane of morals that I would urge that women be allowed to vote. Their presence at the polls and the various political gatherings could not fail to have an immediate effect, in giving a purer tone to our whole political system. Women have a much keener sense of right and justice than men, and when acting under their eyes men would weigh their motives and deeds more carefully. At first thought the presence of women in politics seems utterly inconsistent with womanly dignity; but it is not. The notion arises from false ideas of woman's worth, handed down to us from the past, when the sex was regarded as wholly inferior. Politics would be as proper a field for a lady as a gentleman if they were in their right condition; and the surest and quickest way to reach that condition is through women's suffrage.

It is said that women do not take any interest in politics. They probably are not so deeply interested in them as men. And, indeed, is it

very strange, since they are not allowed a voice in them? Give women the right of suffrage, and I believe that they would be found as much alive to the issues of the day and as competent to exercise that right as men.

Wendell Phillips, who rendered such inestimable service to the anti-slavery cause, and who subsequently was so interested in nearly all the great reforms of his day, once said: "Yes, my wife made an out-and-out abolitionist of me, and she always preceded me in the adoption of the various causes I have advocated." Mrs. Phillips was a life-long invalid, and for a term of years was confined to her room. If a woman who was bound down by all the narrowing influences of an invalid's life could so keep in touch with the outside world as to outstrip a mind like Wendell Phillips' in arriving at conclusions upon public affairs, it can hardly be urged that women are not perfectly capable of dealing with public questions. Indeed, the suggestion sounds absurd. The sex has a well-known power of getting to the bottom of a question, and, by intuition, reaching conclusions that the masculine mind can arrive at only by lengthy reasoning. It is very apparent that the tricks of politicians would not be so successful in winning the votes of those who could intuitively see through their fabric of deception.

It is maintained that a woman's sphere does not lie in the direction of a public life. This notion has always existed, only in a more radical form. However, we are glad to know that each year finds the force of this argument weakened. It was only fifteen years ago that the first woman to apply for admission to the bar in Wisconsin had her application refused by a judge, who said that "womanhood was moulded for better and gentler things." The lady persisted, however, arguing that women could never get perfect justice until they were represented in the courts. She was subsequently successful in her attempt to gain admission to the bar; and, together with others of her sex, has proven that a woman can be a worthy antagonist at the bar, and be none the less a lady. This is but a specimen of what is continually happening all around us. It was comparatively but a short time ago that women were denied entrance to all of our colleges; now provision is made for them by a large and con-

stantly increasing number of institutions of learning. A short time ago the only way a woman could earn her own bread was by dress-making, or teaching some second-rate school; now the learned professions are all open to her; and she proves herself every whit able to compete with the lords of creation too. It seems short-sighted to exclude such intelligence from a field in which it is so greatly needed. I am glad to believe that this fact is coming slowly, but none the less surely, into recognition.

In the event of women being allowed to vote, coming generations would grow up with a better knowledge of public affairs. This would be brought about by hearing them talked over in the family circle. Conversation very naturally drifts upon topics of common interest. When but one member of the family is interested in politics, quite naturally they are but little discussed. So it comes about that, in by far the larger number of homes, the subject is not mentioned, except for the two or three days preceding and succeding election. On the other hand, with all the older members of the family interested, public affairs would be discussed around the fireside, and coming generations would not grow up so utterly indifferent to and ignorant of the issues of the day.

Our forefathers believed in a principle, the maintenance of which they regarded as more important than personal comfort, prosperity, or even life itself. It was that "taxation without representation is unjust." We seem to have abandoned this idea as out of date. It is just as true now as it ever was. And it is just as wrong that a woman should be compelled to pay taxes on her property without being allowed a voice in the government, as it was that the Revolutionary patriots should be taxed while being denied representation in the English parliament.

T. R. Temple.

Whittier.

AMONG the men who have made a marked impress on the literature of America, John Greenleaf Whittier stands foremost. He takes his place among America's best writers,— Longfellow, Lowell, Bryant, Holmes, and Emerson, and does not suffer by comparison with these eminent poets. His ability made itself manifest at an early age, for it is said that he began to write poems when only seventeen. Every succeeding poem brought him increasing honor, and at his death he held an enviable position in our literature.

It was as a poet that he won fame, although his prose writings are of the highest order. Whittier was a lyric poet, essentially a lyric poet. He excelled in descriptive power. All his poems are marked by earnestness, lofty purpose, and energy of expression. It is true that they do not have the elegance of some other poets, Tennyson, for instance; and James Russell Lowell said that vigor without elegance would never achieve permanent success in poetry. Yet his rhymes are not harsher than those of Burns, to whom he has been so often likened.

There is tenderness and a vein of real sympathy running through his poetry. He wrote as he thought. Whether he was describing the shame of slavery or the beauties of nature, the horrors of civil war or the peace of his boyhood's home, his thoughts burst from him as though unable to be restrained. His vigor and impetuosity could not be held down by arbitrary rules. His genius was great enough to rise above the common-place. Then, too, he never revised his poems. His health did not permit him to carefully review them, so they were given to the publisher as first written.

It has been said that of all our poets Whittier is the most thoroughly American. He chooses home subjects to illustrate. When he desires to describe the scenery of a river, he does not look abroad for one, but takes his native river, the Merrimac. When he wishes to present a beautiful picture, he does not seek it in the old world, but paints, with an artist's touch, a picture of his early home. When he wishes to appeal to the

loftier emotions, to heroism and patriotism, he finds his subjects in our civil war, rather than in the wars of Europe.

Whittier, as much as any one else, helped to build up an American literature. Many contend that there is no such thing as an American literature; that the literature in America, like the language in America, is but a branch of the English. Many American writers sustain this position by laying the scenes of their works in Europe. But there certainly is American literature. For if there is not, where shall we class Whittier, Lowell, Irving, and Cooper? Like all our other institutions, our literature is young, but, also like them, it reflects honor on the country and gives promise of greater things for the future.

Whittier is most thought of as a poet; but there is another side to his life which is not dwelt upon so much as the former. That is his noble, self-sacrificing character as a man. He seems to have have had some of the courage and sense of justice which was so marked a characteristic of the founders of the Republic. Yet the quiet of his early life did not seem capable of preparing him for the strife and turmoil in which he was to take so active a part while still young. He reached his manhood when the country was first awakening to the shame of slavery. England had but just freed her slaves, Garrison was just beginning to raise his voice in behalf of freedom, and the young man earnestly and enthusiastically joined in the movement to abolish slavery.

It required no little courage, both moral and physical, to ally himself with the abolitionists. It meant that he would be considered a "crank" and a fanatic, for many who were opposed to slavery were not abolitionists. It also meant that he would lay himself open to personal assault, for in those days it was no uncommon thing for a mob to attack an abolitionist.

At that time a bright literary career was opening to him. Already had he given evidences of the great abilities which were to make him so celebrated a poet. He knew that but few papers would publish the writings of an abolitionist. Yet at the call of duty, he did not stop to consider the consequences, but boldly began to arouse the American conscience.

All through his life Whittier strove to do that which was right. His nobility, his pureness and simplicity of living, were the admiration of all. He possessed that highest attribute which any man can possess, true manliness. In one of his poems we find a few lines which correctly represent his character:

"The Quaker of the olden time, —
How calm and firm and true,
Unspotted by its wrong and crime,
He walked the dark earth through!
The lust of power, the love of gain,
The thousand lures of sin
Around him, had no power to stain
The purity within."

Guy B. Moore.

Jim's Homecoming.

EVER since that memorable day when Uncle Billy Henderson, oldest inhabitant, and *ex-officio* village oracle and general authority on all subjects from snowstorms to Jersey calves, had solemnly, as was consistent with the occasion, placed him in the kitchen scales and, after a moment of suspense, announced to an anxious gathering, "fourt'n pound, or I ain't Wilyum Henderson," Jim had been the idol of this little Illinois town. His father had died while Jim was a boy, and upon him, as the only child, had fallen the responsibility of supporting his mother. So well had he borne the responsibility that, by the time he was twenty, his little house in the "clearin'," back from the road, was the most prosperous looking one in Prairie Ridge.

The quiet country village had heard but faintly the rumble of the oncoming war. But one day all doubt was dispelled, for Uncle Billy, who numbered among his many functions that of post-master, had received a formidable looking document, which crackled ominously when he opened it — the president's call for troops. A company was formed, and Jim was elected captain — or rather, it was conceded him as a natural right — and after several weeks of tedious drill all was ready.

But now the long roll, sounding cruelly matter-of-fact, broke forth from the square before the old church. One by one the men gathered, until when the rolling had ceased, all were there. The sergeant, saluting, took his place at the head of the line. "On the right, forward! Fours right!" The little company swung into motion, and, watched by eager eyes, marched down the street, on to the country road, and with every step grew fainter to the tear-stained eyes shaded by trembling hands upon the little square before the church. And now as they came to a turn in the road, the keenest eyes could see the flag dip and Jim wave his sword.

Time wore on, with occasionally news of the little company — news always accompanied by some anecdote of Jim's bravery. People were becoming used to the vicissitudes of war and ceased to be as anxious as they were at first, when one day there came, like a thunderbolt, the news

of the battle of Ringgold; how Jim, Colonel Bradberry, and his little company had been the first upon the field of battle; how they had fought like heroes from sunrise to sunset, the last sunset for many a brave fellow there; and, finally, how, leading a desperate charge, with the same flag that had been dipped in the sun that autumn morning at the turn of the road clasped to his breast, Jim had fallen with his face toward the enemy.

Uncle Billy undertook to break the news to Jim's mother, but she smiled quietly, and refused to believe it. Jim would come home when the other boys did. And that was all she said.

A year passed by, and one day, welcomed by a strange commingling of laughter and tears, all that was left of Company B of the 49th turned the bend in the road and marched up the street and into the square, a bronzed, storm-beaten handful of men, but Jim was not at their head, for the sergeant was leading them. Jim would come later, his mother said, and no arguing could move her.

Twenty years more, and strangers passing through Prairie Ridge, no matter at what time of night, always noticed in the front window of the last house in the village a light burning brightly. They were at loss to know the meaning, but the people of the village had long since grown accustomed to it, for had it not burned there every night for more than twenty years? At first some of the neighbors tried to dissuade Mrs. Bradberry from keeping it lit, but she turned and asked quietly how Jim was going to "see his way up through the clearin' when he came home, if there wan't no light," and they wisely said no more about it.

But one day Mrs. Bradberry fell ill, very ill. The doctor came and shook his head, there was no hope. The neighboring women came in, one by one, to make the old lady's last moments as comfortable as possible and to attend to her wants. At about twilight her breathing became heavier, and the women gathered about the bed knew that the end was near. Everyone thought her unconscious, when she gave a feeble tug at the hand of the woman which she was holding. The woman bent down, and Jim's mother, raising her head slightly, whispered, "Needn't mind about the lamp to-night, 'cause I see Jim a'comin' through the clearin' now," and she pointed with dying hand toward the road. *E.* '93.

Editorials.

IN the remarkable report upon the English work in our preparatory schools, recently presented to the overseers of Harvard College by an investigating committee, it is clearly shown how much this study is neglected even in our great academies. Statements from graduates of many different schools indicate how little training young men are now receiving in that most important of all studies, — the English language. Our own school is no exception. The amount of recitation time given to English in the two upper classes in the Classical Department is one hour a week. Fifteen hours are given to other studies, of which Latin and Greek each take at least four. It would seem reasonable to demand as much attention to our mother tongue as we pay to the ancient classics.

The practice, which we receive is valuable as far as it goes. But there should be much more of it. In the words of the Harvard committee: "It is only through such daily and incessant practice that the degree of facility in writing the mother tongue is acquired which alone enables student or adult to use it as a tool in his work, — the way in which it ought to be used in the course of a college career. It is there not an end; it is an instrument."

"Writing is merely the habit of talking with the pen instead of the tongue. People are apt to forget that facility in talking is acquired only by incessant practice." With such practice in writing "what he (the student) wrote would, it is true, probably not repay reading, just as what he says is, as a rule, not worth listening to; but that, as a result of practice, any youth could be trained to express himself in writing with as perfect ease and facility as he does in speaking, cannot well be gainsaid."

In our present lack of sufficient endowment it is impossible to make such provision for instruction in English as would insure this constant practice. Yet for those who wish to take them, opportunities for literary work are not lacking. It is said that Abraham Lincoln, being unable to obtain paper, wrote some of his first compositions on a wooden shovel.

When it was covered he whittled off the writing and began again. But we have no such difficulties. Paper and pencils are plenty and, besides, there are school magazines where our attempts can be put in print. And there is nothing like having our work put in print if we are desirous of finding our mistakes. Through these magazines, also, our productions can be compared with those of other boys of our own age and advantages. If we intend to enter into the literary life in college, to write for any of the papers, or to take a good stand in English work, it is all important to commence during our school course. Otherwise, a sense of lack of preparation will deter us from entering into the work when we find ourselves in the larger circle of university life.

Such remarks would seem obvious, yet few fellows seem to realize their truth. Entirely too many forget that there is something else to be had in school life than instruction in classics and science, or prominence in athletics or society. Accordingly, they neglect the opportunity for literary development offered them by the Mirror. Of the new men and of the English department especially, this seems to be true. We urge upon every man the desirability of writing for the school periodicals. The articles received are all impartially considered. The names of the writers of rejected pieces are not known outside the board, so there need be no fear of any disgrace attendant upon failure to have one's production accepted. The complaint of lack of time which is heard from many is, with most of them, simply idleness or procrastination. If half of the time now spent in loafing in other fellows' rooms were given to the much more beneficial task of writing, there would be no call for these editorials. Begin at once. Notice the date when contributions for the next number must be handed in, and have them ready before that time.

We take pleasure in announcing the election of Cornelius P. Kitchel, P. A. '93, to the Board of Editors, and of C. E. Thomas to the Contributing Board. All matter for any department of the Mirror must be left in the box in the hall or given to one of the editors on or before Monday, January 16.

The Month.

THE nucleus around which to form a foot-ball team, when we returned to school in September undoubtedly seemed brighter than it did in '91. We did have a true and tried captain whom we could depend upon. But never has a captain had so great a trial in selecting a team to meet Exeter as has Capt. Hopkins this season. This was principally owing to the light weight of the candidates for the eleven. After hard training and untiring efforts on the part of Capt. Hopkins and the individual men of the team, they faced Exeter on the 12th of November, only to suffer defeat; but not until they had fought a battle which does, and justly so, call for praise as worthy as that received by any victorious team of former years.

The other games played since our last issue resulted as follows:

Oct. 29, Andover, 0; B. A. A., 34.
Nov. 2, Andover, 0; Harvard 2d, 18.
Nov. 25, Andover, 24; Yale Fresh, 0.

A large number of the fellows were interested in the election. A number of them stayed down town till midnight to receive the returns as they were flashed upon a screen by the Elm Club. A poll of the school was taken by the Phillipian. The result of the vote was, Republicans, 274; Democrats, 104; Prohibitionists, 12. Total, 390.

Considerable interest has been manifested in organizing street and house teams, and some good material has been developed. Several of the teams were evenly matched, and as each team was anxious to win, these contests were watched and awaited with much anxiety. Phillips Street won the championship from L. C. by the score of 4–0. Other games were:

Butterfield House was easily defeated by E. C. by a score of 10-0, and E. C. defeated in turn by Phillips Street in the most interesting game so far in the series. Score, 6-4.

Blunt House was a poor match for Morton Street, the latter winning in two ten-minute halves, 18-0. Latin Commons defeated Salem Street, 4–0; then Morton Street, 6–0.

To break the monotonous calm which generally pervades the Town Hall, the following addresses, under the auspices of the People's Lecture Course, were delivered during November:

Nov 1. Lecture by Rev. E. G. Porter on "The Blackfellows of Australia."

Nov. 14. Lecture by Mrs. Cora Stuart Wheeler, on the subject "Curiosities of Legend and Superstition."

Nov. 21. Lecture by Lieut. A. V. Wadhams, on the subject of "Life aboard a Man-of-War."

The Thanksgiving recess lasted from Wednesday noon till Friday, 7.30 P.M. About forty fellows went down to New York to witness the Yale-Princeton game. They report a pleasant trip.

The Banjo Club has been rehearsing regularly for the past six weeks, and their practice shows marked improvement over their work of last year. The club is being led by F. Howard and instructed by Mr. Stratton.

The Glee Club has been fully organized under the leadership of T. F. Russell. The outlook for an interesting and successful club was never brighter. The club will make its debut at an entertainment to be held at the Episcopal Church, Thursday evening, Dec. 1.

At a school meeting held a few days ago, a committee was appointed to make arrangements for skating.

Clippings.

FROM EXPERIENCE.

Where is the man who has not said
At evening, when he went to bed,
"I'll waken with the crowing cock,
And get to work by five o'clock."

Where is the man who, rather late,
Crawls out of bed not more than eight;
That has not thought, with fond regard,
"Tis better not to work too hard."

The Bema.

AN ENTHUSIAST.

Should Paderewski play Tcharkowski,
'Twould make me feel sofriski
I'd have to leave the operahouski
And take a nip ofwhiski.

Yellow and White.

AFTERWARD.

'Tis ended; the flare of the torches
Gives way to the light of the moon,
And the gay, political button
Is sewed on the gray pantaloon.

Bowdoin Orient.

The rhythmic quatrain! sweetest voice of all!
To voice the owl's deep woe or silent bliss;
We like it, though, because its nice and small,
And just fills up a corner space like this.

Tiger.

Little grains of sugar
Mixed with lots of sand,
Make the crafty grocer
Feel almighty grand.

Blue and White.

THE SAME THEN AS NOW.

Said Adam to Eve, "My Dear, will you view
With me the strange animals kept in our 'Zoo?'"
Eve sobbingly answered, while combing her hair,
"Alas! My dear Adam, I've nothing to wear."

Blue and White.

DREADFUL.

"Oh, Jack!" the maiden eager cried,
"I'm learning billiard-law,
For Pa has just been teaching me
The 'Follow!' 'English!' 'Draw!'"
"Dost know what 'kissing' is?" I asked
In accents calm and slow,
And heard the blushing maid reply,
"Well, — not in billiards, no!"

Bowdoin Orient.

EXPERENTIA DOCET.

"Now just a word before I close,"
The preacher said; the students knew,
Alas! by sad experience taught
That he was just about half through.

Williams Weekly.

Mirage.

My home has been, for the last few years, on an island in one of our northwestern lakes. The island comprises about sixty acres, and about a dozen families have built their summer cottages upon it. It is a pretty place, having fine large trees and sandy beaches. One of our neighbors was a great dog fancier, and he owned three or four very valuable Saint Bernards. They were beautiful dogs, and used to roam all over the island from morning till night.

In the top of a great oak tree on our place a large white owl had built his nest. All day long he would sit on one of the highest limbs as motionless as a stuffed bird, and a very picturesque sight he was. But at night he would awake the echoes with his blood curdling hoots: a respectable bird by day, but a horrible nightmare by night. Yet we let him live in peace because he was such a magnificent specimen. At last we discovered the presence of three baby owlets. One evening at the close of a hot summer's day, I was lying in a hammock under the trees when I felt a cold nose pressed against my face and got up to find one of our neighbor's handsome dogs. After patting him a little while he strolled over to the foot of the tree where the owl had his nest, and lying down, went to sleep. I lay down also and was soon asleep. I was awakened by ear-piercing shrieks of anguish, and jumped hurriedly to my feet, imagining all kinds of horrible things. I looked toward the place where the dog was lying, but he was no longer there. It did not take long to discover him though, for I soon found the frightful yells were due to his presence. I glanced toward the road and there saw a streak of dog about one hundred yards in length. He was going it with a speed that would discount that of Nancy Hanks, and letting everybody know it too. Seated calmly on the dog's back, with his terrible talons sunk deep into his flesh and every now and then taking great chunks of hair and flesh out with his beak, was the owl. He seemed to be enjoying himself, for he rode his howling charger quite a distance before he at last flew off.

H. P. S.

SWEDE PETE.

A murmur of surprise ran through the crowd of miners gathered at the shaft of the Lucky Lincoln Mine, as a well-formed, fine looking Swede came silently in among them, placed his dinner bucket on a bowlder, his pick and shovel on the ground before him, unmindful of the many comments passed about him.

As the whistle blew, the foreman, stepping in among the miners, said, as

he motioned for a big, burly miner to come to him, "Fayhee, I will send Pete down to work with you."

As he said this a murmur of a different kind ran through the crowd, for "Fayhee," who had been nicknamed "Bull" by them, was the bully of the camp, and a hard man to work with. And many pitied the stranger. But Pete silently picked up his dinner and walked to the car with his burly companion, and was soon in the mine below swinging his pick with a steady stroke that showed he was accustomed to the work, though his face and form did not show it. So the week passed and "Swede Pete," as the boys had named him, remained unchanged, and much to their wonder he was unmoved by the jeers and insults of the burly "Bull Fayhee," except an occasional knitting of the brows when the blow struck home.

This week the boys were paid at noon of a Saturday, instead of after work in the evening. As soon as the money was in their hands there was a rush for the saloon near by to spend the remaining half hour nooning in drinking. Pete was with them. No one seemed to notice him at first, until one miner, looking around the room, turned to his gang with the remark, "Swede Pete and Bull Fayhee are drinking heavy; ther'll be fun at the mine."

Going up to the mine, he remarked again, "Swede Pete's looking mean; Bull had better mind his eye to-day."

As they reached the edge of the shaft waiting for the car, Bull walked up to Pete and made some insulting remark. Pete, not appearing to notice it, walked directly to the edge of the shaft and looked down; Bull followed, still jeering; Pete, as though struck by a sudden thought, turned upon him, and, quick as a flash, was holding him at arms' length over the shaft, then with a contemptuous laugh tossed him to a ledge of rocks across the shaft, and again was silent as before. *C. H. S.*

A DILEMMA.

Under the brilliant chandelier she stood;
I pressed her to my heart and called her dear,
And then she raised her head,
Turned out the light, and said,
"'Tis but a hint, I'll let you make it clear."

H. P. S.

The store room at 141 Hawkins St. had been empty for several days. The bankrupt clothing company had journeyed on to fields more fair and fools more green, after completing a flourishing, though brief, sale of their wares. The windows had a vacant, expectant look.

But when I passed there this morning, after an absence of several days, something had happened. A tenant had evidently moved in. The windows were covered with gaudy pictures of the usual features of a dime museum, while

a canvas covering on the door announced that Prof. Blitz had opened his European Curio Hall for the inspection of his many friends. But what particularly attracted my attention was a personage standing before the door. Scarcely more than four feet tall, with a large head and squinting eyes, dressed in dirty red flannel and gold fringe, he was certainly a strange sight.

He was whistling cheerily and doing a shuffle to keep his feet warm; but as soon as he perceived me looking at him, he stopped and thrust a bunch of grimy paste-boards into my hand, at the same time beginning in a shrill key, "Hey, mister! Don't yez want a tic-ket ter Professor Blitz's great European Museums o' curiosities?" Although I did not want a ticket, I managed to draw the youngster into conversation.

"Yes," said he, "my dad, he owns the show, only hiz real name isn't Blitz, but Flannigan. I'm de great an only little savage frum Africker, and I tells you, yez should just ought ter see me!" Being asked as to what else was on exhibition, he explained, "Well, them pictures aint really so! Just ter sort of draw costumers. We couldn't get 'long without 'em, no how. My Sunday School teacher asked me oncest ef I warnt lyin' ter put them signs up, an' I tol' her thet there was some things in this world thet took lying ter keep 'em going. Aint that so?" I smiled and nodded. Feeling encouraged, he continued, "Yer see, me and Dad's got ter live some way, an this here museum is the only thing we hev, an' folks wont come less they sees all these pictures, an' they're just as well satisfied when they's done, an' so I thinks its all right. We gives a heap better show than lots of other chaps. Yer see, I'm so small pop can put me in a valise, and then I sings, and then he lets me out. One time he was full and left me in an' I pretty near smothered. Golly! Then I rides a little bicycle, and sings and dances fer 'em, and theys gin'rally said they's got their money's worth. If any body kicks about them pictures, Pap says ter me, 'Did yer put them wrong signs out oncest more?' Then I says 'I'm afeard I did.' Then he says, 'Well, yer take 'em in ter day and put out them correct ones, see!' and then I bows and says 'Yes, Prof. Blitz, I will attend to it immediately.' That gag always works. Yer sees, I've told yer all the show, you ought ter buy a ticket now, hey, boss?" This seemed fair, and so I purchased one of the dirty pieces of pasteboard and went on.

"Good day, boss, come round an' see us whenever yez feels like it" were his last words. *C. P. K.*

AN UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.

It was unquestionably a barren and dreary looking country. Not a flower, tree, field, or river, anywhere in sight. Not a square foot of greensward, nor even a handful of common everyday

earth. Not a house or building of any kind; nothing but rock, hard smooth rock, blackened and burned by ages of fire until it was harder than anything else under heaven. From its farthest horizon on each side it sloped down to the centre, ending in an abrupt precipice. The chasm thus formed between the two sides extended as far as one could see. Ages of fire had cracked and scarred the rocky slopes, and through the black, serpent-like crevices came sulphurous smoke, and from the depths of the central chasm it rolled up in thick, black clouds, with occasional flashes of lurid light.

A great number of men of all ages were scattered over all the slopes. They started from the highest ridge at the horizon. At first they moved very slowly, but the speed increased as they descended. They tried to stop themselves by grasping at the crevices in the rocks. As they came nearer to the chasm their agony was frightful to see. They turned and writhed in every direction and threw their hands wildly about, and tried to dig their heels into the rock, but all in vain. They reached the edge of the precipice, uttered an awful yell, and plunged from sight into the gulf. I was one of the number gliding toward that horrible pit. Like the others I clutched at the rocks vainly and by the most desperate efforts strove to stop. As I came near the pit I saw the dull glow of the flame beneath the storm-clouds. I made one last despairing effort to save myself, then cast a last glance upon earth and sky, and — awoke with the cold sweat of terror standing in drops on my forehead.

W. F. S.

A poor little Fem. Sem. sat one night
At her bedside, bewailing her sad, sad plight.
From sobbing and crying her eyes were all red,
And her face had an awful expression of dread.

But before retiring she knelt down there,
And offered up one short, pitiful prayer.
It was not very long but it told of her woe
Which only a poor, lonesome Fem. Sem. can know.

"Oh Lord! there's a rumor afloat in the town
Of an awful catastrophe about to come down —
That they're going to remove (on account of the noise),
Out greatest amusement, The Butterfield Boys.

"I know that our school is the best in the land,
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But school-life without change is always a bore,
So we pray you will leave us our neighbors, next door." — AMEN.

P. S. '94.

Leaves from Phillips Ivy.

As we wish to make this department as interesting as possible to both alumni and students, any information concerning the recent actions of the sons of Phillips will be gladly received.

'22.—Isaac McLlellan, who was a classmate of Longfellow's in college, and who has established a reputation as a poet, had a letter on "Interesting Reminiscences," in a recent number of the Boston Saturday Gazette.

'36.—Maj. Geo. T. Clark of Muskegon, Mich., who is spending the winter at Winchester, Mass., has recently revisited the scenes of his early education at Andover.

'42.—Edmund T. Eastman, M. D., of Winchester, who attained considerable prominence as a doctor, died in Boston, Nov. 7, 1892.

'42.—Hon. Moses T. Stevens of North Andover has again been elected to Congress as Representative from the 5th congressional district. He is considered one of the leading Democrats of the state.

'52.—Wm. G. Goldsmith, who was post-master in the Andover Post Office four years ago, is again a candidate for that position.

'53.—William A. Abbe, who graduated from Amherst in '57, and studied law in Harvard, died in New Bedford, November 25. For the last ten years Mr. Abbe has been interested in mills in New Bedford and Fall River.

'54.— William T. Harris, LL. D., of Washington, paid a tribute to Andover in an interesting article written by him which appeared in the November Forum.

'57—Thomas Blagden, a graduate of Amherst, who was Acting Ensign on Admiral Dalgreen's staff in the United States Navy during the Civil War, and who has lately been engaged in the insurance business, died in New York, Nov. 5.

'64.—Rev. E. A. Lawrence recently gave a lecture before the students of Yale Divinity School, on the subject of "Modern Missions in the East."

'71.—Prof. Henry P. Emerson was elected Supt. of Education in Buffalo, N. Y., at the recent elections. Prof. Emerson has been connected with the High School of that city for eighteen years.

'74.—Prof. W. D. Pratt of Hartford Seminary is giving a course of lessons in Sacred Music, in the chapel in East Hartford.

'82.—Prof. Geo. R. Carpenter of the Institute of Technology, Boston, is to give a course of twelve lectures on Italian Literature of the 13th Century, at the Lowell Institute.

Books.

THE APPEAL TO LIFE, by Theodore T. Munger. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

Few preachers or writers on religious subjects have addressed themselves to students and thoughtful persons so effectively as Dr. Munger. The character of this volume of discourses on various subjects is apparent from the title. The writer appeals to moral and spiritual laws and truths, which everyone in his personal life is bound to recognize. These discourses are consequently strong and convincing. Perhaps the younger student will find this volume somewhat beyond him as Dr. Munger's style and thought are elevated.

N. M.

TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES.

It is, I think, safe to say that Mr. Hardy's book of the above title is the most powerful production of the past year or two. Moreover, it is not a book that will be forgotten soon. One who has read it will have the memory of Tess and Alec and Angel fixed almost indelibly on his imagination.

It is a powerful book; in the first place, because it is perfectly natural and intensely realistic. This may not appear at first glance. Some of the action may seem strained, but we must remember that the situation of the characters is out of the ordinary run, that men and women are rarely placed in such a combination of circumstances. With this in mind, the men and women in the story appear to me to act very much as they would in ordinary life under the same conditions.

The whole book is so crowded with picturesque scenes and characters that the mind almost wearies at the continual strain, and one heaves a sigh of relief when the scene closes forever. And yet, I do not think the book a helpful one. The whole tone of the story is sad and melancholy. No suggestion of happiness or peace, only one continual, restless heaving of poor, tired souls. Many a moral is pointed by a story of woe, but there must be some remedy, some relief from the trouble, otherwise we lose hope. I know that the critics disagree with me, but for all that, this is my candid opinion.

C. P. K.

To be Reviewed.

THE NATURE AND ELEMENTS OF POETRY, by Edmund Clarence Stedman. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

AN AMERICAN MISSIONARY IN JAPAN, by Rev. M. L. Gordon, M.D. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

THE BOY TRAVELLERS IN CENTRAL EUROPE, by Thomas W. Knox. New York: Harper and Brothers.



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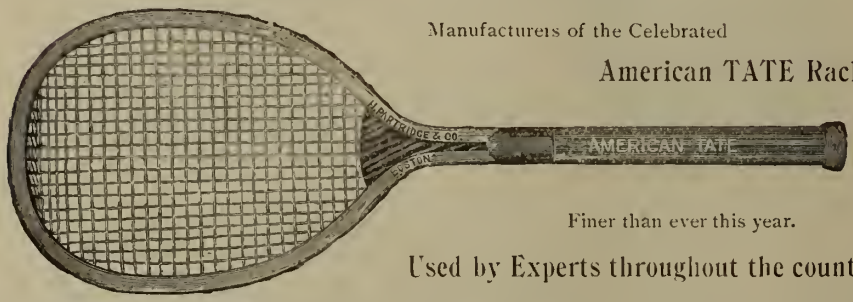
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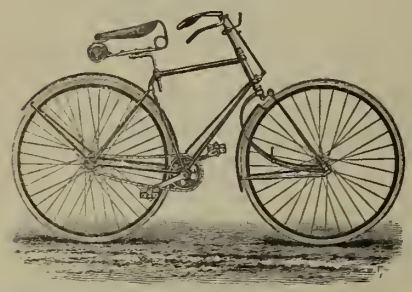
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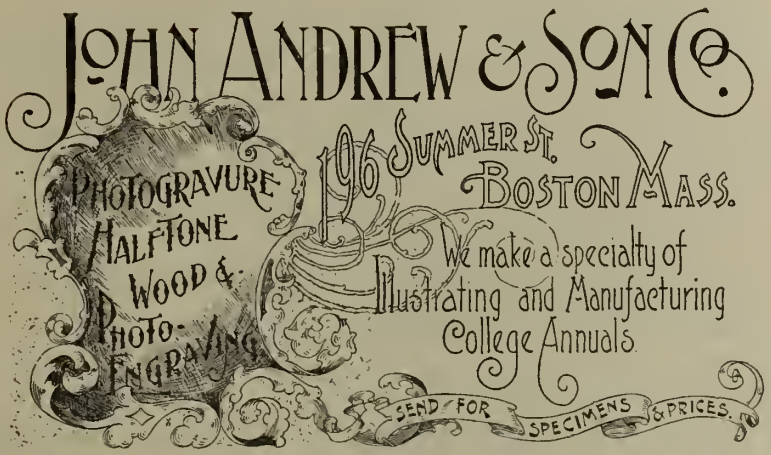
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Vol. 2. No. 4.

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A Literary Magazine Published by the Students of Phillips Academy.

FEBRUARY, 1893.

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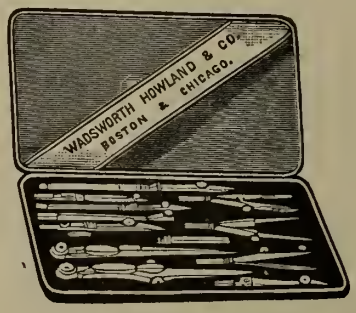
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Vol. 2. February, 1893. No. 4.

Reflections.

IN the quiet of this winter evening my thoughts bridge the chasm of the past six years, memory recalls the hopes and fears of earlier anticipations, once again I see my preconceptions of college life, and now review them in the light of later experience. These reflections lead me to write a few lines on some of the features which help compose the college of to-day.

There are probably about as many conceptions of college life to the preparatory student as there are students preparing to enter upon a struggle for the degree of A. B. Each has his own ideas and peculiar expectations. Already there are those whose names have not as yet been written on the registrar's book, who feel the slight of hearing themselves dubbed Freshmen, with that peculiar expression of voice and countenance known only to the gay young Sophomore. These insults and the failure of those who are their superiors in class rank, to appreciate their innate abilities and understand the positions of honor which were theirs in the happy times of preparatory days, even before they are realized lurk deep in their minds, to wound their sensitive natures and dim the pleasurable dreams of the halcyon days yet to come.

Others of more modest demeanor, for whom the ' Soph." has no terrors, realizing in all humility that sufferance is the badge of all his tribe, anticipates the pleasures of more fruitful fields of investigation and learning. The thoughtless live in anticipation of a life of ease and luxury and the responsible position of supporting their teams by certain kinds of financial backing, reserving the right to discuss the team individually or collectively, if any loss is sustained by such essential (?) backing. Then there are those who expect to derive benefit from such instruction as the institution may afford, but this is only incidental and subordinate to being known as the most popular or "smooth" man in the class. But to classify all the expectations of those about to enter college is quite impossible. There is quite a variety of expectations, because there is a variety of fellows and varied means of satisfying the activity or idleness of this heterogeneous mass.

Primarily, college was instituted for the student, although many would now persuade us that this primeval purpose is in error and to-day its chief function is confined to athletic, literary, social, or business life as the genius of each may dictate. This would be correct if there were degrees for these different occupations for which one is working. If one's expenses are paid in college that he may obtain at graduation the coveted degree of Bachelor of Athletics, for example, the slight of class room work for the athletic field would be pardonable and proper. We matriculate for a degree which is to stand for the fulfillment of certain prescribed duties. We may obtain the degree without the fulfillment of these duties, that is simple enough, but there is a distinction between obtaining a degree and earning it. First and foremost I would place study ; not to crowd out all of these other interests, that were indeed an error ; but to take precedence over such conflicting duties and pleasures as may present themselves. Then one may receive a degree at graduation with the knowledge that it represents something substantial in his possession and is not a meaningless bit of parchment and Latin.

He who confines himself entirely to his studies is sadly in error, is developing a one sided nature, and misses many of those pleasures in life which come from good fellowship, which the life of the recluse will not

admit. Deprecating all idleness, it is my opinion that the recluse is more in error than the other who neglects his studies for the society of his class-mates. The recluse becomes subject to such habits and idiosyncracies as cannot be broken, while the careless may in later years do much to make good the loss sustained by earlier idleness. Avoid both extremes.

There are two influences in college life of which I wish to speak in this paper. The diligent student, and the fellow who always responds with the remark, "I haven't read any further;" each have an opinion on the value of study, although their opinions may differ. The sturdy athlete and the recluse each reflects on the wisdom or folly of athletic contests. The fellow of high culture and Cholly Dudelettes, who spends his time lolling about on another's divan, daintily knocking the ashes from his cigarette upon the floor, emitting clouds of smoke through his smoke stack, used by some as nostrils, these each have their ideas of social life. As athletics, social life and study have been so frequently warmed and turned over, I will leave them in your safe hands and write a few words about such literary and business education as college affords.

Some of you already have experienced the advantages of being connected with an official publication, but it is with this as with study, athletics, or social life, the college affords much the larger field and greater opportunity for learning and wider experience.

Of all the advantages offered by colleges this is one of the least appreciated. There are a certain few, generally those who have had experience on a paper in a preparatory school, who appreciate these advantages and are prompt to profit by them, but the mass of the college know little of the work a paper or magazine necessitates, and consequently realize nothing of the benefits derived by the painstaking editor.

The different classes of college literature afford opportunity for the expression of many kinds of genius. There is the newspaper, urging its editors to a full appreciation of all that might be interesting and cultivating a style that is pleasing and entertaining in its expression as well as clear and concise. The continued work necessary develops clearness of thought, force of diction, facility in composition. Systematic habits of work are formed. Originality of thought and style is engendered. The

magazines offer opportunity for greater polish and wider play of imagination.

Publications of a lighter vein sorely try those responsible for their appearance in their efforts to be amusing, but this discipline renders them more appreciative of what refined amusement is. They are ever ready to see the comic whenever it appears and use it for the pleasure of others: a most desirable attainment. The advantages we see derived are systematic methods of work, cultivation of style, and a due appreciation of the interesting.

All connected with a publication do not derive these benefits, because they are content with having their names printed with the list of editors, and leave the rest to do the work. Few in an institution can be connected with a paper, but if the substantial benefits derived from such connection are understood, the more able fellows will try for such positions, the tone of the publication will be higher, and the interest and pride of the students in it will be increased. Association with college publications does not thoroughly equip one for journalistic life, it is simply a drill which is pleasing and instructive in better fitting one to enter practical work when opportunity offers.

There are many young men whose rapid advance in journalism has been largely due to such training as they received in college. It is an education both to those competent to continue journalism in active life and also to those who are not fitted, by teaching them their unfitness. This field also discovers many who know not of their genuis, calls upon them to put forth their efforts, and a talent is taken from the napkin and placed to accrue its interest.

Alone this is not a worthy object for being in college. The class room first, but while one may attend with diligence, even with minuteness, to the demands of his studies, and should hold other duties subordinate and supplementary, there is still the possibility of his regarding in later years such instruction as he received in college paper work as of equal if not superior advantage to that represented by his degree.

Now let me say a word about some ways in which college offers business education. Business men have more respect for the business ability

of the ordinary urchin of fifteen summers than of the average college graduate. There are divers temptations to careless habits which absolutely destroy a fellow's thought of his means, his regard for punctuality, or even his own word. Business men's distrust is well founded. A fellow who cannot keep his own accounts cannot be trusted with those of others. One who knows not how to purchase wisely for himself is unfit to purchase for others. He who is always behind in keeping an appointment or fails to meet a debt at the appointed time will find he has not the confidence of business men, whose word is law to their action. Most of those whose college expenses are paid by others have to render little or no account for their expenditures. Money comes easy and goes easier. By a wise and careful not niggardly (for true generosity implies care) expenditure of the money which is given, habits are formed which fit one to handle larger sums in the future. The greatest temptation is to run into debt. This tends to loose habits so pernicious as to greatly injure one's fitness for active business life, and fully justify the suspicions with which the college man is regarded by the business world.

The business education to which I wish to refer more especially is in connection with the publications of the various papers, and the management of the different organizations. Through these, large sums are handled, much responsibility is entrusted, necessitating punctuality, method, care. The business managers of the different papers are thrown into active relations with business men. They imbibe their spirit, learn their ways, and are able to appreciate the wisdom of some and the folly of others, and decide for themselves which is the preferable conduct of life. They understand how to approach men by word or letter, receive a deeper insight into the characters of those about them. The easy life of college almost persuades one to forget the practical use of the time, but the business manager soon discovers that in the business world time is money. The managers of the different organizations must be courteous, affable, and possess a goodly share of common sense. Often rival organizations wishes to gain some advantage, and they must be met with brain and logic to defeat their unfair schemes and hold them to reasonable agreements.

These managers are the representatives of the college in their organizations. There is a constant demand for the use of the utmost tact and sound executive ability. Last year one foot-ball championship was thrown away because the representatives of the winning team did not know the rules of the association and the championship could not be voted because of a technicality. Those managers will know better another time.

The value of this business training lies in teaching college men business ways, in developing in them business spirit and an understanding of what to expect in active life. If a young man at the time of his graduation has the power of originating interesting thoughts and the ability to pleasingly express them to others, or if he possesses sufficient knowledge of business and the world to admit him to business circles, together with such knowledge as he may have acquired in study, his course has not been in vain.

There are many other questions which might be discussed, as the musical organizations, Christian work, and the debating societies. Each has its place and value.

In view of this multiplicity of interests and influences represented by the American college or university of to-day, after four years one should have imbibed from his course, in addition to mere pleasure, wisdom and instruction, which shall accompany him as companions when the pleasant reciprocity of good fellowship with his class-mates is no longer possible.

Frank Leonard Lucc, P. A. '87.

The Romance of a Ticket.

ONE chilly evening in the early part of December in the year 1869, I was seated in my studio on the Rue de Main, in the sleepy old city of Angers. A blazing fire in an old-fashioned grate with huge brass andirons and a bricked hearth, which carried me back to the days of my childhood in dear old New England, threw its cheerful glow around the room, causing flickering shadows to chase themselves to and fro over the heavily portiered walls.

The wind, which was blowing a heavy gale, shrieked and whined around the corners and down the chimney as if it were trying to get at some evil spirit hidden within. At times, when an unusually heavy puff came, the house would tremble under the blow, and the old armors and weapons which were fastened in clusters about the walls would jingle and clatter so loudly that one could almost imagine that they were being moved by the spirits of their ancient chivalrous owners, in a ghostly tournament for their ladies' favors.

My life so far had been a very lonely one. At a very early age my guardian had sent me to England to get my education, and there I remained until I took my sheepskin from Eton. Then it was that I determined to make art my profession. From my early youth I had always had a passion for painting, and as I grew older this had increased to such a degree that I decided to go to the Academy of Arts in Paris, although very much against the wishes of my guardian. After finishing my course there I had taken a studio in historical old Angers, and there I had lived for ten years.

My bachelorhood was nearly over, for on Christmas eve I was going to marry the dearest and most beautiful girl in France. My courtship had been brief but correspondingly sweet, as I was then thirty-two, and a man of that age cannot afford to waste time in flattery and prolonged engagements. My fianceè was the daughter of an old, but celebrated artist who was in poor circumstances owing to the failure of his sight, and who had been my teacher in the Academy. These two, father and daughter, lived a very lonely life, but after my marriage with Marie (that was the

dear child's name) I determined to try to brighten the old man's vacant life. But the day for my marriage was rapidly approaching, and as we were going to be married in the old cathedral at Blois, many preparations remained to be made.

Suddenly I was awakened from the midst of a brown study by a knock at my door. I hurriedly rose and going towards it cried "come in," and to my great delight my dearest friend and fellow-student at the Academy, Jean Matissant, entered. We had not seen each other for years and after he had regained his breath, which he seemed very much in need of, he helped himself to a draught of Cognac, and at last, to my great satisfaction, found his tongue. He greeted me in his old affectionate way, and after he had warmed himself before the fire we began to compare notes. I learned that soon after leaving school he had given up art, and was now in the service of the government as a secret agent among the socialists, who in that year threatened to overthrow the government.

He came to Angers in track of an escaped murderer, who, assisted by some friend, had succeeded in eluding the authorities, and whom he had lost track of in a mysterious way. But he was assured that this man had not left Angers yet, and also that when he did leave it would be by rail, as all the highways were closely watched, and it would be a comparatively easy thing for a disguised man to escape by train. As a precaution, therefore, he ordered a strict watch to be kept at the ticket offices, and gave instructions to his subordinates to arrest every man or woman entering the train at Angers without a ticket. Of course this plan would be rather annoying for any unfortunate traveller who had not time to purchase the necessary bit of pasteboard, but it was certainly an excellent way to catch a criminal, who would suspect nothing of the sort.

We sat and talked over this affair and over our future prospects for an hour or two, when Jean rose, and with many kind wishes for myself and wife to be, took his departure.

For the next two weeks I was very busy, finishing and disposing of the many paintings I had been laboring on for the past year, and packing my belongings preparatory to transporting them to my new studio in Blois. I heard nothing more of Jean in that time except that the chief of police

declared that if this man went uncaptured another week my old friend Matissant would lose his place as superintendent of the fourth district, and in losing that position through lack of ability he would ruin his chances of any government position in France.

At last the eventful day came, and I, dressed in my best suit of broadcloth, called in a carriage to take my darling to the train. I had purchased two tickets for Blois over the Nantes and Tours Railroad, allowing us a whole second-class apartment, which was all I considered I was able to afford, even on our wedding day, as I have always followed the old saying, "Economy is the road to wealth," and travelling by rail in France is not as cheap by any means as it is in other countries. Of course I was as happy as it is possible for a man to be, and the journey from Angers to Tours seemed to be covered in a second, so fast did the time fly. Learning from the guard that we would have ten minutes here for refreshments, I stepped out of the car to procure something for Marie to eat. I had soon purchased some sandwiches and a bottle of wine, and with my arms laden with my eatables I hurriedly walked back to the train.

Just as I was about to open the door of the compartment, which was already ajar, I heard the voice of a man talking very excitedly, and with no intention of wilfully eavesdropping I stopped to listen. "Marie, for God's sake, do not throw away the life of the man that you have just saved Remember, capture for me means La Guillotine. The police are hot upon my track, and without that ticket I will surely be taken. Marie, my sister, for the sake of the mother that bore us, give it to me!" He spoke these words in a low, frenzied tone, so low that at times it was almost impossible to hear them without the greatest effort. Like a flash the whole story came to me. This man, then, my affianced wife's brother, was an escaped convict, a murderer! My God! What should I do! On one hand the love for my Marie; on the other my fidelity to a life-long friend. It was his happiness or mine. Should I hesitate? But what man would not? I was no boy to find another sweetheart as soon as I lost this one. I had reached that age that when I set my heart upon a thing I could not lose it without blasting my entire life. But I had determined upon what course to take. The train was already beginning to move out of the depot, so

opening the door I stepped in. Marie on seeing me uttered but a single sentence, "My brother! have mercy!" and fainted.

The man stared at me in a sort of stupid way, and then realizing that he was discovered fell upon his knees, and raising a frightened face to me cried, "Monsieur, my life is in your hands. What are you going to do with it?"

"I do not see that I have any control over your actions whatever, except that you shall not have your sister's ticket," I answered coldly.

"Then I see that I can expect nothing from you. But I am not so ungenerous. You are about to marry my sister, and a dearer girl never breathed the precious breath of life. I wish you every happiness, and I have willed to you all my earthly possessions. They are not much, but when I am gone"— and here he utterly broke down.

Marie by this time had partially recovered and was leaning back in her seat with a look in her eyes I shall never forget to my dying day. She slowly rose and handed her brother her ticket. I was fascinated. I dared not move. He took it, pressed a kiss upon her brow, and with a look of eternal gratitude stepped backward out of the door. The next instant a shriek of mortal agony rent the air. He had lost his foot-hold and fallen from the train. La Guillotine was cheated of her prey.

. . . . . .

Of course, after this sad event Marie was completely prostrated, but kind Providence had interfered in my behalf, and I had neither been a traitor to my friend nor lost the love of my sweetheart.

H. H. Robinson.

A Son of Satan.

NOW it came to pass that, on a certain day, all the sons of Satan assembled themselves and came to their father and said, "O father, we have served thee faithfully now these many years; neither have we complained because of the grievous burdens which thou hast placed upon us. Now, therefore, grant us the request which we ask of thee, even as we have deserved. Let us depart from Hell for a season that we may go forth upon the earth and gaze upon the face of it and the people thereon, for we have heard that the daughters of the earth folk are exceeding fair, even above the loveliness of the sons of the Morning." Thus spoke the sons of Satan to their father.

Then rose up Satan from his throne and looked upon his sons and said unto them, "Ye have well spoken, O my sons, and as ye have asked so shall it be. Go forth upon the earth and look upon it and on the beauty of the earth folk, but look ye to it that no man knows who ye are or whence ye are come, and come again unto me and tell me what ye have seen." Thus spoke Satan.

Then turned his sons their faces and departed from Hell and journeyed through the land of Shadows till they came to the earth folk. Now one of the sons of Satan was named Ormund, and he likewise journeyed to the earth. And it came to pass as he went through the gates which stand at the mouth of Hell the fire shone on them so that they gleamed bright in the darkness of the shadows. Then was Ormund sad at heart and loath to leave his father Satan, but nevertheless he journeyed to the earth folk even as he had asked.

. . . . . .

A wide, lonely valley, shut in by wooded hills; a sullen, darkish stream, reflecting the moody sky; a few houses scattered along the slope: this was the village of Clear Valley. At a window of one of the houses stood a girl polishing the pane with a cloth. She was like a Norseland maiden; tall, with brown hair tumbling down over a queenly head and shoulders; eyes of a dancing, laughing blue like the sparkle of the snow-

fields in the sunshine. This was Ruth Blake. A young man passed the window and gave her an inquiring look. She smiled and nodded. His figure cast a shadow on the floor and a voice in the rear of the room said, "Who was that, daughter?"

"John Stoddard, mother."

"Why did you nod that way?"

"To let him know I'd go to the sociable with him this evening."

A long silence. Finally the mother said, "Didn't you think Mr. Slade was going to ask you to go with him?"

"I'm sure I don't know why I should think so; he hasn't said a word to me about it."

"No, daughter, I know he didn't, but you know as well as I do that our minister is sort of slow and I guess he intended asking you. At any rate, he acted like it, and — well, I'll declare if that ain't him coming in the gate now. Now be civil to him, Ruth, and remember he's our minister, won't you daughter!" Ruth blushed and a shade of anxiety passed over her face.

A few minutes later, after the minister's departure, Ruth went into the kitchen where her mother was washing dishes.

"Well, I told him, mother, the politest way I could."

"What did he say?"

"Nothing. Only bowed and said he was sorry he came too late."

"Well, daughter, I could wish it had been different; but as it is, I feel sorry for the poor man."

Ruth said nothing but went about her daily duties.

The Methodist Church was to give a social and festival that night. Gatherings such as these formed the social life of the place, as dancing and visits to the village "opera house" were looked upon with disfavor by the staid inhabitants. As a result, the young people attended these entertainments in large numbers. Many were the anxious thoughts as to suitable dress for the occasion. The village store was despoiled of all its cheap "party" finery; neckties were at a premium; the store-keeper even disposed of a pair of patent leather shoes which were to gain for the wearer the well deserved title of "swell."

The fair was held in the basement of the church. A few tables had been brought in and covered with fancy goods. Dark green pine was twisted round the walls and supporting pillars. There were seats for refreshment and all the other accessories of a regular church fair.

At nine o'clock, the minister, Mr. Slade, entered the room. He was pale and tired, as his work had been hard and trying that day, and he would have much preferred dozing by the fire at home; but he would be expected to watch his spiritual lambs as they gamboled within the safe limits of the folds, and so he came. He felt sore at heart also, because he had been forestalled in his purpose to take Ruth to the festival.

A hard, cold life was that of this young man. Fresh and enthusiastic, he had come to Clear Valley from the Theological School. A few years of hard, bitter struggle, a few years of contact with the matter-of-fact life in the Valley, and now he looked saddened and care-worn. Ruth had been the one bright spot in his terribly dark life. She had appreciated him, admired him, and, he even imagined, begun to love him; and then, one day, there came a man who changed it all, a young man from the city. He was of a higher type than the rustic youth of the place, and Ruth seemed drawn to him from the first. He dressed well, talked well, and used a knightly courtesy toward her that won her over to him. The minister had been attracted toward him at first, but at the mere mention of religious subjects he encountered a barrier, cold and repelling, which he could not break down. He was never seen in church except on occasions such as these. If questioned as to his views on religion, he said that he had none; but he asked Mr. Slade a question now and then which showed he was a deep thinker. The minister did his best to answer his questions, but his replies were lame and halting at times. On such occasions Stoddard said nothing, merely smiled a bitter, cynical smile. The report was circulated that he was an Atheist. At once he became an object of awe, a model for the young men of the place, Sunday School teachers used him as a fit illustration of the power of darkness, but the restless boys appeared to love the darkness rather than the light.

At length Mr. Slade lost patience. He must speak to this heretic who was leading his flock astray. Ruth, too, was deeply concerned about him

and seemed bent on bringing about a reformation. The minister vaguely wished some one would care enough for him to try to reform him. But no, a minister had to keep straight without any body's help. He must be a sort of earthly angel, as it were.

Thus it happened that Mr. Slade entered the church in no very amiable frame of mind. The room was crowded. Nearly all were young men and women, seated in social groups around the tables. They were laughing at a joke propounded by the young man in patent leathers, shrill, senseless laughter that jarred on the minister's ear. He went through his usual greetings and fancied that no one knew the pain in his breast, when he heard a young girl whisper to her companion, "Wonder what's the matter with Mr. Slade. Reckon it's because John Stoddard's cut him out!" The sally provoked a nervous giggle and many a curious glance in his direction. He bore it for a time without flinching, then turned away with a swelling heart and dim eyes. Had they no pity, no mercy?

At last he found Ruth. She was in the little kitchen making coffee over a glowing cook stove, and standing beside her talking in a low, hurried tone was Stoddard. The girl looked troubled, the man triumphant, almost malicious. Ruth looked up and met the grave questioning look of the minister.

"Oh, Mr. Slade," she burst out, "I wish you would talk to Joh — Mr. Stoddard, I mean. He's saying terrible things and I can't somehow answer him." The girl seemed really distressed and the minister turned sharply to Stoddard.

"See here, Stoddard, what do you mean by filling Ruth's mind with doubts and fears? I thought you more of a man than that!"

Stoddard flushed, and then said, smiling contemptuously, "Mr. Slade, with all due respect to you I think you are interfering with what is none of your business. Miss Ruth was asking me about my belief in the Bible and I told her I could never believe it because there were mistakes in it."

"Stoddard? Stoddard!" exclaimed the minister in a low pained voice, while Ruth looked on with a white, eager face, "Stoddard, you surely don't believe this!"

"Yes, I do, I can't believe in a God who allows all the suffering in

the world to go on. I can't believe in a God who condemns a man to everlasting hell. He knows it's hard enough for a poor devil in this life without threatening him with damnation afterward. What's more, I don't believe in a Bible that contradicts itself. I don't believe in a book that makes women "— and here he glanced at Ruth and whispered something in the minister's ear.

Slade shut his eyes a moment. All the blood had left his face and it was white and pale. When he opened them he turned to Stoddard who stood with folded arms, looking at him, and said :

"John, John, you haven't the right spirit. God knows there's evil in the world, too much of it, too terribly much, and he is sorry and he sent his Son and — oh, you believe in the Christ, surely you believe in him, the great world Christ who heals and pities all those who come to him. You believe in him, don't you, John?"

The other looked at him a moment and then said, "I don't believe there ever was any Christ!" A long silence followed, broken only by Ruth's sobbing and the murmur of the awed crowd.

All at once the minister turned, and shaking his finger at Stoddard, burst out, "Stoddard, you devil, leave the house of God! You have blasphemed his holy name and you're lost, lost forever!" He turned shuddering away. Stoddard quietly whispered a word to Ruth, who rose and took her wraps. They went out of the room together. The crowd dispersed in silence. Such doings had never been seen before in the Methodist Church at Clear Valley. The man in patent leathers whispered to a friend as they passed out the door, "He's a regular devil, isn't he?"

"Yes," said the other, "or a son of one!"

The village discussed the affair excitedly until an event of greater importance took its place. Late one night Slade was aroused by a loud knocking on the door. Upon opening it, he saw Mr. Blake, Ruth's father, on the stoop.

"Come in, Mr. Blake, and sit down. Is any-one sick at your house?"

"No, parson, it's worse than sickness. Ruth, Ruth —"

"Ruth?" interrupted Slade. "Ruth? She's not dead, is she?"

"No! Would to God she were dead! That" — and here Mr. Blake

put in an oath, although he was not a swearing man — "that rascal Stoddard has carried her off and God knows where she is now. Oh, parson, I never thought my Ruth, my little darling Ruth, would come to this. It comes hard, terribly hard, to see it. She was always so dutiful and kind and seemed contented till — till Stoddard came. After that, she's been sort of restless like, and I rather thought she was getting fond of him, but I never thought of such as this. Oh, parson, I could kill him for it! I'm going to chase them and if I find all isn't right, by the Almighty God, I'll shoot him!"

Slade looked at him dumbly. A terrible strife was going on in his soul, a battle between the Shining One and the Prince of Darkness. He dropped on his knees. His lips moved, and the great hot tears rolled down his cheeks. His companion looked at him curiously. Such expressions of emotion were strange to him. And from a minister too! He did not realize that ministers are human. At length Slade arose and said to him, "I love your daughter, sir, better than my life. I shall go with you, and, if there be need, help you. We can do no more!"

They galloped off down the valley in pursuit. The moon rose and the road stretched out white and shining with the recent snow. Closely they followed those two wheel marks down the valley, over the river and up the height. Then they disappeared behind a shoulder of the hill.

Next day they returned, but slowly now. No need of hurry, hurrying could not help Ruth now, for she was gone and where they knew not.

It might have been two days after the unsuccessful pursuit mentioned above that a woman passed along the country road by the river and turned up the hill toward the Blakes'. The twilight had set in and hidden the distant woods and the sluggish stream in its gray mists. Slowly she splashed along through the muddy clay, peering anxiously ahead into the darkness.

At length, she stood before the gate she knew so well. She passed through the yard and up to the door. She knocked. No answer. She shook the door. It was locked. She called. Silence! She gave a low groan and sank down on the door-step. Then, rising slowly, she went out of the yard and down the dark road again. She was seen no more in

Clear Valley. The light had come and found darkness and the light had paled and vanished. Then all was black. Hope and Love, Labour and Sorrow, a step between and beyond — Darkness!"

. . . . . .

After a season came Ormund, the son of Satan, back from the earth folk through the land of the Shadows. And behold, the fire shone on the gates that stand at the mouth of Hell and he was glad and rejoiced in his heart and came to his father Satan and said, "O father, lo I have returned from wandering on the earth and from viewing the people thereof. And I found it even as it had been told unto me. The women were lovely even above the loveliness of the Sons of the Morning, and there was one woman fair above all others, bright and shining as the noon-day; and I loved this woman and after a time I won her. But lo, I could not cause her to do evil even though I tried without ceasing. And it came to pass that when she perceived that I was evil she left me, and I saw her no more on the earth. But she was no more white and shining, neither was she fair above the Sons of the Morning, for my evil clung unto her like a garment and soiled her whiteness so that the earth folk drove her from their presence. And as I came through the land of the Shadows, I turned, and lo! she was there, darker than the shadow and sorrowful, even as the blinding night." Thus spoke Ormund, the son of Satan, to his father.

Cornelius P. Kitchel.

Heaven.

Is Heaven made of gold?
  Of costly gems most rare?
Are treasures manifold
  In waiting for us there?
Will diadems and pearls
  The heavenly realms adorn,
When to our eyes unfurls
  The endless stretch of morn?

There, can we find delight
  In what gives pleasure here?
Will wealth and jewels bright
  To us be always dear?
The things which men most love
  In selfish greed of gain,
Will they, in Heaven above,
  Still with our souls remain?

No! this can never be!
  Earth's mockeries forsaken,
From worldly passions free,
  At last to God we're taken.
With gold and jewels vain
  Our Heaven shall not be filled;
In it shall be no stain
  Of that which man hath willed.

With Nature's fairest greens,
  With fields of grass and flowers,
With forest's leafy screens
  Which hide the fairy bowers;

With mountains' wooded steeps,
  Down which the brooklets bound
In graceful, happy leaps, —
  With these shall Heaven abound.

Sweet flowers shall scent the air,
  The leaves shall e'er be green,
Fair birds, with plumage rare,
  Shall everywhere be seen ;
The season shall be Spring
  And Summer : all therein
The praises of their King
  In thankful lays shall hymn.

Our God shall rule o'er all
  In great simplicity,
All creatures to his call
  Will list implicitly.
No sorrow shall be known,
  No bitterness be there,
In Heaven, our Father's home,
  Most beautiful, most fair.

A Plea for Science.

THE history of civilization may be considered as a day, a night, and a day partially spent. The dawn of the first day we do not know; the names of Socrates, Aristotle, and Plato mark the hours of the well spent forenoon; Cicero, Horace, Virgil, Cæsar, Augustus mark the full noontide of the first day of civilization. In these few centuries in Greece and Rome were centered all of learning, of culture, of art, of law, of philosophy, — a glorious civilization. Then came the night, the dark ages of history. In man's individual life, in all nature, there are periods of activity and of rest. In history the period of rest extends from early in the Christian era until the fifteenth century, the dawn of the present day of civilization. During the night a few restless souls were moving about with high purpose, but in the main human action was confined to wars, and deeds that seek the cover of darkness.

The dawn breaks! Civilization rises from its rest, its dreams, its nightmares. When a man rises from his slumbers he recalls, first, the dreams of his couch; second, the experience of yesterday. Thus it was that in the fifteenth century civilization shook off the superstitions of the night from which it had just emerged, and began to recall the real experiences of the previous day, Grecian and Roman learning and glory.

In the renewed activity of mind the only subject to challenge thought was existing knowledge, and the only existing knowledge was embodied in the Latin and Greek civilization and languages. Discipline of mind and development of mental power can come only from mental activity. The mind must have something upon which to exercise itself, and the ancient learning furnished the field for action, and the substance for thought. How natural was it, and how profitable, too, for the classics, at once the substance and embodiment of human experience and learning, to become the absorbing subject of study. It could not have been otherwise. The experience of the past has thus become a part of the present. We have had our lesson, we have learned it well, we have profited.

Modern literature has been enriched by the classics. We owe much

to the past, to the Greek and Latin languages in particular. We return our devout and sincere thanks, but we believe that a new era is upon us; we are approaching the noon of the second day. Men's thoughts are turned forward, not backward. We are called into new activities, new methods of thought, new subjects for thought. As poetry and art were the developing forces to the Greek, and conquest and law to the Roman, so the laws of nature, heretofore obscured or hidden, are the subjects that challenge thought to-day, and are thus destined to become the developing power of the present and the future.

A scientific course as a means of education was not possible half a century ago, for the sciences were then too vague. But the vaguely guessed-at secrets have been clearly read, and openly divulged by Columbus, Gallileo, Newton, Keppler, Harvey, Franklin, and Morse. The scholars of the last fifty years have classified these secrets and developed exact sciences.

It has been shown how the classics came into use as a means of education; there was no choice, it could not have been otherwise. But now a substitute is offered, more than a substitute. We believe that a better means of education is offered in the study of science. What is the best educational material? What is the best means of education? Certainly, that which solicits the attention, challenges thought, quickens perception, strengthens the memory, develops the reason, and ennobles man's purpose.

It can hardly be claimed, even with all our improved appliances and new methods of instruction, that Latin and Greek do, in any very perceptible degree, challenge thought in the present generation. The study of them has become distasteful in this generation of students. The edict has gone forth against classics. Students are restive under the enforced study of classics, no other educational subject has been so adversely discussed in conversation, in the newspapers, and in the magazines.

A child will scarcely thrive on a diet that it does not relish, no matter how stimulating it is theoretically supposed to be. The best subject for educational purposes must be a subject that is stimulating to thought. Right or wrong, wise or otherwise, fortunate or unfortunate, the classics

do not act as a stimulus at present, but to nine students out of ten they are a drag.

It would seem almost too ridiculous to make a close comparison between the classics and science with respect to the place they occupy in man's attention. The conversation of a group of boys or young men, students in our schools, reveals the fact of deepest interest in both pure and applied science. Science is the absorbing subject of conversation, it does challenge thought, the best thought. If the best means of education are those subjects which most challenge thought and stimulate the facilities, then in all reason we must choose science rather than the classics.

The upholders of the classics will call attention to the severe study required in them, they will urge this as a mighty advantage, they will say that thus the powers of the mind are developed. We grant them this argument, as in all conscience the classics are hard enough for all purpose. The "15 puzzle" was hard enough, and "Pigs in Clover" took patience enough, but it could hardly be argued that these qualities made the puzzle and the "Pigs in Clover" proper educational machinery. The result does not justify the effort. If difficulty and a demand for patience are essential, science furnishes us the most difficult problems, exacting the most painstaking patience.

Attention has been called to the practical results of classical study. Again we forego a comparison between the classics and science in their practical aspects. A student who has taken a scientific course, provided he has given special attention to one subject, which he may justly do without disturbing the fullness or symmetry of his course, has an acquaintance with that subject sufficient to fit him for earning his livelihood.

It is said that a doctor or a lawyer ought to be a classical student. Many of the law terms are couched in Latin phrase. How many? How long would it take a lawyer to learn the meaning of these terms, even if he has never studied Latin? In fact, few lawyers depend upon their previous knowledge of Latin for the understanding of these terms, they depend almost wholly upon a translation of the terms. They will also say that a lawyer can never understand their meaning in full, except by the study of Latin. They may as well claim that one cannot know a "Camel"

when he sees it, unless he has studied Hebrew, the language from which the word is derived.

The opponents of scientific studies will also call attention to the beauty and the grace of the classic literature, the refining influence, and the beautiful ideals. They will declare that all this ennobles and uplifts Again we forbear to make the comparison. The study of the classics is at best the study of the works of pagan men, science is the study of God's handiwork.

The classical student may say "Oh, Homer, I think thy thoughts after thee," but grand old Keppler, with his face turned to the heavens, says, "Oh, God, I think thy thoughts after Thee."

We, therefore, maintain, first, that the sciences bear the same relation to thought and development in the present, that the classics did to thought and development in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. We maintain, secondly, that the sciences as educational material furnish precisely what the student needs; they stimulate thought, develop his powers, and are the most ennobling subjects. *Earle R. Marvin.*

Thoughts.

THE snow-flakes fall upon the icy ground,
Fair, pure, and white, but soon are stained by time;
So to our sterile minds come thoughts sublime
In Heaven-sent dreams, where greatest truths abound.
'T is only far from man's polluting stain,
Anon refreshed, the snow keeps ever pure;
The poet only 't is, whose thoughts remain
Forever great. They only are secure
From worldly cares and lusts that into sin allure.

N. A. S.

The Comet.

WHEN I was very young I read with a well-known lawyer, [illegible] in a small town in southern Indiana. He was quite old and did not feel equal to the exertion of traveling, so he was accustomed to send me on all out-of-town business which did not require a very great deal of legal knowledge.

At that time the country was greatly agitated over the slave question and the feeling against abolitionists was very strong. Bands of desperadoes, taking advantage of the troubled times, were going about the country along the Ohio, robbing and murdering every traveller whom they met. If any inquiry was made, as seldom happened, they said he was an abolitionist, and deserved to be killed.

I was not at all pleased, therefore, when my employer told me that I must get ready to go to Johnstown, as it was necessary to look after the household furniture of a man who lived there. Johnstown was a small place of not more than a hundred inhabitants, and the roads were bad as far as M., another town, about three miles from Johnstown. As it was situated in the heart of the most lawless region in the state, the prospect of such a journey was not the most pleasing.

However, as there was no help for it, I started, and after a [illegible] reached M., and there tried to get a conveyance to Johnstown. I went to the house of the storekeeper, which was the only place of entertainment for any luckless traveller who might stop there, and after being introduced to his "woman," dined on baked potatoes and bacon fried in its own fat.

After this sumptuous repast, during which the numerous family of my host gathered around, and gazed at me as though I were some strange animal being fed, I asked the man about a means of conveyance to Johnstown, and received the pleasing information that I would have to walk. I searched the whole town with no better result, and then making the best of a bad job, set out on my way, wondering what would happen if I got lost, and had to wander around all night.

In spite of my fears, I reached the town at last, and after finishing my business returned to M. late in the evening. My delight at having ended the walk was somewhat lessened, however, when I learned that I should have to wait a day for the train that stopped there, or walk a mile up the track to the water-tank, where a train would stop to take water about one o'clock in the morning. The storekeeper did his best to persuade me to stay, but the glimpse I had of his accommodations was not inviting enough to change my strong desire to reach home as soon as possible.

I stayed in his kitchen till eleven o'clock, and he very kindly forced his company upon me. After playing some jigs on an old cracked fiddle, he spent the rest of the evening in relating bloody stories of fights in which he had been engaged, and drew such a picture of the lawless men who lived in the country round about that I almost repented of my determination. But having finally made up my mind to go on, I started up the track about eleven o'clock, after my host had warned me to be careful in approaching the train, as the hands were likely to shoot first and ask questions afterwards.

The night was almost perfect. There was no moon, but the stars shone without the faintest sign of clouds to obscure them. The country was almost level, and the few patches of wood, scattered at intervals along the track, only made it more lonely. I was very glad when I reached the tank, as the height of the track made me a conspicuous object to any one watching, and I was afraïd every moment that a band of Klu-klux might come that way. This organization, under the pretext of keeping the slaves from running away, had been committing all kinds of lawless acts.

When I came to the tank I sat down in the darkest corner of the snake-fence. It was the most dismal time I ever passed. The monotonous chug-chug-chug of the pump was not soothing, to say the least. As I sat there the bloody stories of the storekeeper kept coming to my mind, and though I don't think I am a coward, I must confess that I was not in a comfortable frame of mind.

Suddenly I saw something black move along the track. My heart

gave a bound, and I felt that sickening feeling of dread which comes over one at a sudden fright. A prolonged howl went up, and served to relieve my mind, as I then knew that I had been badly frightened by a moderate sized black dog.

Some time passed without another disturbance to my highly strung nerves. It seemed hours to me, but it could'nt have been very long. Suddenly I saw a red light begin to rise in the distance. Immediately it occurred to me that at last the Klu-klux were about, and that the light was a fire of their kindling. It grew larger, and mounted higher in the heavens. I knew then it could n't be a fire; but what could it be? In my nervous state of mind, I thought everything portended danger, and the terror was greater because I did not know at what I was frightened.

The light glided higher and higher, and then I saw one of the most beautiful sights I have ever seen, and under circumstances which made it the most impressive. The comet grew brighter and larger every moment. It drew out its long train of fire, and seemed to glide over the sky till it covered the half of the heavens with a fiery arch. As I watched this magnificent spectacle, thoughts of the traitorous and warlike talk of the South forced themselves upon me, and I could not help feeling that there was a little truth in the ancient belief that a comet foretold some great disaster to the nation. It seemed impossible that so beautiful and awe-inspiring a spectacle should have no signification. It was as if a flaming sword was stretched out over the earth to warn us that a long course of wrong doing was about to be punished.

I had entirely forgotten my fears in the interest with which I watched the comet, when, suddenly, I thought I heard a sound like the thud of horses' hoofs. I listened more carefully. I was not mistaken. There were several of them, and they were coming nearer. I sank down in the grass, which luckily was very high in my corner, overcome by a terror such as I hope never again to experience.

The horses approached still nearer. At last they came into my sight, and stopped in the shadow of the tank. Had they discovered me? For a while I thought so, and, with a half-prayer, determined to sell my life as dearly as possible. I was not discovered yet, as they stood beneath

the tank talking in tones easily heard where I was. At first they spoke about the comet; but it did not inspire any ominous sentiment in their minds.

I heard all this in a state of stupefaction, from which I was aroused by hearing one of them say, "Cap'n, how soon will that train be here?" Then a voice, evidently that of the captain, replied, "In about fifteen minutes; and now you listen while I tell you what to do. We will draw out the bolt of the pump, and they'll have to stop to fix it. Before they get here, we'll ride into the timber there, and wait till they're all busy working at it. When they are busy we will rush out, and shoot every d— one of them. Come on, now; it's time to be going."

What should I do? If they overcame the train hands I might be undiscovered; but could I sit there and see them butcher a lot of unsuspecting men? I inclined first to one course, and then to the other. If I tried to reach the train, would they not see me? They had gone into the wood on my side of the track, but I couldn't tell how far. I was debating these questions with no result, when the sight of the train coming around a curve forced me to a decision. I would try to reach it, whatever happened. It was curious how much braver I felt after I had determined on my course. My mind was so intent on carrying out my purpose that I had no time for indulging in fear.

I waited till the train stopped, and then keeping in the dark as much as possible, crept up to it. I knocked gently on the door. It was cautiously opened, and a man half hidden behind it, and holding a pistol in his hand, demanded what I wanted. Here was another cause for fear. If I made the least movement, I should be shot by the man at the door, and I expected every moment to hear the robbers come charging down upon us.

I was in such terror that I could hardly speak, but managed to stammer out, "For God's sake, don't shoot; I'm a friend. Robbers! — in the wood." Reassured by my evident fear, and alarmed by my words, he dragged me inside the car, and closed the door. Luckily the engineer and the fireman came in just then to tell the conductor about the pump, so all were collected in one car. I told my story; but instead of being

frightened, the conductor said. "Let them come, if they want to; I've been anxious to meet these gentry for some time."

With this he distributed us around the car, and told us not to fire till he gave the word. We had not waited in this manner more than three minutes before we heard them riding out. Then they charged down upon us in a body. When they were within a few yards, at the word, we all fired. I saw three or four reel as though hit, but only one fell. The others drew out of range, and seemed to hold a consultation. We were in suspense for some time, but they were as cowardly as others of the same kind, and finally rode off at full speed.

When we were satisfied that all were gone, we went out and picked up the man who had been shot, and who was so badly wounded that he could hardly speak. We easily mended the pump, and after filling the boiler proceeded on our way without further adventure.

Clarence Winter.

Hope.

The snow lies white on all the distant hills;
The sky is grey, the trees have lost their leaves;
The wintry wind sweeps o'er the woodland bare,
And all the world looks cold and desolate.
While Winter's here it seems impossible
That gentle Spring should ever come again,
And deck the woods and fields once more with green;
That birds should carol forth their merry song;
Sweet flowers bloom, and all things joyous be.
So to our lives the changing seasons bring,
First joy, then sorrow, and precious joy again.
And when we have the one it seems as if
The other would not ever be;—but mark,
Great wonders lie concealed;
Kind Nature comes, and serves in seasons due.

F. B. Greenhalge.

Editorials.

HONORS given to members of the graduating class at the end of their course serve two purposes. In the first place they are the due recognition for especially strong work in the studies, and secondly they stimulate the ambitious scholar to greater efforts. Accordingly, they should be given in such a way as to reward all meritorious work equally. They should act as a stimulus, not only upon the few that hope to be leaders in their classes, but also upon all aspiring students. This they cannot do if competition is too strong a factor in the method of awarding them. Just in so far as they fall short of these requirements they are defective. Our own method of giving honors was open to criticism on these grounds. There have been numerous cases where a student has done exceptionally strong work in one or two of his studies, but has failed to be recognized because honors were given for excellence in all the work and difficulties insuperable to him in one of his studies had lowered his average. A good mathematician may have been poor in the classics, and thus the fact that he did excellent work in his strongest branch would be of no value to him. Realizing this possibility many who were weak in one or two of their studies were not stimulated to exert their best endeavors in any department. Again, since the number of those recognized at graduation was limited, a student good in all branches was often deterred from trying for honors by the discouraging realization that to be successful he must be one of the first seven, which involved his being better than the other fifty of his class-mates.

On account of the faults in our system it has been decided to make a change. A plan has been adopted which, it is hoped, will be more just and will offer a greater stimulus to the student. Although all the details have not been arranged the general outline has been framed. Honors will be given, not for general work, as heretofore, but in the several studies. Mention will be made in the seven different branches of all who have attained a rank in them of not less than ninety-five. As many students

do not enter school until the senior year the honors at graduation will be given for that year only. The one mentioned in the greatest number of subjects will then receive the highest honor, unless it be decided to appoint as valedictorian the student who has the highest average in all the work. By this method it is believed that the scholar who is poor in one subject will not be disheartened by his weakness, but will work more hopefully in his strongest studies with the assurance that good work in them will be recognized. Many who for various reasons had no hope of attaining honors under the old system will be encouraged and stimulated by the new method.

Yet there are objections which naturally arise in considering this plan. Undoubtedly a great opportunity will be given to the student to devote his best energies to one study. To many the temptation to do this will be very strong. It is by no means difficult to do brilliant work in one line if all the attention is given it, to the neglect of the others. Accordingly, a faithful worker who does well in everything but is exceptional in no one branch may fail to take an honor, although his work is in reality much better than that of the poor general student who is mentioned in the one study to which he has given all his time. For in our stage of education it is far better to be good in everything than to be brilliant in only a few things. The case mentioned may not be of very frequent occurrence, for if a student can do such good general work he surely can attain at least one honor. Yet this fact forcibly illustrates the tendency which this method will have in many cases to influence the scholar to devote his energy to making still stronger that which is already strong, instead of to the endeavor to bring up his weaker sides. True, the student will be ambitious to excel all along the line. Yet it is also true that only the best can feel that they are not too weak in a few of their studies to ever hope to be mentioned in them. And these weaker studies will be neglected. This will cause specialization, a result much more to be avoided in a preparatory school than in college. The whole plan of our curriculum is in accordance with broad principles. All tendency away from these is to be carefully avoided.

Another objection to this method rises in considering that the honors at graduation will be given for work in the senior year alone. It is of course evident that the work of a student during the whole course should be recognized as far as possible at graduation. Those who have done well for four years deserve more credit than those who have done well for only one or two. Again, there are certain responsibilities connected with the conduct of the school institutions, such as societies, periodicals, etc., which fall upon a few of the seniors. These men are necessarily hampered in their studies by such duties. To them it is not fair that good work done during the previous year should not be counted in giving the honors. The faculty apparently recognize these difficulties and will probably meet them in part by giving honors at the end of every year. At graduation mention would be made of the honors the student has previously obtained. But this would greatly cheapen honors and would probably necessitate, as has been suggested, a "special edition for the honor lists."

These objections to the new method seem serious, yet they may prove to be no more than difficulties to be overcome or dangers to be avoided. Careful watching by the teacher and a judicious word now and then may prevent the student from neglecting any of his studies. The advantages in the additional stimulus to work are so great as to make the change a step in advance. Yet is this new plan the best? Could not better results be obtained from a combination of the two methods? At Yale and Harvard special honors are given in the several branches for the work in the last two years. Commencement parts, however, are also assigned for excellence during the whole course. The results of this combination seem to be beneficial, why would it not be best for us? Honors for general work could be given to all who attain a certain average during their whole course. The grade should be such that about eight or ten in each class would be able to reach it. If deemed advisable the relative standing of these men could be indicated. If some of them had been members of the school longer than others the fact could easily be mentioned. This would be no more than fair to those who had been here for

three or four years. To prevent a superabundance and consequent cheapening of honors the grade required for special mention in the separate studies could be made high, and perhaps some outside work be required, such as the writing of a thesis. It would not be necessary to give these honors except at the end of the Senior year.

By this method the recognition of work would be made just. The student good in all his work would receive his due reward as well as the student strong in only a few lines. Stimulus to work would be given to all, since the element of competition would be absent, and the scholar dragged down by unconquerable difficulties in one of his studies would not be prevented thereby from being mentioned in what he did do well. On the other hand, the tendency to specialization would be checked more than is possible in any other way. The difficulties in the way of granting honors for one year only would also be avoided.

T. R. Temple, '95, has been elected to the contributing board. All contributions for any department of the March number of the Mirror must be left in the box in the Hall or given to one of the editors before Feb. 16.

The Month.

MR. James Chandler Graham, an instructor in the sciences, has been added to the faculty. Mr. Graham, after preparing at the Adelphi Academy, Brooklyn, N. Y., entered Wesleyan University as a Sophomore, and graduated B.A. in 1890.

Candidates for the base-ball nine have begun practice in the Gym. The old men will not be called out for ten days yet.

There were seventy-five names on the honor roll for last term. Will this term show an increase?

The following entertainments have been given in the People's Course:

Nov. 28, '92. Rambles, East and West, by Miss Elizabeth Merrill.

Dec. 12, '92. Concert by the Philharmonic Quintette.

Jan. 23, '93. Conversationalists and Orators, by Rev. A. E. Winship.

The first in the series of recitals given under the auspices of Abbot Academy was a song recital by Mr. Max Heinrich, which took place in the Town Hall, Dec. 8. This was followed, Dec. 15, with a concert by Prof. Carl Faelten, pianist, and Miss Caroline Clarke. Jan. 26, the series was closed with a recital by Prof. Carl Baermann.

Other lectures and entertainments since our last issue were as follows:

Dec. 13. Lecture by Rev. Dean A. Walker, on Bedouin Life and Ancient Ruins beyond the Jordan, in the vestry of the old South Church.

Jan. 10. Concert by the Dartmouth Glee and Banjo Clubs, in the Town Hall.

Jan. 13. Address before the Society of Inquiry at the Seminary, by Rev. Dr. Creegan, Field Secretary of the American Board.

Jan. 23. Dr. J. S. Paton addressed a large audience in the Chapel on his missionary work in the New Hebrides. He told many thrilling stories of his own life.

Mr. Clapp, the Shakespearian lecturer, gave an eloquent lecture on "As you like it," in the Town Hall on Jan. 17th. On Jan 24th he discussed "Julius Caesar."

Jan 25, the day of prayer for schools and colleges was observed by church services in the afternoon, conducted by Dr. Taylor; and the Society of Inquiry held a prayer-meeting in the evening.

J. O. Rogers, '94, who played right tackle on this year's foot-ball team, has been chosen to captain the team next fall.

The Christmas vacation began Dec. 20, and lasted till Jan. 4. Some of our number did not return, but a few new fellows were here in their places.

Philo has elected the following officers for the Winter Term: President, C. P. Kitchel, '93; Vice-President, R. M. Lester, '94; Secretary, A. J. McClure, '94; Treasurer, A. R. Brubacher, '93; Executive Com-

mittee, W. T. B. Williams, '93, H. P. Sanders, '95, L. E. Guillow, '95, H. H. Robinson, '94.

Forum has elected the following officers: President, H. W. Hanscom, '94; Vice-President, H. G. Wyer, '93; Secretary and Treasurer, W. Leshner, '95; Executive Committee, Vice-President, W. F. Skerrye, '94, and O. M. Clark, '94.

Inquiry has chosen, for President, N. A. Smyth, '93; Vice-President, H. Bingham, '94; Recording Secretary, L. E. Guillow, '95; Corresponding Secretary, E. W. Cross, '93; Treasurer, L. G. Pettee, '94.

W. Cox, P. S. '93, R. C. Gilmore, '93, and W. B. Hopkins, P. S. '93, have been chosen base-ball managers for next spring.

At a meeting of the two senior classes, presided over by Pres. C. A. Miller, the following committees were appointed to have charge of the senior sleigh ride. On the ride: Gilmore, Donovan, and Duncan; on the dinner, F. B. Smith, P. R. Lester, and Stone.

The Seniors have adopted a class cane. E. S. Sawyer is president of the Classical department for this term, and C. A. Miller of the English. The latter is therefore school president.

A change has been adopted in the method of giving honors at graduation, whereby mention will be made in the several studies, instead of for general work.

At a recent meeting of the Athletic Association, F. T. Murphy, captain of the base-ball nine, was elected president.

The Andover Cottage has been opened. The Bancroft and Draper are nearing completion.

Clippings.

A DREAM.

Over the smiling fields of sleep,
Through the portal of night she comes to me;
My stately love, whose blue eyes keep
A fragment of heaven in custody.
Crowned with a golden halo of hair,
Like a queen in her beauty, tall and free,
Through dreamland's sunny valleys fair
My lady comes graciously seeking me.

After the lonely toil of the day
She grants me her presence to cheer my dream;
And together in happiness we stray
Where fairyland's daintiest flowers gleam.
Ah, if throughout this toilsome life
She were ever beside me, 'twould only seem,
E'en in the thickest of the strife,
A longer, holier, happier dream.

Williams Lit.

NO USE, — THE DEUCE!

We stood beneath the misletoe,
But I did n't even try
To kiss her ruby lips, e'en though
We stood beneath the mistletoe;
For I'm so deuced short, you know,
I could n't reach so high;
We stood beneath the mistletoe,
But I did n't even try.

University Cynic.

AFTER THE HOLIDAYS.

The blessed branch was hung aloft
With quite a mocking air,
And as we danced there at the ball,
I did not dare.

I called on her within a week,
With a fond, expectant mind;
But of this boon-bestowing bough
No trace could find!

But she put all my fears to rout,
She whispered sweetly low,
"And can't we get along without
The mistletoe?"

Williams Weekly.

TO RUBY LIPS.

(RONDEAU.)

Two ruby lips are hers; a pair
Of eyes a cynic to ensnare,
A tinted cheek, a perfect nose,
A throat as white as winter's snows,
And o'er her brow bright golden hair.

But though she's everything that's fair,
My captured fancy's focussed where
A saucy smile suffuses those
Two ruby lips.

Why longer wait their sweets to share?
We're safe behind the portiére.
A moment, then, that no one knows —
Ah! now she's flown, *couleur de rose*,
With, one might hint (but who would dare?),
Two ruby lips.

The Tech.

Mirage.

The Wheel of Fortune.

It was on the occasion of my annual visit to our "District Agricultural Fair" that my eyes fell upon an unusually large tent in the center of the grounds. All around the tent were nervous men and boys. Everyone seemed anxious to get nearer to the center of attraction. Here and there outside of the tent I saw gloomy faces, but could not see what made them so. The desire to find out what made the tent so crowded and what the amusement was seized me, and I slowly forced my way through the crowd to the center. Unaccustomed to the fakirs that are generally so numerous in large cities, I inquired of a neighbor what the game might be. "Wheel of Fortune," was his short answer. Stopping at one of the "stations" on which was placed a pile of money, I looked on and tried to make out the meaning of what I saw.

A young country lad stepped up to the board, put down a dollar on a black spot, another man put down a like amount on a red spot, and still a third man placed a dollar on a star. Then, with a great flourish, a man in a distant part of the tent turned a wheel which was fastened to the wall. A spring that scraped on the spokes made enough noise to keep up the excitement until the wheel stopped. When the wheel did stop the little man yelled out at the top of his voice, "red color." The man at the counter took in the two dollars that had been placed on the "black color" and the "star," paid the man who had placed his money on the "red" an extra dollar and everything was ready for another run.

Seeing the man who had won a dollar so happy, I resolved to try my luck. I fished down in my pocket and hauled a last dollar that had been given me to cover my expenses, put it down on the "red color," and awaited the results of fortune. It was the first speculation I had ever made and I was very anxious that it should pan out well.

The wheel turned. I stood speechless, and even before the man announced the result my eyes had seen that my investment had been an unwise one. The "star" won, and I was left penniless. The reader need not be told of the long and weary walk home and the account of my expenses that was rendered. This was the outcome of my first investment and the result taught me a lesson that will not be soon forgotten. *C. G.*

The term was drawing to a close. My work in a certain study had been wretched. I detested it and seemed unable to get any hold whatever upon it. But whether I liked it or not there was

an examination to be taken the next day and no reasonable hope of passing it. I had been cramming diligently for several days. Even then I was burning the midnight oil. But it was of no use. The longer I studied the more confused I became. At length an idea came into my head. It was of the sort that I had never entertained before, but in my present strait it appealed very strongly to me. Anyone who had watched my face doubtless would have seen it change from an expression of hesitation and perplexity to one of fixed determination. I opened my text-book again and went to work with a sharp pencil and some small pieces of paper. When my task was finished I surveyed it with considerable satisfaction and went to bed. But sleep did not come as quickly as usual. Whether on account of a guilty conscience or because I had studied too long I can't say. Possibly for both reasons.

At length I fell into an uneasy sleep. I had a dream. I thought that I was dead. I was in the hall of judgment, together with many others, all boys and young men. The hall was by no means a beautiful place. but it was high and airy. Banners of brilliant colors and inscribed with strange characters were hung about the walls. There were many pictures of men hung about the room. I supposed that they were saints. At the front was an elevated platform upon which five judges were sitting. The eldest sat at a desk in the middle of the platform near the front. The others sat beside him, two on each side.

Presently from one corner of the hall the sound of a musical instrument arose. Then the throng with books in hand arose to sing. Just as they began, I heard an unearthly wail from the same direction as the music. Occasionally, it seemed to harmonize with the music, but for the most part it made harrowing discord. I could not think what it was, unless it might be the wail of a lost spirit. And now for the first time I began to get nervous. The singing did not sound at all as though it came from people who had reached a place:

"Where the wicked cease from troubling
And the weary are at rest."

I had been a firm believer in universal salvation, but I began to have awful misgivings. When the singing was concluded the Patriarch arose and read from a thick, black book. I did not give much heed to what he read, but it sounded as though I had heard something of the kind before. In fact, all my surroundings seemed strangely familiar. After the Patriarch had finished reading and had offered prayer, he read a list of names. He explained that he wished to see these persons after the others had left. My name was on the list. Then he dismissed the company, who quickly left the hall. Only the Patriarch and those who were to be judged remained. My turn was nearly the last and I eagerly watched the Patriarch's face for encouraging signs, as

he interviewed those before me. Toward some he was very kind and his face would light up very pleasantly. Toward others he was very stern and the severity of his countenance struck terror to my heart.

At last my turn came. As those piercing gray eyes were turned on me for the first time, I felt as though he could look into the very depths of my soul and read what was written there.

He immediately began to question me about the deeds done in the flesh. Somehow things that had not seemed wrong before began to assume a very serious aspect under his questioning. Finally, he paused and thought a moment. Then he said, "You have committed many sins. But there are extenuating circumstances. There is one more question to be asked. Your case depends upon the answer to it. Did you ever use unfair means in an examination?" I remembered the one and only occasion of the kind. Oh how bitterly I regretted it!

"O — once. But I think —"

"H 'm, yes." *T. R. T.*

Extracts from the letter of a mother to her son in Phillips Academy.

Thanks for Mirror. What a fine magazine it is. It does credit to the school. One article, though, puzzled us, "The Social Claims of the Andover Student." Did the writer mean to be funny? What *would* the boys at Rugby or Harrow, or even St. Paul think of it? You remember how we all laughed when John asked if he should pack your dress suit. I should think any boy who learns his lessons and attends to all of his school duties would have little or no time for society in its broad sense. Poor dear Jack, are you really pining for a crowd, an ice, a "good-night, and such a charming time?" because if you are you shall have them when you come home.

Mrs. R. dropped in to lunch, and we asked her opinion of the real meaning of the article, because, you know, she used to live in Andover. She says the people in Andover are hospitable, and as proud of the Phillips boys as they can be. She also said there aren't fifty boys in school who could be hired to go into society. The fellows who need that sort of thing have neither the time nor money for it. One of her friends once invited an entire class of sixty to tea in squads, and only a very few of them so much as called on her to express their thanks. As for Abbot Academy, she said no mother would send her daughter there if she supposed she was going to spend her time entertaining Academy boys.

I have written a good deal on this subject because I am afraid you may be sighing for the flesh pots of Egypt. Be a school boy while you are in Phillips, my son, for beyond your school days stretch years and years (if you live) of society life "don't you know."

Leaves from Phillips Ivy.

As we wish to make this department as interesting as possible to both alumni and students, any information concerning the recent actions of the sons of Phillips will be gladly received.

'45.— The members of the Central Congregational church of Fall River, on Dec. 2, 1892, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of Rev. E. A. Buck's connection with that institution, by presenting him with the sum of eleven hundred dollars.

'46.—John Cornell, who died recently at his home in Andover, in generous recognition of his Alma Mater left a bequest of five thousand dollars to Phillips Academy, for the help of young men residing in Andover. Like gifts were made to Abbot Academy, to the Memorial Hall Library, and to the Town of Andover.

'49.— Mr. John M. Rodocanachi has resigned from the Greek Consulate. He has held the position for twenty-five years. The Greek government has honored him with the decoration of the silver cross of the Saviour, in recognition of his long and efficient services.

'54.—Dr. Samuel W. Abbott, M.D., of Wakefield, had an article on "Safeguards against Cholera" in the October number of the North American Review.

'56.— Col. William L. Candler, formerly treasurer of the Aspinwall Land Company, died recently in Brookline. During the war he served with the First Massachusetts Regiment.

'57.—A photograph and biographical account of Mr. James B. Hammond, the inventor of the type-writer bearing his name, appeared in the Phillipian of Jan. 21.

'57.—Mr. E. B. Convers has reprinted an address on education delivered by Hon. Joseph Caven in England. Copies of the address have been distributed among the Seniors.

'65.— Rev. Frederic Palmer of Andover has declined a call to the assistant rectorship of Trinity Church, in New Haven.

'68.—Rev. Alexander R. Merriam of Brattleboro, Vt., has accepted a call to the chair of Practical Theology in the Hartford Theological Seminary.

'73.—Col. Arthur E. Clarke, of the Manchester Mirror, was married Jan. 25, to Mrs. Jacob G. Cilley of Cambridge. The wedding took place in St. John's Episcopal Church in Cambridge.

'81.—Dr. C. E. Durant has been appointed a Member of a Board of Pension examining Surgeons in Haverhill.

'91.—F. A. Hinkey, who has played end on the Yale 'Varsity foot-ball team for the last two years, has been chosen to captain the team next Fall.

Books.

An American Missionary in Japan, by Rev. M. L. Gordon, M.D. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

The life of a foreign missionary is, to many of us, surrounded with a halo of martyr-like physical suffering and miraculous rewards for spiritual labors. These illusions are dispelled by Dr. Gordon, who, in his delightful work, tells the true condition of the Japanese people. His book is not intended for an autobiography or a history of missions, but its aim is to show how wonderfully Christianity, the only true and living religion, has obtained a hold in the hearts of the Japanese people, and to what an extent Christian civilization has figured in the forming of the New Japan. Many valuable bits of information for intending missionaries abound in the easy, flowing narrative of the difficulties in language and customs that have to be overcome before actual work among the natives can be begun. The author faces the present outlook in a manly way, and leads the reader on to a firm belief in the saving and civilizing power of Christ

The style is very pleasing. There is nothing dull about the book. The reader is not tired with harrowing tales of miraculous hair-breadth escapes. The difficulties are faced candidly, but are not exaggerated. For the general reader as well as for one who intends to consecrate himself to foreign service this book contains much that is both entertaining and instructive. *N. A. S.*

The Nature and Elements of Poetry, by E. C. Steadman, Boston. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

Another addition has been made to the critical books of the language by Edmund Clarence Steadman, who has already gained renown as a poet and a critic. The book is called "The Nature and Elements of Poetry." It is the publication of eight lectures delivered at Johns Hopkins University in 1891. We fear Mr. Steadman has injured his reputation as an English scholar by the contrast of the seemingly unfinished lecture style of this book with the full pure tone of his former works. Yet it is valuable and interesting. Although it is a potpourri of all the best creations which its gifted author has read, yet these quotations are used aptly and judiciously in their application.

The book occupies a position peculiarly its own, compared with other writings of a similar nature, fully illustrates the author's personality, and is enjoyable reading for any lover of literature, especially for those who are well acquainted with the best writings of great poets. *A. E. B.*



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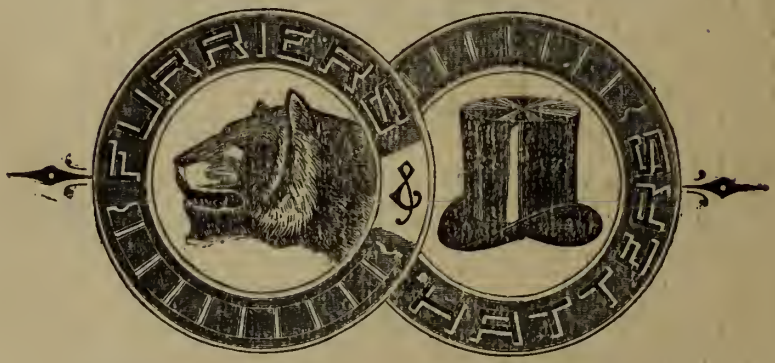
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Vol. 2. No. 5.

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A Literary Magazine Published by the Students of Phillips Academy.

MARCH, 1893.

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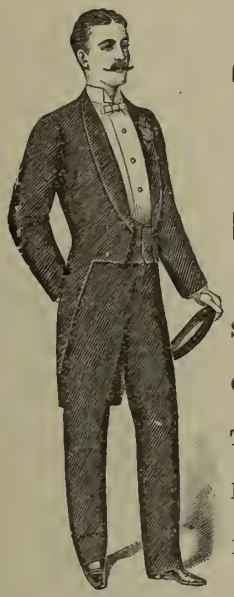
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Vol. 2. March, 1893. No. 5.

The Romance of Prairie Ridge.

A peaceful time anywhere is the cool of a summer afternoon, when the breezes that disappeared early in the morning in alarm at the fierceness of the sun, begin to steal cautiously back, and rustle inquiringly in the tree-tops, until they take courage again and gently go about their duty of refreshing the gasping earth.

But doubly peaceful is it when these same breezes, that in the city bring to men's ears only a momentary lull in the endless roar of the streets, waft with them the lowing of cows as they come slowly up from the pasture, lingering a moment, knee-deep in the pasture-brook, for a last draught of its cool waters, and the lazy barking of the collie that follows them, barking merely as a matter of form, for there is nothing whatever in the behaviour of his meek charges to warrant it, and the sleepy twittering of the birds settling themselves for the night in the wild cucumber vines before the porch.

The old man that sat there upon the well-worn porch of the village store had heard just such sounds as these for sixty-five years, and still, to all appearances they had not failed to impart to him some of their all-pervading spirit of peacefulness and rest. For his chair was tilted back-

wards at an angle to say the least dangerous, and his boots were placed at a maximum height, so far as his personal safety was concerned, on one fluted side of the post before him, which bore traces of the boot-marks of half a century of idlers. His head had fallen forward and a faintly smoking pipe was hanging loosely from one corner of his mouth, but his eyes only half shut, showed that he was still awake, though fast yielding to the sweet Nepenthe of this July afternoon.

Suddenly, however, the charm was rudely broken. "Well, I never! Ef there ain't Edie Hunter up'n about again! That do beat the —" and the whack with which Uncle Billy brought his weighty boots to the porch floor supplied the missing word. The first shock of surprise over, he sat bolt upright in his chair and took his pipe out of his mouth to gaze wonderingly after the figure in white sunbonnet and blue calico dress, just then crossing the shady street, near the general store and Post Office over which Uncle Billy, equally efficient in both positions, presided as store-boy and United States Post-master, respectively. Now it was maintained by some that Uncle Billy slept with that pipe; but be that as it may, the occasions upon which he had been seen without it were so rare as to form, with their accompanying circumstances and details, interesting topics of conversation around many a Prairie Ridge fire-place on Saturday evenings. But this unwonted act will be understood when it is explained; that just a day or two before Edith Hunter had been taken dangerously, nay, many feared, even fatally, ill.

Her illness had been eagerly watched by the little community, for of all its inhabitants she was the last it could afford to lose. If sickness invaded a home, Edith was there before the doctor, and carried out his orders after he had gone. Her knowledge of plasters, liniments, "yarbs," and like means and instruments of healing was considered something more than human, by the small boy to whose measles or broken limb she ministered. And then, when the gaunt form of Death passed over the little village, Edith's soft voice and cheering presence did as much toward allaying the pain and sorrow as the less practical services of the white-headed old parson.

The first glance at her face told you that she was pretty; the

second that she was beautiful. And yet, with it all, there was an expression of sadness, not gloomy, nay, rather triumphant, as of one who has challenged the worst and fears it no longer, who has met a great sorrow and conquered it. For this woman was not one of the thousands to whom War seemed but a radiant vision, marshalled in to the sound of drum and trumpet, the stirring rattle of musketry, and with only Victory in its wake ; but one of those unheard-of millions, on either side, to whom it was a night-mare of horror, heralded by sounds of weeping and lamentation, heart torn from heart, and in train, striving vainly to hide their hideous shades beneath the mask of Glory, naught but Death and his offspring, Desolation.

Though the smoke of the Civil War had scarcely cleared away, and the echo of its cannon barely died out, it seemed to this lonely girl as if it had all happened in another world. How well she remembered the day — such a short while ago it seemed — when Uncle Billy received the President's call for volunteers, and how on that same evening John had told her that he had enlisted in the newly organized company, so the wedding which was to take place in two months would have to be postponed for just two or three months more, until the war was over. And then, with a bitter smile, she remembered how she had pictured to herself John riding a fiery black charger, at the head of his men, half turning in his saddle to exhort them, while with drawn sabre he pointed toward the fleeing enemy, just as General Washington was doing in the picture above the fire-place in the dining-room. And then she remembered the vague accounts they had received of battles and skirmishes, and how, once, she had read in a Springfield paper that "1st Sergeant John Higgins, Company A, 49th Regiment, Illinois Volunteers, is hereby appointed 1st Lieutenant, to rank from date, and be obeyed and respected accordingly," and in the joy they had given her she remembered the very words, for surely this was the first step toward the fiery charger and the drawn sabre.

And then after that — but why need she suffer it all over again? John had been reported missing at roll-call after the battle of Ringgold, so he had fallen fighting, and next to his coming home, this was the best that could have happened. So then and there Edith resolved that though

well-nigh comfortless herself, she would give comfort to those who needed it as much, if not more, than she. It was then her mission of charity began; from that time forth she became a ministering angel, and in every household of Prairie Ridge "her name was a blessing to speak."

. . . . . .

It was strange how the Fates had conspired to disturb Uncle Billy's peace of mind that afternoon. Perhaps if they had realized his importance they would have been more careful, for their next move was really unpardonable. Uncle Billy was dozing off again, just sleepy enough not to notice the sound of buggy wheels that stopped before the store, for this was nothing unusual — when his name was loudly called. Now this also was nothing unusual, and yet, the old man jumped as though he had been shot, for as he turned around, there, running up to embrace him was John— John left for dead on the field of Ringgold, and John brought back to life again.

The next moment Uncle Billy was leading the young man up to the gate, through which the white sun-bonnet had passed just a moment before; and there, as John passed up the shell walk, Uncle Billy lingered a moment, and then returning his pipe to its accustomed place, turned slowly back toward the store, and you must have been very near to have heard the chuckle he uttered every few steps. Possibly, it was the thought that a cloud had passed from the heart of the one he loved, but I am inclined to believe he was anticipating the effect *this* story would have upon the idlers at his store next Saturday night.

As for the young man, he crossed the veranda and entered the house just as Edith descended the stair-way. And then, — but I regret to say that what followed there in that hall will have to be classed among the infinite "things no fellahs can find out," for then a considerate draught gently blew the door shut.

However, Uncle Billy has one more story to tell on Saturday nights, and, as he is the only really important personage in Prairie Ridge, when I say that he is satisfied, there is nothing more to tell.

E. '93.

Bicycling in Holland.

ON a clear, bright July morning we disembarked from the Harwich steamer, and set foot on the quay at Rotterdam. For a few moments we stood idly watching the passengers wending their way into the town, and were at a loss to know what to do; for here we were in Holland, knowing nothing of the language, and still less of the road to the Hague, which we hoped to reach that evening. At last, confident that in following the mass of people we could not go far wrong, we silently mounted our wheels and rode into the town.

On both sides of the narrow street tall houses with picturesque Dutch gables met our gaze. Soon we entered what seemed to be one of the principal streets, though surely a queer one; for through the middle of the street ran a large canal, on which many sturdy Dutchmen were lazily propelling clumsy boats, filled with vegetables and other farm products. Here the crowd separated, and we were left to our own resources. We had heard that all Dutchmen can understand both English and German, though to what extent we did not yet know; so stepping up to a passer-by, C— asked in English the way to the Hague. The man only stared at him, and C— giving it up as a hard job, told me to try him; so turning to the man, I said "Sprechen Sie Deutsch?" At this he smiled, and proceeded in very poor German to give us the desired information, and, following his directions, we were soon speeding along the tow-path of the canal towards the Hague.

The road, a cinder path not more than three feet wide, ran so near the canal, that it was only by the utmost care that we managed to escape a wetting in its waters. The steeples of Rotterdam were fast disappearing behind us, and now we were in the open country. On all sides, as far as the eye could reach, the country was perfectly level, the green pastures being dotted here and there by picturesque Dutch windmills, the sails of which were slowly revolving with the light breezes. Clumsy sail-boats glided, as if by magic, over the unseen canals, which intersected the land in all directions. We rode rapidly along through the quaint old

Dutch towns, which looked as if they were still slumbering in the past ages, and had no idea of the present world.

At length, about 11 A.M., we pulled into Delft, about eighteen miles from Rotterdam, and after visiting the Cathedral and wandering through the canal-like streets of the town, we mounted our wheels and were again on our way, this time towards the Hague.

Here the country assumed a different aspect, and instead of a low, rolling plain, the road was now bordered by many country villas, cozily situated in the surrounding groves. The Dutchman's love of comfort was well shown to us during the next few miles, by the long succession of handsome villas, the homes of the rich merchants of the Hague. Most of them were surrounded by spacious lawns and gardens, each containing its little coffee-house.

The architecture of these houses was entirely different from that generally seen in European countries, and resembled more our own style. At the Hague we were struck with the cosmopolitan air of the place. What appeared to be a bakery was labelled a "Boulangerie," and a few steps farther on an establishment of the same sort took the name of a "Bäckerei." In fact the Hollanders seemed to have a knowledge of both English and French, in addition to German. Next we visited Scheveningen, a fashionable watering place a few miles from the city, and the royal park, a beautifully laid-out district, abounding in many pretty landscapes and shady nooks.

From the Hague we rode through many villas of the same sort, passing now and then small villages, where the little Dutch boys took great delight in yelling incomprehensible Dutch phrases at us, for our cycling suits seemed to amuse them greatly.

At one place, in crossing a small bridge, we were obliged to pay toll. The gate-keeper spoke English, that is, he knew one phrase, "I think," which he brought in at every possible opportunity. From this point a dummy line ran by the side of the road, and the cars, which were American, looked odd enough in this foreign land.

Towards evening we rode into Haarlem, having covered the thirty miles from the Hague in the afternoon. We were at this time quite too

hungry to appreciate the beauties of the city, and quickly sought a hotel. But this was not easily found, and after asking some dozen or more people, all of whom either stared at us or directed us to some vague place, which turned out to be a bakery or a restaurant, we at last pulled up before a quaint old hotel in one of the side streets, and at once did ample justice to the Dutch cookery.

Upon coming down to breakfast next morning we were ushered into a spacious room, where a well-stocked table awaited us. The room had the appearance of having belonged to some person of high rank, for the walls were beautifully frescoed, and from the lofty ceiling, which must have been at least twenty feet high, hung a large old-fashioned chandelier. The furniture was all of oak, and this, together with the hard-wood floor, gave it the appearance of an old baronial hall. In Haarlem we were most unfortunate in not being able to hear the celebrated Haarlem organ; but this is exhibited only once a week, and of course this was not the day.

From Haarlem the road led along the broad canal, which seemed, this bright morning, fairly alive with clumsy sail-boats, the owners of which sat in the sterns lazily smoking their pipes, for the Dutch are great smokers, and are said to measure the distance from port to port not by the number of miles, but by the number of pipefuls of tobacco consumed during the journey, saying, for instance, that Amsterdam is "two pipefuls" from Haarlem.

The country around Haarlem is perfectly flat, and soon after leaving the city we could see the spires of Amsterdam looming up in the distance, seemingly very near, but in reality more than ten miles away. In Amsterdam one misses that air of cleanliness that pervades most of the Dutch cities, and the dense smoke arising from the factories, together with disagreeable odors from the wharves, renders it an unpleasant place on a hot day.

Here an adventure befell us, which shows the curiosity of the Dutch as a people. On one of the principal streets C— stepped into a shop to inquire the location of a certain bank, and I remained outside to look after the wheels. A sturdy butcher's boy walking by espied the bicycles, and, stopping short, stared vacantly at me. Another one followed his example,

and in a few minutes I was surrounded by a group of Dutchmen, of all ages, sizes, and descriptions, who surveyed me carefully from head to foot, indulging now and then in some side remarks, all of which, however, were utterly incomprehensible to me. But when C— returned to release me from the gazing multitude we rode quickly away, leaving the crowd still staring after us as we turned the corner.

From Amsterdam the road led along the Amstel river, whose banks were dotted here and there with picturesque villas, similar to those we had seen near the Hague. Stopping at a small inn near the river, another surprise awaited us. A short, thick-set Dutchman, with bells attached to his ankles and arms, began to run around in a circle before us, followed by a pack of yelling dogs. This queer proceeding quite astonished us, and upon inquiring what it meant, we were informed that he was a "Geld Läufer," that is, one who exhibits his running powers, and then passes around the hat, this being only a queer form of begging.

We now left the river, and following a small canal, that wound picturesquely in and out among the meadows, arrived at Weesp, a quaint Dutch village, intersected by clear canals, which emptied into the large canal that flowed through the centre of the village. Here we had a lunch of black bread and milk, which are quite plenty in Holland, and rode on towards Hilversum. Now the settlements grew thinner and the towns were farther apart, and soon we were travelling over a marshy land where only the barren ground was to be seen.

But the canal we had followed since leaving the river was still there, and soon we were afforded an opportunity of making its acquaintance, for C—, gazing with perhaps too much admiration at the surrounding country, and being too near the canal, calmly rode into it, but the water not being deep, no harm was done, except that he received a good drenching and lost his lantern, which sank to the bottom, and could not be found.

Soon after this little episode I became thirsty, and stopping at a farmhouse asked for a drink, C— declaring that he had had enough water for one day. The person whom I had addressed, a tall, awkward-looking Dutch girl, dressed in the usual peasant's costume, accompanied by the ever-present wooden shoes, stared at me, and then deliberately leaped

in her stocking-feet to the doorstep, about five feet away, and left her wooden shoes standing in the thick mud of the barn-yard. At this we laughed heartily, for during the two short days in which we had been in Holland we had come to look upon this little country as a very strange land, where one might expect extraordinary events to happen any moment.

Then we rode on, leaving the girl still staring at us, and after a two-hours ride over a flat, uninteresting country, reached Hilversum, a small town about thirty miles from Amsterdam, and there rested for the night.

Pierre R. Porter.

Wilhelm Tell.

Lines 589–602.

O 'tis a glorious gift of Heaven's own,
The eyes' glad light. All creatures draw existence
From the light, each glad created thing —
The plant itself turns joyous to the brightness. —
And he must sit there, groping in the night,
In gloom eternal. ... Never shall stir him more
The warm green of the meadow, or the flower's enamel.
No more again can he behold in splendor,
The glowing grandeur of the glacial fields.
..... To die is nothing; but to live and not to see,
Is misery thousandfold. ... What makes you look on me
With such a wondering gaze? Why, I have two sound eyes,
And to my blind old father cannot give
The least faint glimmer of the sea of light
That splendid, blinding presses to my sight.

W. B. Parker.

Uncle Peter on the War.

"WHEN the war broke out," began Uncle Peter, "I was a man of nearly thirty, engaged in the cotton and steamboat business, and was making a considerable amount of money at it too, for the river business was prosperous in those days. Although so young I had amassed quite a snug fortune, which consisted of three fine packets and several thousand dollars in hard cash. The first year of the war my business was not interrupted, in fact it was better than ever before, as I transported troops for the Confederate government all the way up the river as far as Memphis. My trips used to extend up to St. Louis, but it was not long before I had to shorten them on account of the Union gunboats, which were steadily pushing our fleet down the river. It got to be very ticklish business, as we often dumped cargo within a mile of the Yankee fleet. Sometimes it was cotton, at others troops, and once in a while we would ferry a band of contraband niggers further down the river, so that they might not see the gay uniforms of the Yankee troopers. Night trips were the order of the time, and the boilers were always kept at a tremendous head of steam, for one could never tell what was going to happen.

"My largest boat was called 'The River Belle.' She was by all odds the fastest steamer on the lower Mississippi, and we had no doubt she could show her stern to any boat the Yankees might pursue us with. Many a dark night have I landed the gray regiments from her decks in the very teeth of the Yankees. Many a time have we raced down the river under every pound of steam the boilers could hold, hotly pursued by some Yankee gun-boat. Those were audacious trips, when a man standing on the forward deck would often hear the bullets whiz past his head and bury themselves in the thick side of the cabin. But it was only a large amount of the shining yellow gold that purchased them. No Confederate bills for your work! No man would have liked to see the South gain her independency more than I; but from the first I never believed she was able to win it, and determined to come out of the war with something laid by for a rainy day, if it were possible. True, Jeff Davis could

have seized my packet, but I was pretty well known as a strong sympathizer with the South, and so they trusted me. I think for that reason I was not molested.

"Nothing could check the triumphant advance of the stars and stripes, and after a hard struggle they were planted within a few miles of Vicksburg. The Confederate armies had fought nobly, but they had been steadily rolled back before the heavy columns of Grant. The river was now black with the armed fleet of the northern colossus, and from a forest of tall chimnies clouds of smoke belched forth, casting their black shadows over the heads of the now disconsolate Confederate armies, forewarning them of inevitable defeat.

"The women of New Orleans had collected together a lot of clothing and supplies for Pemberton's men, and when we steamed into the levee I was asked to rush it up the river as quickly as possible, since they were in great need of it. We jumped aboard, and loaded up about as quickly as the job was ever done, and started for Vicksburg. We arrived there one morning about the gray of dawn, and found a regiment of sharpshooters waiting to be taken up the river. My! what a load we had when we left Vicksburg. We were weighed down nearly to the guards. The soldiers spread their blankets on deck, in the warm sunlight and slept all the afternoon, as they were wearied with a long march of the night before. We travelled slowly, partly on account of the heavy cargo, and partly because we did not want to come too close to the Union fleet in the daytime. As the sun sank beneath the western bluff of the river, we put in to a small wharf and landed our cargo, for which a wagon train was waiting. It was dark as pitch when we set out again, since there was no moon. We made fine speed, for the packet was now light and buoyant. I knew the river like a book, and went up into the pilot-house and took the wheel myself, knowing that it would be fatal to ground, as we were now but a short dozen miles from the Northern gun-boats. Only a little farther and we would have those sharpshooters landed; then back again to Dixie!

"But now the sullen booming of cannon was heard becoming louder and louder as we sped on. The sharp-shooters moved about restlessly,

and I knew by the way they clutched their long rifles that they were eager for the fight. Now and then they would press forward and lean eagerly over the guards, trying vainly to pierce the inky darkness. We now came to a bend in the river where high bluffs arose on either side, shutting off the river beyond from our gaze. We groped our way by instinct like a blind man. As we rounded the curve, a red light shone out dead ahead. Could it be one of the Yankee fleet slipped through? No, for now a signal lantern shone on her port side and we knew her to be a friend. She slowed up and came close to us.

"As she passed, a voice from the quarter-deck said, 'Whoever you are, for God's sake, turn back; our fleets have been whipped, and the Yankee gun-boats are coming like demons from hell.' With that she was gone, and the chuff, chuff, chuff of her engines died slowly away on the night air. The river was so full of shoals at this point that it would have been next to an impossibility to turn so large a packet as the 'Belle' in broad daylight, to say nothing of in the night, especially in such a dark one as this. Thompson's bend, a mile farther up, was the place. We must beat the Yankee fleet there at all hazards. I ordered the engineer to pile on as much coal as the furnace would hold and to let her out for all there was in her. Three of the Confederate fleet were passed on the way-up, all imploring us to turn back in the name of God and the great Confederacy.

"The bend was reached, and still no sign of the Union fleet. But hardly had we swung around sideways to the stream, when the flaming chimneys of the foremost Yankee gun-boat were seen lighting up the heavens with a reddish glow. Whew, how she gained on us while we were getting straightened around to the current, and when at last our great wheels were once more pounding the water, sending us back to Dixie, she was not more than a mile astern! I shall remember, it seems to me, after death has called me, how I sat up there in the pilot-house through the long weary hours of the night, while old Jim steered, watching those glowing chimneys, and praying God to hold back the morning's light till we had shaken that demon from us.

"It was a wild trip; everyone, still as death, holding his breath in hor-

rible anxiety, the only sound breaking the silence being the heavy pounding of the engines and the hiss of the water as it was churned into foam. Down in the engine-room the firemen, stripped to the waist, fed the roaring flames, while the sweat rolled off their grimy bodies in streams. Yes, we were gaining ; inch by inch we were crawling away. If it would only hold dark for another hour! We hoped and prayed in vain, for already streaks of pale light were shooting across the horizon, and we were not yet out of gun shot. And now, as the sun mounted higher and higher, the clustering chimneys of the Yankee fleet were seen far up the river.

"We heard at last from our pursuer, A puff of smoke belched from her bow and a twelve-pound ball smashed in our port wheel-house, dismantling the huge propeller. Thus disabled, we drifted helplessly with the current. All seemed lost, and we were about to strike our colors when a loud boom was heard behind us and a ball passed clean through the Yankee's pilot-house. It was the Confederate fleet returned. So intently had we been watching our pursuer that we had not seen the Confederate gun-boats creeping up the river to our relief. Those on board the Yankee steamer must have seen them coming, but expecting aid soon, still pushed on. Old Jim, the pilot, was, I found out afterwards, the only man who saw the Southern gun-boats coming. There was a pretty stiff fight, and under cover of it we sneaked into Vicksburg, rejoicing at our deliverance.

Howard P. Sanders.

James G. Blaine.

FOR breadth of character, for loftiness of purpose, for brilliancy joined with far-reaching prudence, for broad-minded patriotism, it would be difficult to find in the whole course of American history a more striking figure than that of James G. Blaine. Leaving out of the question Washington and Lincoln, the one the father of his country, the other its saviour, — with whom it would be almost sacrilege to compare another, Mr. Blaine easily takes rank among the most eminent statesmen of America.

His name is often mentioned in connection with those of Clay and Webster, men distinguished for unusual eloquency, brilliancy, and popularity, but who never attained the presidency. It is indeed a curious commentary on our political system to compare these three men each of whom cherished the worthy and honorable ambition of becoming the chief ruler of his country with some of those who did attain that honor. It would seem sometimes as though men of the least attainments, rather than those of the highest, had been elected. Even in our earliest history we find a man chosen president because he was the son of his father, and also several who were chosen without even that recommendation. Nor is it only in recent times that men have emerged from *innocuous desuetude* to figure prominently in national life because of their being able to carry one state by a tremendous majority.

Mr. Blaine entered public life during the canvass of '56, while he was still quite young. He attached himself to the Republican party, which was then in its infancy, and was a delegate to the first National Republican Convention. In the campaign which ensued, his eloquence and logic on the stump brought him into national prominence.

He was a friend and strenuous supporter of Lincoln, and boldly arrayed himself against slavery. When the war broke out, no voice more eloquently or effectively called the loyal men of the North to the protection of their country than his. He was then a member of the Maine legislature, and when his constituents learned of his intention to enlist as

a volunteer, the petitions to remain at home and help guide the ship of state were so numerous that he abandoned his intention, and yielded to the requests of his fellow citizens.

His career in the Maine legislature was so brilliant that it was but a natural step that he should be sent to Washington as the representative of his home district in the national legislature. In 1862 he began his congressional career of twenty years, and from that period his life is a part and parcel of the life of the United States. As representative, as speaker of the house for three successive terms, as senator, and as cabinet minister, he easily took rank among the foremost.

Mr. Blaine was an orator, a political writer, a politician in the higher sense of that much-abused word, and a statesman. His reputation as an orator was gained on the stump, where the natural magnetism of the man had a chance to display itself. This power of his, of drawing men to him, was one of his most remarkable characteristics. In the hearts of the great mass of his countrymen he was almost an idol. He enjoyed a popularity never before equalled by any American except Washington. Clay had, to a certain extent, the same popularity in his time. But it must be remembered that Clay lived in a comparatively smaller world, where the issues were correspondingly small.

His book entitled "Twenty Years in Congress" is one of the most valuable works upon our recent history. In this work Mr. Blaine unconsciously refutes the charge that he was a narrow partisan, by the liberal and broad-minded way in which he outlines the characteristics of his congressional colleagues who were his political opponents. No trace of bitterness is found in his treatment of these men with whom he had so often crossed swords in battle royal. Indeed some of his warmest personal friends were among those who differed from him politically.

He was a politician, in the sense that Julius Caesar was a politician; that is, he had the power of making men see his view of the question, of impressing them with the fact that his view was the correct one. When we speak of a politician we are too apt to think of a wire-puller, a ward-heeler, a man who trades in votes. Why call these men who debauch the suffrage, politicians. To-day, that word, which has in it a noble meaning

and which used to be considered a title of distinction, is a term of reproach.

It was as a statesman, however, that James G. Blaine won fame and glory. During his public career, his every act was to further the prosperity of his country. He entered Congress while the war was in progress, and he was heartily in favor of prosecuting the war with vigor. But when hostilities ceased and the question of re-construction arose, his was a policy of reconciliation rather than coercion, and had his policy been adopted there would be less bitterness between the North and South to-day.

His position on the tariff and finance are too well-known to be discussed here. But the policy of reciprocity, which was the product of his great mind, cannot be overlooked. It is recognized as of great value by the leaders of both parties. By it, Mr. Blaine intended to draw nearer to the United States, and unite by a bond of self-interest, the republics of South America. Mr. Blaine cherished the hope of making the countries of North and South America wholly independent of Europe and dependent on the United States. This was his policy while he was Secretary of State. In his zeal for the advancement of America, he brought this idea from the store-house of his great intellect. Reciprocity and the Pan-American Congress of recent date were aids to this purpose. So gigantic was the idea that some of his contemporaneous statesmen could not grasp the idea of it. It was beyond them. So, like all persons of their class, they raised the cry, "Jingoism."

His foreign policy was one of aggression. His purpose was to maintain the rights and dignity of American citizens the world over. His ideal of statesmanship was Daniel Webster. But James G. Blaine's greatness, his statesmanship, his lofty purpose, his patriotism, may well be left for future generations to judge. The greatness of Webster and Clay was not fully appreciated while they lived. Who questions it to-day. So with Blaine, future generations, free from partisan bias, will mete out to him the glory he deserves. It has been said that he was an intense partisan, that he was ambitious. He was a partisan, in the sense that "he serves his party best who serves his country best;" he was ambitious, but his overweening ambition was to add to the honor and glory of the United States.

At the funeral of Daniel Webster, one of his neighbors, standing beside the coffin, and looking down, said with simple pathos, "Daniel Webster the world will be lonely without you." And so we, looking at the void left by this great man, may well say, "The world will be lonely without you."

Guy B. Moore.

To ———.

Sometimes, Love, when skies are gray,
And winter winds in discord shriek,
Weary of strife, I turn away
With heart sad as the north winds bleak.

When the dawn that came as a golden dream,
In sluggish gloom has ta'en its flight,
And my life at morn with hope agleam,
Seems changed to dross in the vale of night;

When the weary years bring naught but pain,
And Love is dead and Joy has flown,
Then down from that summer-tide again
On soft south winds thy form will come.

And the sad March day grows strangely sweet,
And skies of lead turn summer-blue,
And spring flowers kiss our passing feet,
As together we wander Love's dreamland through.

And so, though Winter's skies be gray,
And Winter's winds in discord shriek,
Still spreading sunshine o'er the way,
Thou comest, Love, thy love to seek.

Charles E. Thomas.

Jack's Mistake.

IT certainly was a most peculiar thing for Jack to do; but after you get to know Jack Doolittle as well as I do, it will not surprise you so much. Jack and I had always been chums since we first had seen each other — companions in misery — at the entrance exams. We were room-mates, living together on the best of terms in our limited quarters, — "barracks" we sometimes called them, — on one of the elm-lined streets of the old college town of Havenbridge.

Jack was as good-natured, good-hearted a fellow as ever lived, but like the rest of us poor mortals, he had his faults. These were but trivial, and I could have forgiven them all if he had only overcome his absurd habit of falling in love at any and all times, and in the most hopeless ways.

At first this may seem to have been a most interesting peculiarity, but to me, upon whom he always called in an emergency, it grew very tiring. I recall a particular instance in which he was worse off than usual. He had taken great pains to impress this upon me, together with the fact that his fair charmer was one of the most —. Yes, I have it all by heart, but I will not repeat.

It was Jack's regular night for making his weekly visit. He had told me that he meant business, and I think he did. He spent the day perusing novels, reading up those portions in which, after many trouble-some experiences, the lovers finally come to the point; but could find nothing that pleased him. But Jack was equal to the emergency. He reasoned this way: "I shall be very much flustered and excited, hence will not be likely to do myself justice. Why should I not here, in the seclusion of my own room, write down plainly what I wish to say?" So using a card he wrote — what I cannot tell, — for he said it was too sacred for any but her eyes to see.

It was not long after he had finished this to his satisfaction, when I was shocked and grieved to hear proceeding from Jack's dressing-room such an unseemly flow of words as, I fear, would greatly have marred his

reputation as a Christian gentleman. I judged from this that something serious had happened, so opening the door, I looked within. There was Jack, his toilet half completed, talking to himself.

"Say, old man," said he, "can't you lend me your suspenders for this evening?"

"No, indeed," said I, "I can't."

"What the deuce shall I do? Mine are broken."

"I tell you; send a note over to Dudely, who lives next door, he probably has an extra pair."

This unfortunate remark of mine was the cause of a great tragedy. Have not philosophers and great thinkers often told us that in looking back over our lives we can pick out acts and sayings that have been the turning-points, at which time a little thing has changed the whole current of our lives? So was it that this remark of mine (at least so I flatter myself) was the turning-point in Jack's life.

Jack, taking a card, wrote to Dudely on it, but finding it had been used as a wash-bill returned it to his pocket, and indited another. Pressing into service the landlady's hopeful heir, he was soon in possession of Dudely's extra garments.

He set out on his way, and was soon lost in the pleasure-fields of lovers' paradise. Shall we watch how those two young, innocent hearts wandered on, now speaking of the weather and the glorious sleighing, now growing bolder, of the beauties of the evening sunset and the charming radiance of the moon?

There is a pause in the conversation. Ah, Jack, now is your time! Be bold, my boy! Yes, now he feels it is the long wished-for moment; he leans forward, and in a whisper says:

"Miss Edith, please read this."

Jack, was it that the light was turned too low, or were you too excited to notice that that card was intended for Dudely? He does not know. Ignorance is bliss.

Miss Edith takes the card. I think I see her astonished look, as when first Jack's rather pleasant wash-list meets her gaze. She turns it over, and if possible she becomes more mystified as she reads, — "Will

you kindly lend me your extra pair of suspenders? J. Doolittle." Almost dumfounded, she manages to gasp:

"Mr. Doolittle, this is most extraordinary."

"I thought — I — ah — had to do it," answers Jack, highly delighted that she seemed so affected.

"If you intended this for a joke, sir, you might at least have had some regard for my feelings."

"Indeed I was not joking, Miss Edith. Cannot you see how anxious I am that you grant my request?"

I think myself, although I never told Jack so, that it was right here the truth began to dawn on Miss Edith. However that may be, she certainly was overcome with the most uncontrollable fit of laughter.

Jack, as you may suppose, was unable to see the joke, and at first surprised, he became at last indignant, or, as he expressed it, felt like a fool. In the attitude of the dying gladiator, he asked her for the note, and in gloomy silence, broken only by an occasional ripple of suppressed laughter, he tore it up, and stood watching it slowly burn in the crackling fire.

Then bidding her adieu, he was soon relating it all to me. "And it was just like this," he said; "I drew the card from my pocket this way — by Jove; what is this?"

The look on his face as he stood before me with the identical card in his hand which he had supposed he had burned up, would have been a prize for many of my photographer friends.

Of course Jack is in love still — but with another girl.

A. T. Strong.

A School-boy's Life at Andover.

[Joseph Cook, who was graduated at Phillips Academy in 1857, has recently had the following questions sent to him by the Editors, and has found time, while on the wing in a lecture tour, to return the accompanying replies.]

1. *What part ought Religion to play in a School-boy's Life?*

THE part of the sun in a thrifty and jubilant vernal season. Religion in youth is more beautiful than the dawn upon the hills. It is the rising of the orb of day upon meadows yet quenched with dew. It is the gorgeous East which wakens the birds and sends forth the sower to new furrows, and quickens the scattered germs of future harvests.

Let no school-boy be absent from the religious gatherings of his associates in study. He will find his best friends among those to whom religion is not a creed only, but a life. *Religion means glad self-surrender to God as both Saviour and Lord.* Every true prayer has in it an act of such self-surrender. Whoever offers prayer and does not include in it the petition, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in me, this instant as in heaven" has not offered prayer but what the Scriptures call "vain repetition." In prayer meetings rightly conducted the young student may renew his strength like the eagle's. Luther said, "Bene orasse est bene studuisse." Balance of soul and the openness of the whole soul to God give wisdom, and this wisdom is attainable only by self-surrender to God in prayer.

In many renowned schools a certain period is set apart each day to give the pupils opportunity for secret meditation and devotion. This is the case at Mt. Holyoke, at Wellesley, and at Vassar. Patrick Henry was accustomed in his maturest period to be an hour wholly alone each day for religious study and prayer. It was the habit of Jonathan Edwards, of Prescott, of Channing, of Robert Hall, of Baxter, Doddridge, Bunyan, and of scores of other religious leaders who might be named, to set apart adequate time each day for secret prayer. It is recorded of Scipio Africanus, the con-

queror of Hannibal and the grandfather of the Gracchi, that he never began any important public enterprise without first going to the Capitol, where he sat some time alone, receiving, as he thought, communications from the gods.

Looking back after more than thirty years upon the great preachers whom the young men of Phillips Acedemy were accustomed to hear, I can say that nothing in a long course of education has been more inspiring, redemptive, and organizing in my own life than the religious truths taught by those masters of assemblies. I have listened to many celebrated preachers on both sides of the sea, but have never been so much moved and edified by any of them as by the majestic discourses I used to hear in 1856-57 from Prof. Phelps, Prof. Shedd, and, most especially, from Prof. Park. Lyman Beecher, after he was eighty years old, sometimes addressed the prayer meetings of Phillips Academy with wonderful insight and fire. It was an inspiration to us students to see Harriet Beecher Stowe and her father at church.

2. *What is the right use of Athletics in our great Schools?*

Let Athletics be a pastime and a means of physical self-discipline, not an absorbing vocation, nor even an avocation. Let play be by-play. Students usually take too little physical exercise. There is no cure for a fagged brain as effective as muscular exertion in the open ozone of the fields. If betting and gambling go with athletic contests, the self-respecting student should refuse to be one of the participants in such games.

3. *What is the value to a school-boy of literary work in Societies and Periodicals?*

It may be great if high standards of excellence are aimed at; but if criticism of such work is not severe, it may end in merely fluent mediocrity. "Extemporaneous speech," Quintillian said, "is the top and radiance of all eloquence; but we never more need to discipline ourselves by writing much than when we speak extemporaneously the most." Writing everything makes a man what Carlyle calls a Dr. Dryasdust; writing

nothing, but speaking always extemporaneously, may make a man a Sir Forcible Feeble.

Literary Societies spur young debaters to profitable reading, give self-possession and force in argumentative speech, and ought to impart a sound knowledge of the outlines of parliamentary law.

The Philomathean Society of Phillips Academy about 1854 to 1860 was a wonderfully well organized debating club. It took up many of the great political issues which led to the civil war. We young men held an indignation meeting when Charles Sumner was stricken down in the senate, and our resolutions were published in the local journals. As one straw, although a small one, they indicated which way the great tide of Northern sentiment was flowing. I remember that, as President of the Philomathean Society it was my fortune to purchase a large law-book of six hundred pages or more, containing Cushing's full account of Parliamentary law. This volume was adopted as our final authority on that subject. I had the pleasure and profit of preparing a compendium of its wisdom that was published, with copious references, in a pamphlet called "The Philo Guide." It was easy to become too much interested in literary societies and periodicals. I should say that whenever such interest injures the regular class-room work, the former is excessive.

4. *Are Classics out of date now-a-days?*

A thousand times, no! Classics, however, are to be found in modern as well as ancient literatures. Whatever book is worthy to be called a classic is to be reverenced as what Milton calls the life-blood of a great spirit. *The most profitable acquaintances a young man can make in the fields of eloquence and authorship are the souls of the really classic authors and their masterpieces, ancient and modern.*

5. *Should a boy in school trouble himself much concerning his future vocation?*

He should not neglect asking himself most seriously what he means to do, but he should not be too anxious to reach a final decision. In the

last year of a college course a student ought to know what profession he will choose; and it is profitable to him if he feels fairly sure much earlier. A broad and long outlook ahead may give dignity even to the day of small beginnings. But a young man's tastes change as he grows. Not until he is of age, and often not until long after, does a man know what he is best fitted to do and what will suit him best. "What shall I choose for a profession?" asked a young man of Thomas Carlyle. "That," was the answer, "is a question you must answer for yourself with your own heart's blood."

Joseph Cook, P. A. '57.

A National Evil.

SINCE 1776, when the Declaration of Independence gave to the world a new nation, popular government in the United States has been beset by many and peculiar difficulties. In surmounting some of these crises we have gained new strength. Notwithstanding this, there is to-day a peril confronting us at our very doors, with which we must deal squarely face to face.

We have heard a great deal from political speakers and newspapers about the tariff and the currency, and, indeed, at the last election these were practically the only issues, but to my mind Immigration, and not State Banks or Free Coinage of Silver, is the supreme question of the hour. But the public mind has been strongly opposed to any change in the existing laws upon this subject. People were content, as they have been in so many instances in history, to allow matters to take their course and let the problem work itself out. Last summer, however, with the cholera almost upon our shores, feeling was thoroughly aroused. Attention was drawn to facts which had before received little thought, and we began to realize that of this mighty flood of millions pouring into our land a very large proportion will not make desirable citizens. Politicians of both parties have hesitated to touch the subject, partly on account of the unfavorable state of public opinion, but chiefly, I think, through the fear of direful political consequences to themselves, as a result of any kind of rigorous and prohibitive measures. Naturally there would be a reaction among the foreign born voters against men supporting such restrictions. However potent this reasoning has been, it must now disappear in view of the demands of that sentiment which is springing up in all parts of the country. We can not afford to treat this matter from a party standpoint. It is one of national importance and must be approached as such.

Since the foundation of the government immigration has been welcomed as a means of establishing our industries and increasing our wealth. Nor is it questioned for a moment that this has been a great help to us, for there is no doubt that it was one of the chief factors in the early pros-

perity of the nation. But the time has come when we can and must shut down and have an eye to our own preservation. With the proportion of foreign-born citizens against us as great in all parts of the country as it is in the city of Chicago where the foreign-born element is seventy-two per cent and the native twenty-eight, the result of unchecked immigration can be imagined.

Our needs now are widely different from those of the past. Because a policy has been beneficial at one period is no reason that it should always be kept in force. From the beginning of time, all nations have reserved the right to enact whatever laws they see fit in regard to immigration. It is only self-preservation and it is not only just and right to pass restrictive measures, but absurd in the highest degree that we have not long ago established definite rules. One of the favorite theories of social philosophers is that the strongest nations are always made up of heterogeneous elements. Whether that be true or not is a questionable point, but as a matter of fact the most progressive people of Europe today are mixed in blood. The America of the future must, of course, embrace many nationalities, and we ought to become a people possessing in a marked degree all the best characteristics of the different races. But in order to accomplish this, we must be careful to distinguish between the good and the bad in those elements that make up the Union.

Considered from an economic standpoint immigration seems somewhat of a success. A large part of the foreign element come here during their best years and are so much addition to the productive portion of the community in which they make their homes. But four-fifths of them are unskilled laborers. Between capital and labor the alien furnishes almost entirely the latter, and then too in the two agents of productive skill and "muscle" he supplies the greater part of the labor. Although, considered economically, the immigrant's influence is good; the productive power he adds to the community undoubtedly is much less needed now than at an earlier period of our history. But it would be hard indeed to find a single instance in which the social conditions are in any degree bettered by the advent of the foreigner, for he is a direct addition to that class in which crime and pauperism are greatest, and his influence is most degrading.

There is another particular which we must not overlook, that ever-present competition and the constant dragging down of our own labor to the low standards set by nations of Europe which if not really going backward in an industrial line, at least, are not making any perceptible advance.

An effect of this influx of foreigners is the enormous increase of our criminal class and of the number of inmates of our charitable institutions and insane asylums. During the past year, while the percentage of population of foreign and native born parents is about the same, the proportion of the commitments of pauper insane is as three to one. In 1880 seventy-five per cent of the crime committed in New England was committed by the foreign element, when it really furnished only twenty-five per cent of the population. It to-day gives more than than two-thirds of our paupers and five-sevenths of our suicides.

Having briefly considered him upon economic and social grounds, let us see how the immigrant affects us in our political life, for here seems to be the seat of some of the greatest evils. All characters are represented in the aliens coming to our shores. Few have much education, while a very great number can neither read nor write, and they come here with no possible knowledge of our institutions or political history. An astonishingly large proportion cannot, if questioned, tell whether this government is a republic or a monarchy. These people are at once taken in hand by unscrupulous party managers and politicians, whose only aim is to elect their party's candidates. In what manner, is a secondary consideration, and the welfare of their country is thrust into the background. No words are strong enough to portray the evil growing out of this vicious system of illegal naturalization. The worst possible men are at the bottom of it, and out of those who go through the mill the worst possible citizens are made. As the right to regulate the suffrage provided by the constitution devolves upon the Legislature of the several states, the result where the foreign element is influential is easily seen. It may not be a matter of general knowledge, but in fourteen states of the Union naturalization is not even necessary to voting. A declared intention on the part of the immigrant to become a citizen entitles him to the ballot; whether he will in time fulfill his promise is another question.

Judges have openly boasted of having turned men out through the naturalization mill at the rate of sixty a minute. A praiseworthy ambition, surely! These are not examinations in any sense of the word, as they ought to be. They are merely mockeries. To be made an American citizen, with all its attendant privileges, should be a solemn proceeding.

It may be said that the fault does not lie with the system of immigration, but in the execution of the laws. This is largely true, but as long as this horde is pouring in upon us, the naturalization laws will not be enforced. No party will have the moral courage to do it. As a partial remedy it might be determined that no one may be naturalized from two to three months before an election. This would prevent undue haste and careless oversights. The intentions of all who are desirous of obtaining citizenship should be announced in some public manner, and then their records could be looked up, to see whether they had sworn correctly concerning residence, time of being here, and other details which now, although in many cases false, are passed over without being investigated. An opportunity would then be afforded to distinguish between desirable and undesirable applicants.

The effect of the present method of naturalization, which has been spoken of, is particularly disastrous to our large cities. Here the great mass of immigrants establish their "foreign quarter," and not only do not speak English, but will make no endeavors to learn. It is this isolation from all civilizing surroundings and the stubborn hold on their old language and customs that forms one of the most discouraging features of the whole movement. Leaders, by means of their foreign vote, get control of the municipal governments merely for the offices and money. They are, as a rule, men of little ability, who use the rank and file to further their own ends. The places in the service of the city are filled by party supporters, and the contracts are jobbed out to political workers. From this it really is only a step to another form of corruption much practised — the buying and selling of votes. Tammany Hall, New York's great Democratic organization, the majority of whose members can neither read nor write, and will stop neither at fair means nor foul to attain their own ends, is only a logical consequence of the illiterate vote.

Anarchistic movements are a direct outgrowth of unrestricted immigration. They are not natural to the American mind. The men who are rebelliously inclined come here, not knowing what freedom of speech and deed signify. They are at once given the right to do practically what they please, and they look upon this as sanctioning license. They propose to destroy all existing government, and expect such ruin to be followed by a millenium, a state of things of which they have a very vague idea, and which has never been clearly defined.

There has been an endless number of suggestions as to the best way to restrict immigration, but few of them as yet seem practicable. It is clear that education should be the basis of all qualifications. The immigrant should be compelled to read and write, either in his or her own language or in English, and to show some knowledge of the United States Government. If the steamship companies violate the law they should be compelled to return the persons illegally brought over. These requirements would not affect the most desirable classes, as the Germans, Swedes, and Danes, for there is only a small proportion of them that cannot read and write. This, added to a lengthened period before naturalization, would effect great reform.

There is a false idea among many as to what constitutes a nation's greatness. It is not its numbers or mere physical force, but the character of its people and its high national ideals. What we have before us is not only to restrict this immigration to our shores, but to educate up to the American standard these different elements already here, and to imbue them with those feelings of devotion to liberty and to our free institutions that we ourselves have been taught.

If we accomplish these things, if a remedy is applied to these evils, then the American ship of state will have safely passed one of the most dangerous rocks in her course, and we shall continue in one wonderful era of progress to be the leader of the world in material prosperity and civilization.

William M. Gardner.

Editorials.

A QUESTION that has of late been receiving much attention in many schools and colleges is that of the advisability of uniting the various branches of athletics under one head. The experiment has been frequently tried, and generally has met with success, in that a greater economy and fairer distribution of funds has been obtained. It is clear that some such change would be very beneficial here. The expenses incurred in athletics have been a heavy burden upon the school, and are seemingly out of proportion to the results. We need a responsible and united management, with a graduate treasurer at its head. A reduction of expenditures would probably ensue. But, at the least, the school would rest secure in the knowledge that her funds were in the hands of responsible and capable persons, and that her interests would be neglected in no branch of athletics.

At a recent school meeting a committee was appointed to look into this matter. This sign of progress was gladly noted. Yet there was much in the conduct of the meeting itself that, though strictly regular, was by no means all that could be desired. The careless way in which the school votes on matters of importance is astonishing. Usually the fellows know practically nothing, previous to the meeting, of the matters that are to be brought up. Discussion is thus precluded. As a result the meetings are considered slow, and a lack of opposition to proposed measures is always very noticeable. It is a common remark that anyone can carry through without the least difficulty any reasonable motion that "he has gall enough to make." In fact most of the meetings are farces. Yet this lamentable condition could very easily be changed. If a committee were appointed a few simple rules could be drawn up which would remedy the difficulty. No elaborate plan is necessary. Some such regulation, for instance, as that all motions and nominations must be presented a day before they are voted on, would probably be sufficient. An intelligent opinion on questions to be decided could thus be formed by all, and the present danger from "clique rule" and ill-considered motions would be avoided.

The time is close at hand when we must decide upon the men to whom shall be entrusted the responsibility of conducting the Mirror during the coming year. Of the present editors, the four Seniors and the Financial Manager will enter college next year, and the other underclassman is in doubt whether he will return or not. Accordingly the next Board will have to be almost entirely composed of men new to the position. On this account it is more than usually important that the most efficient editors be chosen. There will be four or five members selected in June. Of these the larger part should belong to the present Middle class. But in looking over our list we find that there are very few available candidates. Is it that '94 has so few men of literary ability? Let us hope that this is not the case. Surely there must be writers in this class, who are capable of sustaining the school's literary reputation. But these men do not as yet seem to realize the responsibility that will so soon rest upon them. Not only the honor of '94, but of the school will depend upon their efforts. Old Andover must not fall behind in literary any more than athletic interests. We have an enviable position in both. Shall this reputation be sustained under the leadership of '94, or shall it not? Surely this class will not allow the institutions that were fostered by their predecessors to suffer. Nay, let them rise to their task and make ready for the responsibility that awaits them. Let every Middler, for the honor of his class, put forth his every effort, and see that '94 never again need be urged to take her part in upholding the literary interests of the school.

Such an appeal to class feeling should be unnecessary, as personal ambition ought to be a sufficient stimulus to make the number of candidates for positions on the Mirror very large. The honor of such a position is great and should be made still greater by a larger competition to attain it. But another inducement is the advantage that is gained from constant practice in writing, as is well illustrated by a glance at the list of successful writers in the Means competition. It will be noted that all the ten men chosen are connected with either the Mirror or the Phillipian, and that seven are closely connected with the Mirror, five being on the Editorial and two on the Contributing Board.

We take pleasure in announcing the election of William M. Gardner, '94, to the Board of Editors. All contributions for the May number of the Mirror must be left in the box in the lower hall, or given to one of the editors, on or before Monday, April 17.

The Month.

THROUGH the kindness of Mrs. McCurdy an entertainment was given in Phillips Hall on February 28th, by a string quartette of young ladies from Boston. The proceeds, amounting to $52.53, went to the new athletic house.

New rules have been arranged between Exeter and Andover, whereby no professional coachers may be employed. Hereafter the whole school will be allowed to attend the Tennis and Athletic Tournaments.

Mrs. Dr. Bancroft gave a pleasant reception to the Senior classes of Abbot and Phillips Academies on the afternoon of February 1st.

The officers of the Athletic Association are: President, F. T. Murphy; Vice-President, C. D. Millard; Secretary, E. A. Nettleton; Treasurer, J. O. Rodgers; Directors, W. L. Thompson, L. Murray, W. H. Gould, and J. M. Woolsey.

The report of the Foot-ball management read before the school on February 7th showed expenditures of $2093.09; receipts, $2165.25; balance, $72,16. The surplus was voted to the Athletic Association.

Professor Clapp lectured upon "Hamlet" in the Town Hall on February 7th; and on "Antony and Cleopatra," February 14th,

Sunday, February 5. Dr. Frederic Palmer, of Christ Church addressed the Society of Inquiry on the subject of Christian Work.

The sum of $500, bequeathed to Phillips Academy by the late Rev. T. G. Valpey, P.A. '54, has recently become available. It is announced

that the income will be used for prizes in the Classical Department, probably in Latin. The first competition will take place next year.

"The Masque" has been chosen as the name for Philo's annual. The editors elected are: W. M. Stuart and W. R. Webb, '93; A. C. Mack and H. H. Robinson, '94; Charles Grilk, '95.

The finest concert given in the Town Hall this season, was that by Remenyi, February 20th.

February 25, Prof. C. H. Moore addressed the Natural History Society on "The Growth and Development of Physical Life."

The Senior sleigh ride was taken Tuesday night, February 28th. The dinner was served at the Franklin House, Lawrence.

The following lectures were delivered before Abbot Academy by Prof. Charles Sprague Smith: February 28th, "The Life of a Viking"; March 2d, "Calderon, and the Spanish Drama"; March 4th, "Petrarch."

Instead of the customary Monday morning Biblicals, the Faculty have arranged to have a series of lectures on the Bible. The subjects so far have been: Monday, February 13th, Prof. Hincks, "What is the New Testament?" February 20th, Prof. Ryder, "The Gospels"; February 27th, Prof. Moore, "The Old Testament"; March 6th, Prof. Harris, "Use and Grounds of Authority"; March 13th, Prof. Moore, "Growth of Old Testament Literature"; March 20th, Prof. Tucker, "The Bible and Man."

On Monday evening, March 6, President Andrews of Brown University delivered a lecture in Phillips Hall, under the auspices of the Forum. His subject was Brown University.

The following will compete for the Means prize speaking: C. P. Kitchell, W. B. Parker, N. A. Smyth, and W. T. B. Williams, '93; W. M.

Gardner, J. W. Lewis, and W. F. Skerrye, '94; Donald Gordon, Charles Grilk, and G. H. McClellan, '95.

The new Athletic Honse has been thrown open to the school.

March 15, the following committee was chosen to consider plans for uniting the athletic interests of the school: F. T. Murphy, H. B. Winters, W. T. B. Williams, '93; W. F. Skerrye, J. O. Rodgers, E. A. Nettleton, A. C. Mack, '94; G. H. McClellan, L. E. Guillow, G. C. Greenway, '95.

The following have been chosen officers of the Forum for the Spring term; President, H. G. Wyer; Vice-President, W. F. Skerrye; Secretary, D. S. Luce; Treasurer, W. M. Rainbolt.

The Senior class has elected the following class day officers: Orator, N. A. Smyth; Poet, W. B. Parker; Historian, C. D. Millard; Prophet, W. J. Lapham. Statistician, P. R. Lester.

Philo has elected for President, J. M. Boutwell; Vice-President, L. E. Guillow; Secretary, W. R. Webb; Treasurer, E. R. Marvin; Executive Committee, A. E. Branch, A. C. Mack, H. H. Robinson, W. M. Stuart.

The following were winners in the Winter Athletic Tournament, held March 18 and 22: heavy-weight sparring, J. O. Rodgers, '94; middle-weight sparring, H. Bucknell, '94; light-weight sparring, W. J. Lapham, '93; feather-weight sparring, E. C. Mann, '94; bantam-weight sparring, H. A. Hatch, '93; light-weight wrestling, W. T. Laing, '95; rope climbing, W. S. Coburn, '95, $7\frac{1}{5}$ sec.; standing high jump, C. H. Simmons, '94, 4 ft. $9\frac{3}{4}$ in.; horizontal bar, L. Ullmann, '93; club swinging, G. H. McClellan, '94; fencing, R. C. Palmer, '94; running high jump, H. J. Holt, '93, 5 ft. 1 in.; fence vault, C. H. Simmons, '94, 6 ft. 8 in.; high kick, C. H. Simmons, '94, 8 ft. 10 in.; rings, L. Ullmann, '93; parallel bars, L. Ullman, '93; putting shot, G. C. Greenway, '94, 30 ft. $7\frac{1}{2}$ in.; tumbling, W. S. Coburn, '95. Six firsts were won by '93, nine by '94, and 3 by '95.

Inquiry officers are: President, W. T. B. Williams; Vice-President, A. W. Ryder; Recording Secretary, O. W. Sedgwick; Corresponding Secretary, W. C. Dunn; Treasurer, H. W. Beal.

Clippings.

DEUCES.

The deuce of diamonds is
That we want but can't get a lot of them.
The deuce of hearts is this —
They deceive him who gives a thought to them.
The deuce of clubs, we know
In this, that the bills come fast from them.
The deuce of spades — ah woe!
To our graves the earth is passed from them.

Yale Record.

A LA MOTHER GOOSE.

Phyllis and I fell out,
And natural it came about;
For once we took a toboggan slide,
And somehow the thing I couldn't guide,
So, —
Phyllis and I fell out.

Harvard Lampoon.

A HARD STUDENT.

"My boy, you look weary and wan;
You are working too hard at your Greek,
To try, from constructions obscure,
Some plausible meaning to seek."

"No, no," he wearily said,
"The meaning I plainly can see;
But I'm worn out trying to make
The text and the pony agree."

Lafayette.

QUATRAIN.

Those indolent persons who carefully try
All mental exertions to shun,
Apply but the rule as they lazily live,
That "half a loaf's better than none!"

Williams Weekly.

THE CHARM OF MUSIC.

If you ask a fair young creature
For the subject of the preacher,
She will hesitate, in doubt.
But you find them all attention,
And no fashion notes they mention,
When the *hims* are given out.

Brunonian.

A Freshman once to Hades went, —
Some things he went to learn,
But they sent him back to earth again,
He was to green to burn.

Ex.

ONE ON THE SAGE.

"All flesh is weak," the sage has said—
How great was his mistake;
He never tackled, happy man,
Our boarding-house beefsteak.

Cornell Sun.

THE DEADLY BLUE PENCIL.

My essay for Professor Grind
Much praise I thought would for me win,
But life is short and soon I find
Decomposition has set in.

Brunonian.

Mirage.

Let us take a look into a small hut in the Russian capital. It is a strange throng we see gathered there — old men, women, young men, and girls yet to see twenty. A black box is being passed to each one, and as it comes around each takes out a ball which releases him from duty or compels him to become a murderer. In their midst we see a person who at once attracts our notice. She is a young girl not yet seventeen, strikingly beautiful, and strangely out of place in such an assemblage. As the box comes to her she puts out her hand to take a ball and then with a shudder of her beautiful shoulders draws it back again. The man next to her, a fine looking fellow, shakes her rudely by the shoulder, and hisses, "You coward!" She takes courage at this more through fear than any other reason, and takes a ball. At first she does not look at it, but at last summoning up courage she holds it to the light. The color slowly vanishes from her face, and with a heart-rending cry she falls to the floor, — she has drawn the fatal black ball.

In a daintily furnished room in a palatial residence a light is still burning, though the night is almost spent. In the middle of the room, with her face buried in her hands, we see a beautiful young girl, the elected assassin of the Czar. For a long time she sits perfectly motionless. At last a cry bursts from her lips. "I cannot, oh my God, I cannot." She remembers when she was a pauper of five, trampled in the street by fiery horses; remembers the kind old man before whom all men bowed, how he took her in his arms and carried her to the Imperial Palace. She remembers all this as she sits with her head buried in her hands. She is a Nihilist, but she is grateful. The girl lifts her beautiful head and looks about the room. Then she takes a picture from her breat — her lover's — and looks longingly at it. She rises, takes a little phial from her pocket, turns to the couch near at hand. She kneels a moment before a crucifix on the wall, and prays that she may be forgiven, and then puts the fatal phial to her lips. . . . .

They find her there in the morning, a smile of happiness on her beautiful face — dead. The Czar never knew it, but the angels do.

A. J. M.

Prof. in Physics asked this morning,
"Wagson, tell us, what is dew?"
Wagson's thought was slowly dawning,
And he murmured "It is due—"
But the Prof., without more warning,
Gravely said, "Sir, that will *do*."

W. B. P.

TO MY BOOTS.

Oft up and down these swimming streets
When Springtime rains the earth are soaking,
When Storm is king and Quinine, queen,
When mud bespatters Winter's cloaking,
And little boys, with fiendish joy,
Their little feet as wet as sponges,
With dripping snow-balls paste our hats,
Then dodge the wild umbrella lunges;
Oft, oft, I say, you ferry me,
And wind and weather stanchly brave
To point my wayward feet aright
And keep me from a watery grave.

"Oh, yaas, yaas, I see. You n'yer friend hev come up to git some o' our pick'rel an' to have a leetle sport. Yaas, I see, Fo'th o'July down in the city. Wal, I p'sume it's the same day up here, but's long's taint town meetin' or circus day, we don't care, haw, haw!

"Since mother's so poorly, we don't go to town as often. She was real gay, an' liked to see folks first rate. My! but she's lookin' peaked! Uster be as tough's a ox-yoke, too! Wal, but 'bout the spearin'. You'll gen'ly find a pick'rel or two down in under the old willer. There's a sight o' sedge grass thar, an' 'bout this time o' day they're fond o' layin' in the sun an' warmin' their toes, so to speak. They won't mind yer boat. Then, there's the big hole a couple o' rods 'bur thar. Wal, my boy, I don't like to think o' that place. No, it kinder sets me to thinkin' o' my troubles an' how things useter be.

"I had a dreadful loss thar once. Suthin' I'll never git over's long's I live. Folks can forget some things, but others they can't. Y'see 'twas about my boy John. My, he was a good boy! He cud work like a hoss an' never tire an' was willing an' able. How I would like to see that boy! But he was allus a mite too bold an' adventuresome, forever riskin' his neck and keepin' us in hot water continual. Y'see, we was workin, gittin' in the hay in the lower medder that day about eight years ago. I was rakin' away when I see a bull-calf, a pure Holstein, that I was dreadful fond of, on tother side o' the stream. He'd been feedin' on the stubble, and somehow, contrary to calf nater, had got away from his ma an' crossed the footbridge, 'n I sez to John, sez I, 'Go drive that caff back an' he went, an' I never paid no more heed to them. But it seems he'd gone juss like a boy to git that caff into the boat that was on tother shore an' row it back. He got him in somehow an' pushed out an' then he see he hadn' no oars. He yelled to me an' I looked an' saw 'em, him a tryin' to paddle that rotten ol' boat with his hands an' that poor little caff a bleatin' jus' like a baby. The river's pretty wide, an' as we couldn't reach 'em, the current swept 'em away from their friends. We chased along an' when they reached the big hole, John turned

around, an' lookin' as pale's a sheet, sez,

"'The caff's put his hoof through the bottom!' Then on they went an' the las' I see o' John he was sinkin' out o' sight in that great, deep hole. He couldn't swim a stroke!'"

"Did you get him out?" I asked breathlessly.

"Yaas, we got up the poor, little thing an' sold his hide for two dollars, but it was an awful blow. He'd a-made the best critter in these parts. John's in Kansas."

I thought I heard the good old man chuckle as he began vigorously hacking away with his hoe. *R. G.*

"II."

According to the canons of Geometry,
Circumference by diameter divided
Equals II.
But according to our land-lady's economy
Circumference into twenty-fourths divided
Equals —.
Alas! her education's been neglected.
"We only bear what dulness has effected." *W. B. P.*

I HAD fallen asleep on the train. I could not have been more than half awake when I heard two voices close behind me whispering cautiously. "Don't let him stir a finger. If he goes to put his hand in his pocket give it to him with this, right over the ear." And there was a slight movement as if some object had changed hands. "D'ye hear?"

"All right, dad."

The forms of the speakers were bent over me. Their warm breath reached me. I could feel their eyes upon me. What could they intend? Were they bent on murdering or robbing me?

Then the younger said, "Say, dad, aint there no other way to git him?"

"No. We've got to lay him out. He aint the kind to be fooled with."

"It seems kinder hard business, dad, to lay a feller out like that," said the voice of the younger.

"What, y'er crawlin'?"

"No, I ain't. I'll do what you say but—" and his last words failed my ear.

Plainly my life was in danger. Some thug or cut-throat had marked me for his next victim. I would cry out, inform the other passengers of his purpose, and have him taken into custody. I tried to raise a shout, but my lips were dry with terror. My hair stood on end. A cold sweat broke out upon me. Then I heard again in whispers, for my hearing was preternaturally quick: "Now, Joe, as I told you before, your Uncle Josh is plumb crazy. There ain't no other way of gettin' him to the asylum but knockin' him into a team right sudden, and mind, don't yer let him stir a finger. Jest as soon—"

I was awake, and at my first movement the whispering stopped.

W. B. P.

Leaves from Phillips Ivy.

As we wish to make this department as interesting as possible to both alumni and students, any information concerning the recent actions of the sons of Phillips will be gladly received.

'29.— Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was present Feb. 23 at a reception given in his honor by the publishers of Boston.

'53.—Hon. George M. Woodruff of Litchfield, Conn., has been nominated for Railroad Commissioner of that state by Gov. Morris.

'57.—Rev. Joseph Cook, who has recently completed a course of Monday noon lectures in Tremont Temple, Boston, is at present giving a lecture tour in the West.

'59.—Rev. Addison P. Foster, D. D., has resigned his pastorate in Roxbury.

'65.—Rev. Frederic Palmer addressed the Society of Inquiry of the School Sunday evening, Feb. 5.

'73.—William P. Sheffield, jr., is president of the Newport, R. I., Alumni Association of Brown University.

'73.—Alfred L. Ripley took part in a play, called "The Rice Pudding," which was given in the November Club House, March 21. James H. Ropes '85 was also one of the caste.

'75.—Frank P. Chamberlain is treasurer of the MacDonald Printing Com- of Boston.

'79.—Moses C. Gile, formerly a teacher in the Academy and now at Colorado College in Colorado Springs, was rejoiced by the birth of a son, Jan. 31.

'85.—James H. Ropes of the Senior class in the Theological Seminary has been chosen to hold the Seminary Fellowship which yields $600 annually for two years. The incumbent of this fellowship is usually expected to pursue a special course of study at some foreign university. Mr. Ropes is also one of the Commencement speakers.

'90—A. E. Stearns won one of the Leffingwell prizes for orations at Amherst, March 4. "The Orator and the Human Will" was his subject.

'90, '91, '92.—L. G. Stillman has been made chairman of the newly chosen Yale News Board. H. P. Mosely, F. Rustin, J. M. Goetchins and L. W. Smith also represent Andover on the Board.

'91.—Harry B. Lowe died of consumption at his home in Ballard Vale, March 4.

Books.

BACK COUNTRY POEMS, by Sam Walter Foss. Boston: The Potter Publishing Co.

This is by no means a common book. The author, in his whole-souled manner, says what he means in the simplest way. The book is very interesting, and it touches a chord in the heart that brings to mind the memories of byegone days, and awakes by its earnestness in human nature thoughts which seem to have been forgotten.

Sam Walter Foss's peculiar style, coming from the heart of the author, appeals alike to every one. He has involved more logic and "flosserfy" than one might possibly expect. His poem on "The Carven Name" will stand fair comparison with the later productions of literature. It may be said that the author will be criticised in some places, because he has tried to reveal the life of too many classes; however, Sam Walter Foss's entertaining book should be in every household.

J. W. L.

THE BOY TRAVELLERS IN CENTRAL EUROPE, by Thomas W. Knox. New York: Harper and Bros.

In adding the above book to his delightful series Mr. Knox has earned the thanks not only of those who intend to travel, but of those who stay at home.

Our old acquaintances, Frank and Fred, together with Mrs. Barret and Mary, travel through Central Europe, visiting France, Switzerland, and Austria. They travel in a delightfully irresponsible manner, going wherever the majority wishes. We are taken with them to see all the beautiful and interesting scenes, and they are described with the greatest fullness. The histories of all the famous places and men are told and some interesting or amusing anecdote connected with them. Almost the only fault in the book is caused by the author's desire to make it as instructive as possible. The descriptions follow so closely on each other that it has too much of the nature of a guide book and is not so interesting as it otherwise might be.

I am sure anyone will feel repaid for having read it, and it will be of the greatest assistance to anyone who intends to travel, in giving him an idea of the places he will visit and of those most worthy of being visited.

To be Reviewed.

BIBLE STUDIES, by Henry Ward Beecher. New York: Fords, Howard, and Hurlbert.



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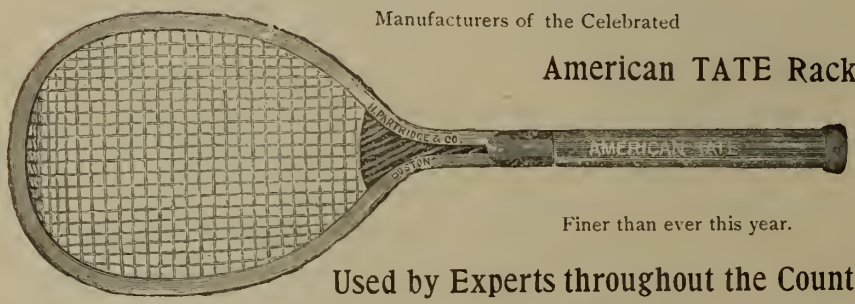
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Vol. 2. ANNIVERSARY NUMBER. No. 6.

The Phillips Andover Mirror.

A Literary Magazine Published by the Students of Phillips Academy.

MAY, 1893.

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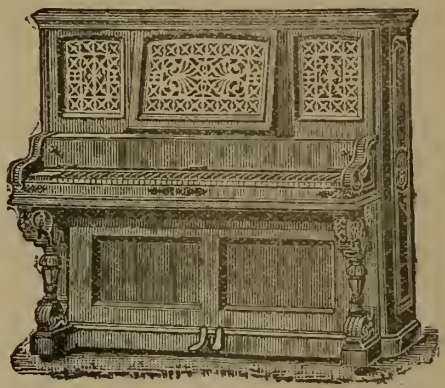
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It is the purpose of the magazine, first, to promote literary life in the school. With this in view, the editors will strive not only to secure the best work from the best pens, but also to encourage and, so far as possible, to assist men not habituated to writing.

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Vol. 2. May, 1893. No. 6.

Tramping Abroad.

I OFTEN think that in these days of rapid transit, by steam, electricity, or even rubber-tired wheels, we are in some danger of forgetting the art of walking. In the course of our every-day life we certainly walk much less than we used, and as electric roads multiply we shall probably reduce even our present small amount of unaided locomotion. Doubtless the change has its good reasons, especially for us present-day Americans; we can see the truth in the adage that "Time is money," and are proverbially keen in such savings. But if we apply this maxim to our recreations and pastimes we are in danger of going astray. Sight-seeing, which consists simply in rushing about over England and the Continent, "doing" places of interest, as the phrase is, often proves a weariness to the flesh and leaves the mind in a hopeless jumble. No one is to be envied whose ideal of travel consists in going "round the world in eighty days," or less; it indicates exceedingly jaded nerves or an empty brain. So if, by writing a few words on "Tramping abroad," I can persuade some of my readers, when occasion offers, to try this form of travel, for a time at least, I feel sure that after the experiment you will not be ungrateful for the advice.

Fortunately, it is coming to be more and more common for boys in school, in college, or just after graduation, to spend a summer abroad. It is not necessary to stop to consider which of these periods in one's life is the best for such a trip; all that need be said is, go when you can, even at some sacrifice, and be thankful for the chance. Later in life the opportunities come far more rarely and you are sure to take with you a certain burden of care and responsibility, which are hard things to carry, but almost impossible to leave behind.

Suppose, then, we go abroad; why, it may be asked, waste valuable time in such a slow mode of progress as tramping? Steam will take one almost everywhere — even to the top of mountains considerably higher than Mount Washington; horses are not expensive, by our standards, and good roads, hard as floors and with easy grades, abound for the lovers of the "wheel." But in spite of this, I think I can find reasons in abundance, for any one who loves nature and is fond of adventure and open air.

If one would really get more than a superficial view of the country through which he is travelling, whether he cares for natural scenery, or simple, homely folk-life, he must do so on foot. To be sure, you may see the Jungfrau from a hotel piazza at Interlaken, where the traveller lives in luxury with countless other foreigners, and meets Americans enough to make it easy for him to fancy himself at Saratoga or in the White Mountains; you may have Swiss maids, in picturesque costume, wait on you at table, and may buy Edelweiss of urchins in the streets; but if you get no more than this, you have had a very meagre view of the Jungfrau, or of Swiss life and manners. On the other hand, I have tramped for three consecutive days without walking for more than a couple of miles on a carriage road during the whole time; bridle-path, footpath or no path at all for most of the way, stopping over night at queer little inns, and dining at midday on what I could take with me in my pocket in the morning. And if I could take any active, wide-awake boy, with a keen eye and a good pair of legs, over the same route, I warrant he would have no further preference for hotel piazzas or carriage cushions. Most travellers are content to take in their impressions of the Rhine from

the deck of a fast steamer; but let one spend three days or a week on foot along the river, climbing up the hills, prowling among the castle ruins, drinking in the beautiful and picturesque in nature about him, and studying the life of the people he meets, and he will carry away a far more lasting and enjoyable set of memories. I need not enlarge on this; those who have tried it will surely agree; to those who have not — *crede experto.*

A special reason which makes this form of travel so desirable for the young man, is that he is just at the time of life when he will most enjoy it. Then, if ever, he has good legs and sound wind, a liking for adventure, and a readiness to put up with what twenty years hence he will count intollerable hardships. As we grow older and the force of habit strengthens, we are much more solicitous for our own personal comfort, and less willing to allow a glorious mountain landscape, a climb over Alpine meadows or up steep rock and glacier ice, to counterbalance the discomforts of fatigue, loss of sleep, poor inns, lack of food, or a thorough wetting.

Then again, while the college boy is just at the most favorable time of life for this kind of travel, he is usually far from mature enough to get the greatest good from a stay in the large cities. To be sure he can "do" them, as the phrase goes, as thoroughly as any one; can visit churches and museums, see miles of pictures, and get acquainted with shops and theatres. But to do merely this is to do scant justice to the great cities, like London, Paris, and Berlin; centres full of busy, nervous, restless life, intensely modern along with all the old which we Americans hunt out with so much curiosity. And to look deep down into that life, to learn its essential characteristics, to feel at home in the present by the aid of our knowledge of the past, requires far more experience and richer mental equipment than we are apt to have at that age. We are more likely to bring home the names of tailor's shops and restaurants than working ideas and a really valuable knowledge of men and things, to broaden and strengthen our future lives at home. Of course I do not mean to say that the college boy, when going abroad, should pass by London and Paris. If that were my advice, I do not suppose I should find many to listen to it. I merely mean that if he visits London at the age of forty, he will

probably get more real gain from it than at twenty; but if he waits till then before taking up tramping, he is hardly likely to take it up at all; and that would be a distinct loss.

Then, too, there is an exhilaration which goes with the vigorous play of the muscles in the open air, a keen physical pleasure often involving a high degree of healthful excitement if one is climbing up a steep ice slope or skirting some yawning crevasse in the Alps. Even the pleasures of eating and drinking take on new form when one reaches an inn of an evening after an all-day climb; one has then a sauce which the best restaurant in Paris cannot furnish and good digestion to wait on appetite.

Then the pedestrian enjoys complete liberty of choice as to route, pace, and company. If one travels by rail, his course is defined by two lines of steel, his speed by the time-table, and his companions often by chance; the pedestrian may consult his own sweet will on all these matters. Watch a party of Cook's tourists being shown the sights in Paris, or better yet, join them; and you will soon see the difference between travelling as a freeman and as a slave.

It is the pedestrian, too, who meets with adventures. The great cities of Europe and the frequented routes have become too cosmopolitan and civilized; one may go from London to Naples speaking only English, and find some one to understand him and make him comfortable all the way — of course for a consideration. Such travel is likely to make one slothful and unobservant; the need of using one's wits is reduced to a minimum, and travelling abroad approaches more closely travelling at home. The European native who comes most often in contact with foreign travellers has been quick to see a profit in keeping English-speaking servants, or running his hotel more in English fashion. Now all this is amazingly convenient, and on the whole not to be regretted; but it certainly takes away much of the charm of travel by robbing it of its novelty and variety and reducing it to a more humdrum uniformity. And this if you go on foot you can easily escape.

Then, too, the pedestrian travels with few impedimenta in the way of trunks, satchels, shawl-straps, and hat-boxes. How much that means can be adequately told only by one who has had experience of both

methods. But I think it a fact that more than half the annoyances, vexations, and worries of travel may be brought home to one source, — luggage.

It would hardly be wise for me to attempt to outline itineraries for the future pedestrian, should any of you hereafter see fit to try my prescription. But there are a few practical suggestions which my own experience warrants, and which will prove helpful should opportunity arise.

A walking trip should be so mapped out that the hardest work and the finest scenery would be reserved for the close. Easy climbs and short days at first, until one's muscles become hardened, the danger of blisters is past, and the knapsack ceases to be a burden ; all this should go without saying. But the last part of the caution is no less important. After snow mountains the lesser peaks seem flat and insignificant ; it is only in the reverse order that both can be enjoyed in full. With respect to Switzerland especially, this should be borne in mind ; a two-weeks' walking trip there may well be prefaced by a few days in the Black Forest, the Bavarian highlands, or the Eastern Alps, by way of training for both muscles and mind. And all this low-level tramping may be done with perfect ease without a guide, with the aid of maps and a good guide-book, and common sense in using them. High-level climbing, up snow peaks and over glacier passes, has its charm, and a very keen one ; but then guides are necessary, and expensive. Then there is a certain faculty which the pedestrian must acquire, if he ever expects to leave the carriage road ; not so easy to define, but comparable with the woodsman's skill in finding his way through a trackless forest. It may be seen in the ability to choose the right path in case of doubt, in judgment as to probable effort needed, as to distance, weather, or best point of view. Some undoubtedly possess this faculty to a greater degree than others ; but any one may cultivate it by practice, and find it a most valuable acquisition. And the practice necessary to develop it may be best had when tramping without a guide, over a bridle-path, or perhaps through meadows or over rocks with no path at all.

The pedestrian should have company. Just how many may be a

question, but some one at least. Two pairs of eyes are on such an excursion infinitely better than one; the pleasures are doubled and the annoyances and discomforts halved, if there is a comrade to share them. In case of accident or illness, nothing can be more forlorn than to have to spend a few days alone in some out of the way place, unable to move on. Two going together will often find it easier to find accommodations than a larger number, especially during the crowded season. But on a protracted tour the two may get tired of one another, or an occasion may arise when opinions differ as to route; in that case, if they separate, each must go alone. A party of four may avoid this difficulty, and in many ways this number is the most desirable. Four may even have a very comfortable night in a little room with two single beds, if there are mattresses to be had; on this I can speak from experience. And to those who care for whist a quartette has great advantages on a rainy day. But a larger party than this is apt to be unwieldly; differences of opinion as to route, stopping-places, or length of the day's march are even more sure to arise and much harder to reconcile in a large company.

It is desirable on such a trip that, as soon as possible, there should be an equitable division of labor and a general understanding as to what each member of the party is to do as his share in the practical details which must be attended to each day. In any party there is always a diversity of gifts; one member has more knowledge of the language, or less timidity in using what he has, than the rest; another has greater skill in reading maps, planning routes, or deciphering time-tables; another more shrewdness in bargaining with inn-keepers or guides; another a better head for money transactions and more skill in managing the party finances; and another a better sense of pace and direction, and more sagacity in finding his way without a guide; still another the sunniest temper and most unfailing good-humor, which may prove most helpful resources on a wet day, or when a wretched inn and scanty supper come at the close of a hard day's work. All these qualities will find their use, and the aim should be to bring them out to the best advantage. And there will be much less danger of friction and annoyance if the various details are portioned out at the start, if only roughly, along these lines, than if the burden is left to fall

on one or two, or a general council of the whole party has to be held to decide each trifling question.

While I have not said it in so many words, it will be clear from the foregoing that Switzerland should be the crown of the pedestrian's ambition. Distances there are short, stopping-places abundant, and the excursions which can be made only on foot infinite in number and variety. All this, to be sure, is true of the lower outlying Alps, in Austria, Germany, and Italy as well. But for high-level climbing Switzerland easily outranks them all. I do not know that anyone has fully explained the peculiar fascination for this form of tramping; perhaps because the causes vary with the individual. But the charm certainly exists, and a most potent one it is to any youth with stout legs, good wind, and a clear head. I have not space or inclination to dilate upon it; but it may be experienced in ample measure with no appreciable risk. Of course there are plenty of fool-hardy expeditions which can be and are undertaken; ascents involving the dangers of avalanches and falling rocks, which no calculation or experience can avoid. But such ascents usually bring fewer forms of pleasure than any others, except the one element of excitement consequent upon risks safely run. The high-level passes as a rule, and many of the highest peaks are quite free from danger, given a good guide and settled weather, both of which conditions may be determined with comparative certainty beforehand.

In conclusion, let me say that I do not wish to seem to be losing sight of the many opportunities for enjoyable tramping excursions which may be had here at home. On the contrary the White Mountains, or even Vermont and the Berkshire hills, offer a fine field for good sport on foot. And most of my suggestions apply with equal pertinence to such an outing here. Any one of experience must own that the conditions here are not altogether so favorable as abroad. But let one try a fortnight's tramp in the White Mountains, early or late in the season, that is, out of the crowd and when the heat is not too intense; if he enjoys that, I have no fears in urging him to repeat the experiment should he go abroad, despite an apparent waste of time and effort.

Alfred L. Ripley, P.A. '73.

The Gentleman Sport.

THE chapel bell was nearly done ringing. Up the stairs and into the bare lofty hall hurried the usual stream of sleepy-eyed stragglers, wearily anticipating the irksome routine of the day. With a few faint taps, the bell stopped and the customary exercise began.

After the service the Principal hitched around in his chair, adjusted his eye-glasses, and began, "Gentlemen, in accordance with a notice given some time since, the announcement of the successful competitors for the De Koven prize will be made this morning. The list is as follows:"

Then followed the usual scene on such occasions; the successful competitors marched proudly to the front, trying hard to look as if they didn't care anything about it, while their sympathetic class-mates applauded each impartially. Many a boy wriggled anxiously in his seat, waiting for the next name. Now he was to learn whether or not all his hours of toil and thought had been in vain, whether he was one of the fortunate few to obtain the much sought for De Koven prize.

On a seat in the rear of the room sat a young fellow who appeared much interested in the affair. He was rather tall, well-built, with a handsome expressive face. His frank, open blue eyes belied the rather cynical, disdainful curve of his mouth. Taking him altogether he appeared much like the general run of school boys, happy, careless and good-natured. To-day, however, he looked more thoughtful than usual. He, too, had tried for the De Koven. Many a long hour had he toiled, oftentimes far into the morning. By nature rather lazy than otherwise, he had determined for this once to work to make a real effort. His reasons for so doing were rather vague. Indeed, he might have been puzzled to give them himself. Perhaps the thought of pleasing his mother influenced him as much as anything else, for away down in his heart he really loved that tender, gentle woman, though he took great pains to hide his affection from the boys. Another reason was that he had grown tired of seeing the so-called "literary set" take all the prizes going with apparent ease. He very much

doubted whether they were really so very brilliant after all, and took this way of finding whether he, who made no pretensions in that direction, could defeat them on their own ground. Besides, he held a sneaking regard for his own ability and thought he had prepared a creditable article. Yet, as he heard the names called off, he saw that this time also the literary men were in the lead. This was discouraging, but he had hope. Surely, his would be the next name read. Yet man after man passed up and still he was not called. At last the list was finished. The winners of the De Koven for that year were announced.

Slowly he realized that he had failed. All his work was useless. He would not be able to surprise his mother. His mouth trembled a little as he gazed steadily at the bench in front of him, and he blinked hard to keep the mist out of his eyes. Then a strange, hard look came over his face, and glancing carelessly about, he passed out of the hall and over to the recitation room. By some chance his work seemed to go all wrong, and, as he lay in a deep, richly-cushioned window seat in his room that evening, he concluded that the day had been a failure, and that he had been a fool for his pains. While thus reflecting, the door opened, after a gentle tap, and a young fellow lounged in.

"Hello, Billy, glad to see you! Take a seat, won't you?"

The man addressed as Billy sank into an easy arm-chair. He had the appearance of a sleek, well-fed animal, with soft, flappy cheeks, coarse hair, and heavy dull brown eyes. He was dressed in a manner loud, to say the least. His whole appearance was heavy and sordid. In fact, he was a typical specimen of that modern college excrescence known as the Gentleman Sport, a being who makes it his sole business to ape the weaknesses and vices of older men. He lazily pulled a cigarette from his pocket, and, lighting it with unsteady hand, began to smoke.

"Well, Billy, how's the world been using you lately?"

"'Bout th' same as usual. Blamed rough! I don't like this place a little bit. A fellow can't have a decent bit of fun without getting blowed up for it!"

His companion smiled as he reflected that the innocent sport referred to had been, in reality, a "spree" of more than ordinary proportions which

had been interrupted by the Faculty. Then he said, "Yes, it is tough luck!"

Billy lazily blew out a cloud of smoke, and then remarked, "Say, Clarkson, that set of 'grinds' sort of wiped things in the De Koven, didn't they?"

Clarkson nodded, remarking in a bitter tone, "Ordinary people like us had better keep out, I guess."

"Oh, nobody but blooming jays goes in for that sort of thing, anyway!"

"Yes," said Clarkson, "that's so."

The man called Billy here raised himself up in his cushions, and shaking his fat, soft finger in the direction of his friend, remarked with as much animation as he could possibly express, "It makes me sick to think of it. Sitting at a table with a red cloth and a green shaded lamp, grinding like the devil, and calling that fun! Now I have what you might call real sport and plenty of it too as long as the money lasts. Takes lots of chink, but I tell you, Clarkson, there's nothing like it. I say, old boy, come along with me up to my room. There's going to be a gang up there now and we're going to have a rattling time. Better come!"

"No, I guess not, I've some work to do and —"

"Oh, hang your work! Let the grinds and digs do that. Gentlemen don't do that sort of thing!"

Clarkson thought a moment of the long lesson ahead, of the weary, restless day just finished, of the prize he didn't win, and then replied:

"All right, Billy, I'm with you?" So saying, the two passed down the stairs and out to the street. Once again the Devil had won the toss-up.

Up in Tom Clarkson's room in a hidden corner there lay a little leather covered book in which was the story of how the Devil had once, twenty centuries before, tempted a certain Galilean teacher and how he had failed. But Tom was not such a one as the Galilean had been, neither had he his spirit. Under the guidance of his friend Billy, he witnessed that night some of the dark, black scenes of college life, scenes in which the fair, fine appearing coat of surface morality gets turned about and the

seams show. At such times the Gentleman Sport is always in his element.

On into the night the fun leaped higher and higher; the cries rang louder and louder, and then, little by little, grew faint and died away. Towards sunrise Tom came home, but it was not the same Tom who had gone out with Billy the night before. This creature with his bleary eyes, towsled hair, and brutish look is a very different person. He has learned many things since then, things which some time he will wish to pluck out of his mind; but they will remain always, always, even into eternity The black stain will not rub out!

The poor fellow tumbled down upon the window couch and buried his head in the cushions. Half senseless, he still remembered where he had been and what he was now. He raised his head and looked about. Through the gray gloom his mother's picture looked down upon him, softly, sadly, with the great tenderness of some Madonna. Stung to the quick, he hid his face again. The dry sobs shook the pillows, and the tears fell unchecked. By and by he dropped asleep, and when the sun rose it fell full upon him as he lay there covered with dirt and filth, the latest sacrifice before the altar of Sensuality.

. . . . . .

It is the evening of the next day. Tom is seated in the window couch once more, but his face looks haggard and pale. In his hand he holds a yellow piece of paper which seems to agitate him strangely, for he looks solemnly across the room and does not move. He sits thus, gazing at that bit of paper with white, still face and staring eyes. Then he rises and lights the lamp, but his hand is all of a tremble, and when he sits down again he takes in his hand the yellow bit of paper.

Now there comes a hurried knock, and Billy rushes in. He has been running. The perspiration streams over his face in greasy rivulets, his hair is matted over his brow, and his clothing disarranged. Panting he sinks into a chair, and after a few wheezy efforts to regain his breath, not noting in his excitement the peculiar way in which Tom is regarding him, bursts out:

"I say, Clarkson, we are in the deuce of a fix! Blamed if the Faculty

haven't broken into my room and caught the whole gang of us. We wern't expecting them and everything was going full tilt. Lem Smith was just raking in the biggest pile you ever saw when the door split open and the whole Faculty popped in. I was nearest the window and I dropped out quicker than greased lightning and ran up here as fast as I could. Phew, I'm nearly dead!"

A few more labored attempts to regain his breath, and then he continued:

"Now, Clarkson, I'll tell you what's got to be done. If the Faculty find out that I was in the fracas they'll fire me to-night. But I don't believe they noticed me, and to make it doubly sure I want you to tell them that I was with you all evening."

"What?" said Tom.

"Why, hang it, don't you see? You must pull the wool over their eyes and tell them that we were together all the time the raid lasted. Then you see, I'll — "

"You mean" said Tom slowly, "that you want me to tell a lie to shield you!"

"Why, yes, I suppose that's what you call it."

"Well, then, I won't do it!"

"Won't do it?" yelled Billy. "Why, you've got to do it — why, my remaining in the school depends on it. Why — "

"I said I wouldn't do it, didn't I? I mean it! You'll have to get some other man to do your nasty work, Billy. A man ought to be able to stand his own racket and not try to sneak out by getting other fellows to lie for him!"

Billy was thunder-struck. He had miscalculated his man altogether. Clarkson had, for some unknown reason, been seized with a sudden aversion to lying, — plain, ordinary lying.

"Well, Clarkson, since you are too — too — pious to help a friend when he's in a hole, I'll leave. I guess I can find enough men who will do what I want them to! Little Powers, for instance."

Billy turned to go, but Clarkson stopped him and asked:

"What do you mean by mentioning Power's name. You know he is

an inoffensive, pious, little chap who wouldn't lie to save his own neck, much less to save yours!"

"Huh," said Billy, "I'll fix him. I'll give him a little pointed advice and then he'll do what I tell him."

"Do you mean you'll force the youngster?"

"Force him? Of course, I'll force him, the little monkey!"

Clarkson's face was white with passion, as he replied in a slow but tense voice, "Do you know what you are? You are the most damnable sneak in this place! Yes, you are," he added, as the Sport made a blind dash at him, "and you know it. You also know what you'll get if you come near me!"

The Sport's anger cooled instantly. He valued his skin too highly to risk an encounter with Tom at such a time, and so merely said:

"What the devil's the matter with you, Clarkson? When did you get this goody, goody streak? Have you turned saint, and are you going to leave your friends, the sinners?"

Tom flushed, but without a word handed him the yellow piece of paper. It was a telegram and read, "Your mother died last night. Come at once."

For a moment the Gentleman Sport looked at it stupidly, then summoning all his courage, sneered out, "O, ho, Sir Saint, you've been scared into your goodness because you're afraid you can't get to Heaven where your mother is, the way you are, O, ho, you're a nice man, you are!"

At this speech Tom sprang in front of his companion, and there the two stood, looking each other full in the face. The Sport's bulging eyes leered mockingly at Clarkson, whose face had now lost every vestige of color. For a moment they glared at each other thus, then Tom motioned stiffly toward the door, and said in a painfully low tone, "I never allow a man to insult me in my own room! Before I kick you out, which I shall do, if you don't go yourself, I don't mind telling you why I break with you. My mother's death — " Here his voice trembled, but after a moment's pause he went on, "My mother's death came as a great shock to me. She was the sweetest woman I ever knew. As I sat there thinking of her dear, sweet face, which I shall — never — see a — " A second pause.

Then he went on, "As I sat there you came in with your scheme of my lying to cover up your dirty work. I didn't quite fancy it. Then you proposed trying your game on Baby Powers! Well, I'm a good deal of a boy yet, but I'll be hanged if I'll stand by and see a little chap bullied by a big fellow like you. Say, Billy, don't you think you'll have to go now?"

The Gentleman Sport didn't bluster any more. He simply looked in Clarkson's eyes a moment and then withdrew, quietly closing the door behind him.

Tom sank into a chair. He was wholly overcome by the whirl of events which had just taken place. With a sudden pang, he remembers his mother. He throws himself on the chair underneath her picture. All is still, save for the boy's dry, convulsive sobs. Down from that picture beams the sweet face he knew so well, those lips parted in the well-remembered smile, her eyes glancing forth those depths of love such as only a mother's heart can know. Yet, a vague shadow of unrest seems to flit across the portrait. From out the unknown Beyond there comes a mysterious feeling which fills those clear eyes with pity and concern for the sobbing human child of earth. To-night a soul is near the King in his Beauty, but the morning cometh when the night thoughts vanish.

Cornelius P. Kitchel.

Columbus.

THE years of disappointment, doubt, and pain,
With oft-recurring lack of daily bread,
The proud disdain of faithless crownèd head
And slow wrought toil of reaching royal ear
Are ended now, and scorning doubt or fear
He turns, with rising hope, a world to gain!

A cloudless August morn in sunny Spain;
Three fragile ships alone at anchor ride,
Three score ill-chosen men their course to guide,
One dauntless heart their way and wills to lead,
A soul-breathed prayer to God to bless the deed,
And forth they sail into an unknown main.

That agony of waiting, who can sound?
The mutiny of sailors, racked by fear,
And nights of ominous silence, dark and drear,
Till e'en the compass needle shook with dread;
But, when all hopes of life and home were fled,
Forth pealed the shout of joy, "The land is found!"

Then, half a prophet, half a weak-souled man,
Columbus knelt upon the New World's sand
To dedicate to God and fatherland
This world unknown; to confidently dream
Of growing empire, treasure's golden gleam
And unknown nations whom his power should span.

Yet his half-knowledge could not all foresee
How this new world, in Time's great forward round,
Should be the seed-plot and the favored ground
Of new-born life; and through advancing years
The onward march, outwrought with toil and tears,
Should bring to humankind new destiny.

And where erstwhile the foot of man has stood
And lingered long in bond of sloth and fear,
In ignorance of life and treasure near,
In maze of superstition limnèd round,
There come the breath of life, and new-born sound
Of forward tread, to freedom, faith, and God.

George H. McClellan.

Letter from Abbot.

A YEAR ago we awaited with interest the first number of the Phillips Mirror, wondering whether the experiment of publishing a magazine every month instead of once a term, as formerly, would be a success, and whether the general tone of the new paper would prove the change to be a wise one. That the attempt has been successful we no longer doubt, and now, on the anniversary of its first appearance, we offer our heartiest congratulations. Twice a year we ourselves experience the trials which fall to the lot of the long-suffering editors, and when the publication at length appears, we draw a sigh of relief and await with fortitude the criticisms which our efforts call forth.

A school magazine, even though it may fall below the standard of literary merit, is certainly a stimulus to careful thought and clear expression on the part of its contributors, while the notes of school-life keep the graduates in touch with the present interests of the institution. It is often difficult for those who are now here to realize the strong bond of sympathy which attaches old scholars, not only to their respective schools, but to the town itself. Though "proximate education" has its drawbacks, it may be this very element that gives such a charm to student life here. At all events, it has been proved that the fact of having studied at Andover is a tie of fellowship which causes Abbot girls, Theologues, and Phillipians to shake hands the world over.

The Hall.

THOUGH my memory is very well described by the old saying that it is "the thing you forget with," I shall never cease to recollect my first impressions of the Hall. It was the morning after I had seen Andover's dingy station for the first time and had found my way to my room after various wanderings. My landlady had welcomed me heartily. My landlady — I will not describe her virtues from fear of hard feeling, and as to her defects, I like my room too well. But occasionally I have the satisfaction of talking her over with my room-mate when one of us finds five demerits on his list. These are times when there would be havoc played in her scanty stock of conceit if she should chance to be eavesdropping. As to my room-mate I will say little from fear of fulfilling the saying about faint praise. But this much can I say for him, that he is not one of those musical fellows who is always piercing the air with so-called singing — an art in which none can equal our landlady — or when not thus torturing us, is always thrumming on a banjo, or worse still, squeaking a flute. The flute, how I shudder at the word. It comes to me in my hours of temptation as a reminder of the life to come.

It is with some trepidation that I state this virtue of my room-mate. I'm afraid I will be the object of envy to many a tormented soul. And by the way, I believe I said something about my room. Well, there's no such thing in existence. The one I pay for is the only room in the house that I fear to enter without knocking. And then, it's the only one where I have no influence.

On the memorable morning that I speak of I had thought that my various wanderings of the evening before had been sufficient to impress upon my mind the location of the Academy. So I refused the kind offer my landlady made to give me directions, and with a haughty carriage and independent air, desirous of appearing an old hand, I followed the course so often pursued by newly married couples who betray their relationship by their anxiety to conceal it, and would soon have reached Ballard Vale, if —. But the feelings of mortifications are still intense. Let the past be

past. Enough for the day is the evil thereof, and I have a Greek lesson to plug out to-night.

I think I could well imagine the feelings of a Gulliver upon discovering himself in some new world, picturing his emotions from those I felt when for the first time I entered the Hall. A new world of pleasure and pain (i. e., of boys and teachers, of rushes and flunks) was opened before my wondering eyes. The arches of the roof, the banners of former classes, the pictures on the wall — fool that I was I hoped that mine would be there some day — the clock with the motto that says, translated into good idiomatic English, "They are lost and their absence is attributed," — to whom is not stated, but evidently "to the Fire Department," or some such phrase is to be supplied; and above all the five figures on the platform with the busts and image of my head — the Faculty, at least, think my head as thick and unimpressionable as that ballista ball — these all filled me with a feeling of awe that has not yet disappeared.

How many different scenes those pictures have looked upon. For years upon years they have seen boys wearing sweaters — an article of apparel invented for late sleepers — pour in to morning prayers for a minute after the bell had stopped ringing and the teacher had been opposing his single strength on the inside of the door, against their united efforts. All sorts of boys were there, but they all had one characteristic in common. In fact, Andover boys are everywhere known as such by their long hair. How often had old Horatio Hackett seen these same boys take their last look, sometimes their first, at the lesson, during the devotions. How often had he seen them singing enthusiastically out of the inspiring pages of a Geometry or Greek book. — I don't know whether this last statement is correct or not; the fellows in that part of the room don't take these studies. But, yes, I was all right at first, as some of the Seniors will tell you.—And sometimes, after the exercise was over, the school has remained seated. As Dr. Hackett told his co-founders of the society which has for its object the improvement of its members in parliamentary law, (I use his words) "Somebody up among the Seniors rose and seemed to be saying something about the object of the meeting. Another boy rose and worked his lips for a few moments. Another followed him in

the same manner. Soon the whole body raised their right hands. [It's always the same.] Then in a little while they all went out. And the only words I or anyone near me heard were those in which the boy who rose first asked if there was any farther business, and some one way in the back part of the room said softly, 'No, but there's some other.'" I fear this joke of the venerable Dr. Hackett will have to be read aloud to be appreciated. He must be pardoned for the pun, as you will agree when you consider the tortures he sometimes undergoes.

In the first place the Glee Club rehearses there (may my picture never hang in that room!) Then, during the spring a solitary individual often strays into the room, and from the platform pours forth a torrent of sounds that make Rev. Dr. Horatio B. Hackett wish he had never founded Philo. Why even the "Grand Old Man" has been known to scowl deeply and to express the wish that he might leave Home Rule and exert a little exemplary foreign influence.

But there are many more pleasant scenes that these walls enclose. Twice a year the room is filled with gay visitors, all anxious for the afternoon and the game. And as the members of the team enter the room they are greeted with applause that shakes the windows worse than the winds of "lamb-like April." And then in June comes a gay but sad moment when many who have grown to love the Hall as an old friend will leave its shade forever, and the door are closed and locked until the same old routine begins again in the Fall.

The Newspaper as an Element in Politics.

THE history of the growth of the newspaper, which has resulted in our modern journals, is one of exceptional interest. The story of its development, first from the coffee-houses of the sixteenth century, then from the small unpartisan paper of the reign of Charles the First, and its final leap to popularity in the mighty political organ of to-day, marks but the advancing power of public opinion. As individual authority decreased, just so the newspaper acquired increased freedom, influence, and patronage.

In or about the year 1762 there appeared in the London Advertizer a series of political letters on the questions of the day, written by an educated person who signed himself "Junius." These letters, which exerted a great influence over the people, attacked the administration in the most bitter terms, and by exposing many secrets of the state showed that their author was one familiar with the doings of the court. The government, in their alarm, prosecuted the editors of the journal which dared to publish such information. No effort was spared to discover their author, to punish him for his audacity, but without success. Such was the freedom of the press in the days of Charles the First. What contrast could be more marked than the privileges of our journals to-day compared with those just cited.

As time went on, democratic principles began to infuse themselves through the people, and, with the growth of freedom, the newspaper began to express more fearlessly its opinion on political questions, until now it has reached the very pinnacle of power and influence.

A democratic form of government is the principle of a government by the people. With the principle of government by the people comes a great freedom of speech. The one is essential to the other. The two are inseparable. So it is that now, in the nineteenth century, we find our journalist controlling a sovereign power, and one of the doctrines cherished most dearly by the American people is the freedom of the press.

With this power it can not but follow that a great political influence is wielded by our journalists.

The government of to-day is one of majority. All other principles have been thrown under as relics of monarchism. The motto of the time is "Of the people, by the people, for the people." In every quarter of the globe democracy is swiftly extending her sway, and we, the stronghold of popular government, stand firmy upon a rock of public opinion, which our newspapers, mouthpieces of the masses as they are, daily proclaim.

As a political organ our American newspapers have a field practically unbounded, for it is the only medium through which the people are made acquainted with the political movements of the time. The greater part of our citizens are men whose whole attention is engrossed in their life-work, and whose only reading is their daily newspapers. These are the men who elect our governors and magistrates, and although a naturally intelligent class, they do not possess the time nor taste for politics, the knowledge of which is necessary to every American voter.

At every election there is some great political question in the balance: The knowledge of these problems is as difficult to master as that of anatomy, and needs a special study that only a man of leisure can give. Who, then, are to educate our voters in the intricate problems of tariff-reform, free-trade, and the like? Who are to study these problems and give the results of their research to enlighten our voters?

Perhaps some one will tell me that the American voter goes to the polls without an intelligent idea of these questions. It is false. A graver mistake could not be made. There are many who, we must acknowledge, are unfit to be called citizens, and yet cast their ballot at the bid of their "ward bosses"; but the majority of the citizens of the United States are well informed upon these subjects, and for their teachers look to that intelligent class of men, our modern journalists, and to the American newspaper, the greatest political educator of the nineteenth century.

The American press also stands in the fore as a reformer of political abuses. There is nothing which is so much feared by dishonest men making political deals, which steal thousands upon thousands of the people's money, as an exposure by the press. Many a fraud has been

brought to light through the efforts of our journals and thwarted before its base end could be accomplished.

The power to serve one's country which is in the hands of every American journalist is unlimited. He has at his command methods of reaching the masses which are only to be gained through a connection with the press. The editors and journalists of our newspapers are, as a rule, men of education and ability, and honest to their convictions, who labor for the advancement of the causes they defend. This is the field that calls for the very best thought and ability that our country can produce. It is a profession that is crying for the best efforts of every noble young man who would help his fellows, and educate them in the very best and broadest views on every problem that may arise in our political history.

S. L. Fuller.

Love's Penalty.

THE strange, sweet joy of happiness in thee,
The conscious love, poured forth, and all repaid,
The very presence of a love obeyed,
Give to my soul a passion high and free,
A thrill of deeper life, an ecstacy
Unbounded by the fear of light or shade,
Till anguish bring Cimmerian thoughts arrayed
Of future day with life apart from thee.

Nor present love, nor e'en thy selfhood near
Can keener flame, than spirit loneliness
Would burn, should e'er, — with swiftest pain, alone,
With heart-born longings, exquisite and drear,
In other worlds, without thy soul to bless
My needful life, — I wake to find thee gone!

Olean.

"Mees Mollie."

IT happened in a college study, or rather, in the study of a fellow who was preparing for college. Now this fact alone makes it interesting, but it becomes still more so because the affair ended rather oddly. Miss H—— had come to Trenton to visit her cousin Harry Lent, who was at the Highbroke Academy preparing for college. They were great friends, so that the time was passing very pleasantly in Lent's study, about three o'clock on the afternoon of a March day. Lent had told us, Tib and myself, the day before that he expected a cousin on the morrow and would like to see us in the afternoon at his room. So we two determined to take a "cut" on that afternoon.

As agreed, we came at three to meet her. She was a fine-looking girl of about nineteen and made friends of us immediately, with her laughing eyes and frank manner. The broad New York accent never sounded so pleasing before. I remember her telling how she was obliged to walk from the station. "The carriages were quite full of men when I arrived," she said, "but what do you think one of them did? Indeed, he stepped out and offered me his seat. But I couldn't ride in a carriage full of men, could I?"

The cousins loved each other in a true cousinly way, and when Miss Mollie seated herself on the large window seat it was no wonder that Lent joined her soon. I longed to, but did not. They began to joke with each other and I turned for a moment to Tib and asked him if our new-found Helen was not more attractive than the maiden at 107 Prospect. He admitted that she was. It was quite an admission, for Tib was accustomed to take his guitar twice a week to 107 Prospect and enjoy himself immensely. I firmly believe, also, that he took his guitar to other doors on the remaining five evenings of the week; but of this I am not sure. However, these conclusions were interrupted by laughing talk from the other side of the room and hearing the words, "I shall call you Pudgie all I wish to, Harry Lent." I turned and saw Miss Mollie defiantly facing her cousin. "All right," was Lent's reply, and I think he anticipated the out-

come with a great deal of mischievous pleasure. I stood watching the girl's dark handsome face:

"Won't you be my helpers?" she said, turning to us.

"Yes, yes," said I, and heard at the same time Tib's words, "Always, Miss Mollie." He took a step forward as though to aid her in the playful contest, and then, seizing a robe from the couch, rushed forward and wrapped it around Miss Mollie's gown, exclaiming, "The fire." Miss Mollie's face betrayed but little alarm, and we soon discovered that the edge of her skirt had caught fire from the blaze on the hearth when she had turned toward us a moment before.

"It is all right," she said. "The skirt isn't burnt much. Only, Harry, you oughtn't to tease me. Don't hold the robe any longer, Mr. Thomas. Let me help you fold it, and then we can sit down and talk; or I will play and you shall sing. Harry tells me you had a fine voice."

"I don't know about that, but I shall be glad to sing with you," said Tib with a radiant smile.

They went to the piano together, and while they sang Lent and I talked over the lecture on which we had taken notes the previous evening. After a long pause in the playing and singing I realized that the large room was very quiet, and looking toward the piano I saw Tib's happy but questioning face. Divining the cause of the silence, Lent passed into the other room and I quietly withdrew. Descending the dormitory stairs I heard voices, but no more.

I opened the door, and, realizing that it was fast growing dusk, strolled up College Street. As I was approaching the square of the town and passed under the light of a large electric lamp, I noticed a bright-eyed, dark-haired man looking intently at my vest. I had hardly time to think that it was rather a strange thing for a fellow as well-bred as he appeared to do, when a hand grasped my arm and a quick voice said, "I beg the pardon, but the pin and the all, I am sure." It was the man whom I had seen looking so intently at me.

"The pin and the all," I said in wonder. "What are you talking about?"

"Do not you understand? It is pin, the pin on the coat, and the

mark in the trousers and the all, the all. You are a college man, and I was one — but far away. It is gone."

He had now grasped my society pin, and I began to realize from his last sentences that he had learned that only a college man wore such a pin, and that, perhaps, he had been a student somewhere and was glad to find another student in a land strange to him, for I had noticed from his appearance that he was either a Russian or a Polander.

"You a student? Where?" I asked, with a little pity for him. "What is your name?"

"Pardon," he said, "for not it doing before. I am Casinir Podgoski, and am of the University at St. Petersburg; but do not say a word of it for the two lives of us." The last sentence, he had whispered in my ear, and now he looked around with anxiety on his face, the bright eyes which I had noticed before falling upon me with a searching gaze.

"What's the matter?" I asked with amazement, and, glad to find something interesting when I had nothing to do, I asked him to tell me about the things of which he had so strangely spoken.

"But it is safe not to say such things. I flee from the big tyrant in St. Petersburg. I am a Nihilist. You do understand? The gendarmerie across the waters have sharp ears and they would like me in dark holes. Come where there is not light and I will tell," he whispered excitedly.

As we passed out of the light I noticed what a fine-looking man he was. He turned his head and looked me in the face. I could see that he trusted me. He seemed rejoiced to find a student, for every student in Russia was his friend. There they had a common interest, and in fighting for freedom and light many were opposed to the Czar. We walked on into the darkness and, seated on a stone-wall, he told me of his trouble. (I could not persuade him that he was safe in America.)

"No one must hear," he said in his low, quick voice, "or they will send to Siberia, and that is bad — awful, horrible, you say. Oh my Maria! My Maria! where is she? She is dead — frozen — dead. Oh my Maria!" The man groaned in a piteous way, and then, standing erect, said fiercely, "Could I kill them! Could I get them in the fingers and I would choke the tyrants to dead! They took my Maria to the mine-land and I flee

from home, and they are bad, cruel, and we are not free. I will tell. I came from the Poland. I meant to be great and I worked hard all over. They did not love me for I was Pole, but my family was great, high, and I became an officer. I had went to Minussinsk and bye and bye my Maria came to Odessa. There was — you call it the dance, and I was to lead with my Maria. But they hated me, saw me, spied, and would let me not go. I had promised, and my Maria would not forgive. I got Tyrkoo to drive by night to the city. Tyrkoo went outside the wall and I went at night. We drove and drove and drove so fast. At a river one animal fell down, and I was lost, angry, wild. I crossed on top the weak ice with a little boat on top with me. So might I have a thing to go to if the ice break. It broke in the middle river I was washed, but I clung to the boat till it blew to the ice and I was nearly froze. But I got on the top, and cold, so cold, I walked along road to the city, and came in the middle night and went into dry officer clothes,— uniform,— and my Maria had waited, and I'd — danced — balled with her. I was so happy that night, but they took her to the mine-land and she is dead — frozen — dead. Took her away for calling me to Odessa! Should I not revenge? They sent me away from Minussinsk and I had to go to the Poland back.

"Three years ago I went into the University at St. Petersburg. The students were bold and brave, and loved freedom, and I was with them. One day I saw the Czar and his hate officers riding, and I swore to kill them all. Had they not killed my Maria? I waited chance and bye and bye I was with the brave Nihilists. There was meeting and on next day I must kill tyrant Strelmvor, the top of the gendarmerie, and I was glad. It was a corner with a big people about when he rode to visit the big tyrant Czar on his feast-day. I fired glad and hit him there (he touched me on the chest), and the people shouted, and I was helped and taken away by night and stopped in the dark places at day, till I came to the water. Then I was sick, so sick, on the boat."

"How did you get here?" I asked, in wonderment at the strange tale.

"Good Kolushny took me to his house, and I learned the English badly, and Kolushny made me know people, so kind and lovely — Mees

Mollie is best of all, and takes up my Maria for me. She is the best, oh so —" and he stopped as though he could think of no word.

"Mees Mollie," said I, with a little interest, "Who is she Podgoski?"

"Know you not Mees Mollie of Brooklyn, the handsome one who worked the German with me?"

"Studied German? No, I think not."

"Oh, but you must know her, for we love each other and so much. We will be married soon, and we will be very happy, for I love her so. She is my Maria to me."

I heard steps on the walk, which ran alongside the wall. Podgoski started, and looked around to see two persons opposite us. They were passing out of sight when I recognized the tall hat trimmed with red, which I had seen in Lent's room. As I called out "Lent! Miss Mollie," I thought I heard an exclamation and a scrambling near by me, and before I could reach the two figures, a form darted in front of me, and I saw my Polish friend holding Miss Mollie's hands tightly in his own.

"Mees Mollie!" "What! Casimir! Why, where did you come from?" I heard Miss Mollie's sweet voice and Podgoski's poor English confusedly. What could it mean? Were "Mees Mollie" and Miss Mollie the same? Was the handsome foreigner to marry his pupil in German, Miss Mollie H——? Could it be, I thought. I looked at the group. Lent was being introduced, although, of course, he was acquainted with all. My hopes for the tall, graceful girl vanished. I stepped back in the darkness, cilmbed over the wall, and walked toward Scott Hall, thinking it all over. It was possible. "Mees Mollie" and Miss Mollie were the same, then. The Polander had become known to the people through Kolushny. I had heard of him. He was the famous violinist. Yes. Undoubtedly Podgoski was able to teach German. He belonged to a "great, high" family, he had said, and he was handsome. No wonder they fell in love. He had followed her from Brooklyn, probably that he might be near her, faithful fellow. Well, it was all odd. And I — but why care? I had passed away the time and been amused.

I crossed another stone-wall and was in the road. As I walked up

the path to the dormitory door, thinking what strange things happen in this world, I met Tib. "Hullo, Tib! what luck?" I said.

"Luck? I don't believe in luck," growled he.

I saw that Tib had been unsuccessful and felt sorry for him. It was a pity that he would still be obliged to take his guitar to 107 Prospect on two evenings in the week and to other doors on the remaining five.

Harold P. Bale.

Approaching Night.

Dark lying in the golden west,
Methinks I see a range of mountains high,
That peak o'er peak rise to the dark blue sky
Above the glowing colors of the dying sun,
Who seemed e'en now to sink to rest
Upon the blazing pyre that marked his course as done.
I long those lofty heights to climb,
To reach yon point sublime
Where I may feast my yearning eyes,
Weary of earthly ills,
Upon the radiant, gleaming skies
That lie beyond those hills.

But lo! the dream has passed fore'er away,
The cloud-built hills have taken flight, —
They were too beautiful by far, to stay —
They vanish with the fading light,
The radiant skies give place to gloomy night.

Wendellow.

Editorials.

WITH this number of the Mirror we mark the anniversary of our first appearance. Early in the fall of '91 the subject of changing the old termly Mirror into a monthly was discussed by some members of Philo. This was in itself nothing uncommon, as many similar propositions had been made in previous years. But shortly before the Christmas vacation it became evident that there was more than the usual amount of interest in the subject. The efforts of those pushing the matter at last resulted in the selection of a board of editors by the school. Soon after, the May number was issued. Though some opposition was encountered at first, as is usually the case in such undertakings, the magazine began its career, on the whole, very successfully. It is now, with a year's growth behind it, well established as a school institution, is on a strong financial basis, and is recognized as one of the leading preparatory school magazines in the country.

This success has been attained as much through the hearty co-operation of the school as through the efforts of its editors. There has been far more interest taken in the magazine by the fellows than is the case in most schools. True, we have been severely criticised. For this we are in some degree thankful. Without criticism it is hard to improve. But criticisms may be harmful rather than helpful. Of course it is not to be expected that our contributions should be of the highest class. The productions of a school boy are not to be compared with the work done by writers for the great magazines. Our efforts, it should be remembered, are to be judged by the standards prevalent in schools of our own grade before they be set down as poor. The Mirror is compelled to fill its pages with the best that is contributed, and the object to be kept in mind is to improve the quality of this material. Our critics, therefore, should if possible point out the faults in our pages, rather than sweepingly condemn in a way more likely to discourage than to stimulate.

A just criticism often made on the college press is that it contains too much heavy work; deep subjects and shallow thinking. As has been often said, the college essay is usually a poor abstract of original articles by older thinkers. This kind of work, though seemingly difficult and consequently encouraged by many Lits., is really of less value than the lighter and more original pieces that are looked down upon by many aspiring writers. The great thing for a young author to strive for is the power of conveying his own thoughts and not someone else's. Re-hashes are valuable in that they give good training in the use of English. But they do not succeed in developing the thinking powers to any such extent as does original work. The field that can most profitably be developed by the student is that of sketches, descriptions, and stories that are not filled with harrowing incidents and a silly sentimentality falsely taken for sentiment and love.

The Mirror has not been troubled much by the shallow-heavy essay. But on the other hand, there has been a lack of the work we most desire. We need more original sketches of scenes and incidents that at first thought may seem trivial. To write such pieces gracefully is a difficult accomplishment, but worthy of attainment. It was especially for this style of work that the Mirage was included in our make-up. Contrary to our expectations, this department has not met with due success. It would seem that there would be hundreds of incidents connected with the school that could be described in an interesting and perhaps humorous way. While not wishing to divert attention from other branches of literary work, we desire to impress on our contributors the claims of this neglected but valuable department.

A. B. Emery, S. L. Fuller, A. J. McClure, H. P. Bale, and H. P. Sanders have been elected to the Contributing Board. All contributions for the June number must be given to one of the editors or left in the box in the Hall before Wednesday, May 17.

A Year's Review.

A LITTLE over a year ago the Philomathean Society voted to give over their termly publication, the Philo Mirror, to the school, to be conducted by it as a literary monthly. The school voted to accept the offer, and after formulating a constitution to govern the magazine, elected the first board of seven editors. The purpose of this change was to enlarge both the scope and amount of literary work in the school, and to improve its quality by the aid of a regular literary periodical, conducted by a continuous board of editors.

The newly elected board took up with much energy the task of constructing a new magazine, and to them credit is due for setting a standard, both in dress and contents, in keeping with the high reputation of the Academy in other lines of work. That this first board of editors was not lacking in literary and scholarly ability is evidenced by the fact that its members won the first and second Harvard English prizes, the second Greek prize, the Philomathean prize for original declamation, the first and second Means prizes, and the first Draper prize. It included, also, among its Senior members the class president, valedictorian, poet, and orator.

That the new magazine should stand in the front rank of preparatory school publications was reasonably expected, but that it has even surpassed that, and has been ranked with some of the best college publications, is a matter of pride to the entire school.

We have clipped from school and college exchanges some of the notices given of the Mirror, which serve to indicate its standing among these publications:

"The first number of the Phillips Andover Mirror has just been issued. The Mirror is a monthly magazine, modelled after the Harvard Monthly in its makeup, and well printed. The essays are excellent and the short stories are modelled better than most of those that appear in college periodicals. The departments are well edited and the title given to that of alumni notes, "Leaves from Phillips Ivy," is especially tasteful. We clip a part of one of the contributions of verse:"— *Williams Weekly.*

"Massachusetts is ably represented in our college exchanges by the Phillips Andover Mirror. There is nothing it reflects better than the excellency of itself."— *The Cento.*

"The Phillips Andover Mirror reaches us this week and charms us with its attractive appearance and interesting short stories. These latter seem to be a feature too often found lacking in our exchanges."— *The Unit.*

The above are taken from college periodicals, and we add a few of the notices given by preparatory school publications:

"The Mirror, from Phillips Andover, is one of the best of our exchanges, in fact almost an ideal paper for a preparatory school. We would be all the more surprised if a great school like Andover, with its hundreds of students, did not publish a journal of the first rank. It has forty pages of reading matter in double column. The whole make-up is neat and tasteful. The articles are all short and readable, though the editorials might be longer. The poetry is often out of the common run."— *The Fence.*

"It gives us great pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of the Mirror, from Phillips Andover Academy. This magazine of sixty-two pages is a model of typographical excellence and is one of the best preparatory school papers published. It will always be welcome on our table."— *The Crescent.*

We clip the following from our esteemed rival, the Exeter Lit.:

"The Andover Mirror is one of the best written magazines that we have read for this month."

In commenting on this subject editorially, and comparing their work in this line with their foot-ball victory, they add:

"We spend many hours in athletics to defeat Andover; why then should we not be willing to do the same in writing for a school publication which has a contemporary of the same class at Andover. If we can produce a magazine equal to, if not better than our friend, the Andover Mirror, would it not be just as much of a victory, and that, too, of intellect?"

In addition to the above we have had many personal words of praise from educated professional men of critical ability. Among these the princi-

pal of a neighboring preparatory school said: "Of all the things which cause us to look up to Andover as a great school, none reflect more credit upon the Academy and the student body than does her literary magazine, the Mirror."

These quotations are not made in a spirit of egotism, but to show to the school the position which the Mirror by their support has been able to make for itself in one year, and to enforce upon their minds the privilege and responsibility of maintaining this standard.

The editors are simply trustees of the school to supervise and forward this department of its work, and so long as they have its cordial support, as in the past year, the success of the Lit. is assured.

The Month.

THE annual concert of the Glee, Banjo, and Madolin Clubs was given in the Town Hall Thursday, March 23.

The second lecture of the course arranged by the Forum was delivered by Professor Palmer, March 24th. His subject was "Harvard College." This was followed, April 24th, by a talk on Yale by Prof. Reynolds of New Haven.

About a dozen fellows attended the bi-ennial dinner of the New York Alumni in New York, on March 30.

Fifteen men have been taken to the base-ball training table at Maj. Marland's.

At a school meeting held Wednesday morning, April 12, the following foot-ball managers were elected: O. M. Clark, '94; W. H. Gould, '94; and W. L. Thompson, '94.

The base-ball games played thus far resulted as follows ; April 1, at Cambridge, Harvard 'Varsity 12, Andover 0 ; April 12, Tufts College 1, Andover 3 ; April 19, Matthews of Lowell 1, Andover 10 ; April 22, Harvard Law School 6, Andover 8 ; April 25, Dartmouth 3, Andover 1 ; April 26, Amherst 11, Andover 14,

There are about twenty fellwos taking the cross-country runs preparatory to the "track meet" with Exeter.

A delegation of Yale men, consisting of Mr. Solomon, president of the Yale Y. M. C. A., Thos. Cochran, and T. F. Archbald, conducted the meeting of Inquiry Sunday evening, April 23. They outlined the religious work of Yale and the colleges in general.

At a recent school meeting a change in the Athletic management of the school was adopted. The chief feature of the new method is the centralization of responsibility upon a board of five members, consisting of a graduate treasurer and the heads of the Foot-ball, Tennis, Track Athletic, and Base-ball Associations.

The Seniors have chosen the following Class-day Committee: Executive, H. B. Winters, R. C. Gilmore, E. S. Sawyer ; Financial, A. R. Brubacher, J. P. Sawyer, F. Boardman ; W. T. B. Williams, M. E. Stone, C. P. Kitchel ; Decorations, R. M. Crosby, J. L. Wentz, F. W. Howard Music, T. F. Russell, G. W. Gilbert, C. E. Thomas.

April 21 was the 115th anniversary of the founding of Phillips. Dr. Bancroft, in announcing the fact in chapel, spoke of the wonderful growth of the school.

April 22, Prof. Graves exhibited to the Natural History Society the method of proving the existence of radiant matter by means of Crook's tubes.

It is announced that the valedictory has been abolished.

Clippings.

WHEN PROM. WEEK COMES.

When Prom. week comes the "college man"
Straight spurns his books, neglects to scan
His Latin verse — makes sacrifice
Instead, before his lady's eyes,
And waves (and breaks) his lady's fan.

Madge, Mabel, Helen, Maud or Nan —
First seen perchance, when summer's tan
Just tinged her cheek — he'll canonize,
When Prom. week comes.

But when at last the conquering clan
Of beauty goes, he'll sadly scan
His empty purse, and off he hies
To books and lectures. "Stands" will rise
And spirits fall; but still he'll plan
"When Prom. week comes."

Yale Courant.

A PHYSIOLOGICAL DISCUSSION.

We talked one day in the summer season
About the muscles of man and maid,
She exclaimed, "I think it's all out of reason
That your arm is rounder than mine, as you said."

As half an hour later, she looked down
Apparently to reflect and to ponder,
For in a moment, she said with a frown
That my arm was certainly round her.

Brunonian.

PROVOKING.

As to the chapel my way I trace,
There meets me daily a maiden's face.
From beneath a crown of golden hair,
There sparkle her eyes, a laughing pair,
And her rosy lips have a saucy pout
That puts my senses at once to rout;
Yet to meet the maid I cannot hope,
For she's only an ad. of somebody's soap.

Yale Record.

GREATNESS MADE EASY.

Heads of great men all remind us,
If we choose the proper way,
We can get up in the morning
With a head as big as they.

Spectator.

A REVERIE.

Once I saw upon the street
A man of princely mien,
Thought I, "It is a Senior;
I will myself demean."

As he approached I noticed
He had a cane — quite swell.
Thought I, "It is a Junior
Out for a stroll — 'tis well."

Then he commenced to swing his cane
Around his little finger,
Thought I, "It is a Sophmore;
I will no longer linger."

Just as we came together
With a clash his cane did fall.
And I muttered with impatience,
"'Tis a Freshman after all." *Tech.*

Mirage.

WHICH ONE?

As I sit by my fire and slowly draw away at my pipe and see the red flames go shooting up the chimney, numberless pictures appear and disappear, Now I see a wide plain, green as the heart of an emerald, stretching away in the distance, and beyond the plain the trees of a forest sway their branches in the breeze reflecting red from the smooth surface of their leaves.

Here, I see two figures standing apart. One is clothed in a garment black as the night, but from this dark veil looks a face beautiful as a marble image. The large soft eyes seem heavy with sorrow, but the beautiful mouth is set in an expression of firm command. One beautiful, white hand holds back the veil, and the lines of that hand against the darkness of the night bespeak great strength. Around her superb neck a diadem of jewels rests and the bright hazel eyes seem to search the forest unceasingly.

Poised on one foot, the other figure, smaller, and delicate as a rose-leaf, seems to float in the air. A white veil which glows and burns like an opal is thrown around her. Roses are in her hair and drop their fragrant petals at her feet. Her eyes are as cold and blue as a northern sky. Her lips seem to curve in an alluring smile which seemed to say "Come with me." She too looks towards the forest. At last a maiden creeps from the shadow of the trees; she turns her head from side to side, like a hunted deer. She gazes from one to the other. Both hold out their hands and advance to meet her. One whispers, Duty, and the other, Pleasure.

The fire is burning low and my pipe is nearly out. I make a few vigorous pulls and the picture looms up for a moment; but my pipe is out and the picture has faded from my sight.

A. J. M.

MY SWEETHEART.

Her rig is trim, her form is prim;
She is a saucy creature.
They say she's fast because she's slim,
It may be but a passing whim,
For she is deep—a charming feature.

You should have seen her at the bay.
Ye Gods! she was a lovely sight!
Decked out in canvas — that's the way
She won the admiral's cup that day,
My beauteous yacht, "The Kite."

H. P. S.

GEOMETRY.

Geometry! a sound terrible and wonderful. Oh you poor mutilated polygons! You queer, crazy circles! Now your mathematical faces stare down

from the black-board. Oh, you are not artistic. Now a countenance like a harvest moon! Now a sour grape visage. Caricatures of what you should be, formed by the awkwardness of your maker. The urchin who does not love you, fears you. What misery he endures for your sake! To him you are awe-inspiring and dreadful. For you, briny tears course down his cheeks.

Now you arise in ghost-like array to haunt his dreams! How you come leading on your marshalled forces in battle array. O, straight lines! Then, you silly, crazy angles! Right, acute, obtuse and straight. Vortex pointing east and west, and north and south. Polygons advancing, rolling and tumbling. Parallelograms and circles, all in grand confusion, bouncing and dancing and rolling. There are myriads of you! Triangles and segments surround the poor, defenceless dreamer! Avenge your much-abused black-board photographs! Overwhelm him and let him die.

A. J. M.

He stood on the platform of the gallows, tall, erect; his fine athletic figure outlined against the dark background. His well-formed, regular features; his fearless, piercing eye; his firm mouth, disclosed a highly cultivated character and a dauntless courage; but the hard lines about the eyes and compressed lips showed obstinacy and cruelty, and crafty and subtle cunning was pictured in that powerful face. None had known the blackness of this man's deeds, but the law had at last taken him, he who had rather used the devil than served him, since his youth.

Did he repent? Never! He feared nothing, not even death. A moment he stands there. The black veil is thrown over his face; the noose adjusted; the signal is given and — the drop falls. With a jerk the rope tightens around his neck. An instant of terrible agony rends his body. It passes off and a new and strange sensation creeps over him and the unseen arms pull him down — down, into the inky blackness; it is all over.

Above him in the far off distance a star twinkles, and its pure white light penetrates the darkness and just touches the criminal's brow. In the soft light he seems to see his dear home and himself a little boy again playing at his mother's knee. She opens her arms to him and her pleading face is turned towards his.

He hesitates a moment and the light grows stronger, and he feels the unseen forever weaken and slip from him. But he turns quickly away from the light, and again the arms eagerly close around his body and pull him down.

The darkness changes into a ruddy glare that grows stronger and stronger. It dazzles him. He sees a billowy sea of flames roaring and hissing beneath him. The tongues of fire shoot up and kiss his cheek; yet, he feels no

pain. And the flames open their arms and draw him in, and he lets himself sink into their embrace, and they envelope him and lull him to sleep. The roar grows softer, and sounds as if from afar off, and he forgets all. And it is Hell. *A. B. E.*

"Some fifteen years ago," said the New Havener whom I was visiting during the last vacation, "before East Rock had been made a park, I had an experience there that I shall not soon forget. Some friends of mine who were taking a walking trip through southern Connecticut, spent a few days with me. As they were anxious to see all the places of interest, we determined to climb the Rock one afternoon. There was a dark cloud near the horizon when we started, but of this we took little account. The climb was a hard one in those days; the present fine roads not then being in existence. When we were near the top, the storm which had been threatening broke upon us. Catching sight, through the trees, of what seemed to be a small hut, we made for it in search of shelter. Upon approaching nearer we found that our supposed hut was the cabin of a queer-looking boat that was about forty feet long. Our astonishment at seeing this bark in such a situation was increased by a look at the words "Noah's Ark" painted in red letters on the bow. Curiosity and the rain induced us to go into the cabin. Through the leaky roof streams of rain poured onto an old umbrella, under which lay an aged negro, fast asleep.

"While we were gazing at him in amazement, he opened his eyes and stared at us with a yearning, then radiant expression. Suddenly he jumped up, threw himself at our feet, and began to pour forth an incoherent torrent of words. At last he made it appear that he thought us angels, who had come to save him from the flood. When we had with difficulty explained that we were but common men, his spirits fell. But he tried to persuade us to stay with him, and avoid the destruction of the human race. This we were glad to do for a time, but when the sun again came out we wished to perform the duties of the dove. He prayed us to stay. But when we insisted, and he found that we were as depraved as other mortals, he seized a rifle and ordered us off. Evidently his efforts to escape a worldly calamity were caused by his faint hope of heaven. At any rate our desire to leave this world was not strong enough to keep us from obeying."

You have broken my heart,
I'll forgive you for that,
Ah! bitter the smart,
You have broken my heart.
But — excuse me, don't start,
You now sit on my hat;
You have broken my heart,
I'll forgive you for that.

Williams Weekly.

Leaves from Phillips Ivy.

As we wish to make this department as interesting as possible to both alumni and students, any information concerning the recent actions of the sons of Phillips will be gladly received.

Prof. LaRoy L. Griffin, who was formerly Peabody Instructor in Phillips, has been appointed teacher of Natural Sciences and Psychology at Colby Academy, N.H.

'38.—An extended sketch, with portrait, is given in the April number of "The University Magazine" of Rev. Charles H. Hall, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D., of Brooklyn, N.Y.

'50.—Hon. Charles H. Seeds has recently been elected mayor of Stamford, Conn.

'61.—Rev. Dr. D. O. Mears has resigned his charge of the Piedmont Church in Worcester, to accept the pastorate of the Calvary Presbyterian Church in Cleveland, O.

'64.—Rev. Edward A. Lawrence, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Baltimore, has instituted a new meth- of Christian work in his church. He himself has left his own fine home, and gone to live in a tenement house, among the poor. He thus hopes to get into closer touch with the people who especially need his aid.

'79.—Prof. M. C. Gile, professor of Greek in Colorado College, has been appointed assistant principal of Cutter Academy, the preparatory school connected with Colorado College.

'79.—Dr. C. Bierwirth had an article in the March Harvard Monthly on "Gottfried Seume: A Poet among the Hessians."

'80.—Mr. George R. Blodgett was married, April 11, to Miss Katherine B. Burr of New York.

'85.—J. H. Mason is in the Real Estate Investment business at the Exchange Building, Boston.

'90.—A. E. Stearns, formerly one of Andover's noted ball players, and at present second base on the Amherst nine, will speak in competition for the Lester prizes in the Junior oratorical exhibition in that college.

'90, '92.—Thomas Cochran and T. F. Archbald were recently sent as a delegation from Yale to the Society of Inquiry. Archbald is one of the deacons of the Freshman class, as is also S. R. Hall, ex.-P.S. '93.

Books.

THE PHILLIPIAN: Fifteenth anniversary number.

The Phillipian editors, appreciating the dearth of literary work in the school, brought forth, after long travail and much flourish of announcement, the above named number.

No one, after reading its pages, can doubt that it is a mark in the literary progress of the Academy. Neither can he hesitate to say that it is a very poor kind of mark.

The retrospective poem is quite sufficient in its vagaries of rhyme and meter to make the average reader wish that in this number also the editors had followed their custom, "to drop *our verse*, your *news* to write," even if the news were served in the Phillipian's peculiarly stale and erratic manner. The hidden literary beauties of rhyming "school" with "moon," and "force" with "horse," are known only to that wonderful aggregation of literary critics — the Phillipian Board. Doubtless, the "press of force" always suggests to these scholarly literateurs the use of "horse." Most of the prose sketches are so nearly like this poem in quality that they form a very harmonious whole.

The custom of high school publications in printing a cut of the editorial group has been followed; but a noteworthy innovation is here made, in devoting an entire page to fac-simile reproductions of the editors' autographs. Doubtless, these will be carefully preserved and fondly cherished by every member of the school.

The "book" is very appropriately dedicated to the advertisers, and indicates, as well as admits, the reason for issuing this special number.

The drawings by R. M. Crosby, though few, are exceptionally fine, and are the one creditable feature of the number.

BIBLE STUDIES, by Henry Ward Beecher. New York: Fords, Howard, and Hurlbert.

The tenor and purpose of these studies is not so much an analysis of Bible chapters, as a suggestion of interpretation and method of Bible study. The vigorous logic of the chapter on "Inspiration" is interwoven with an aptness and strength of illustration that readily wins the reader to the common-sense view of the author.

Many of the works of Henry Ward Beecher are of special interest to young men, and this one is worthy the study of any school or college man who wishes to know something of the world's greatest book. *G. H. M.*

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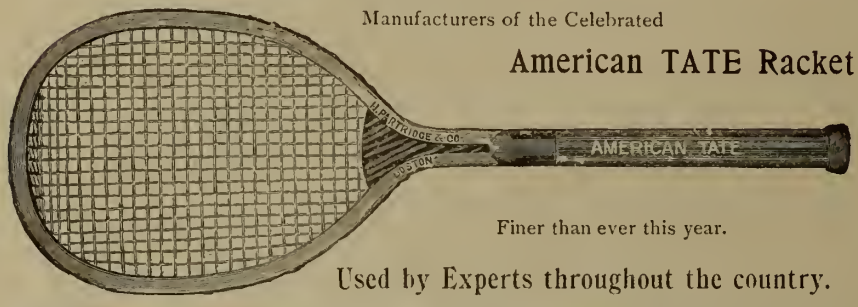
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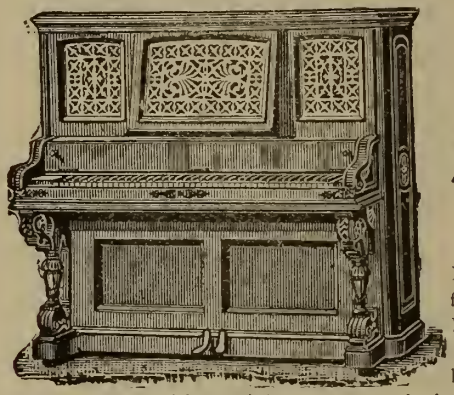
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One Generation Ago.

IN the fall of 1858 I went to Andover to join the Senior class in Phillips Academy. Never having attended any preparatory school away from home the life into which I was introduced made a very distinct impression on my memory, as it did on my whole nature. In recalling some of the features of that life while Dr. S. H. Taylor was in the prime of his manhood, and the old stone school building still was standing with Number Nine in it, the centre of its power, let me group my reminiscences, to avoid diffuseness, about three points, the foot-ball field, the debating society, and the recitation room.

The foot-ball field was the centre of activity in the autumnal evenings. Afternoon recitations lasted well along toward five o'clock, after which and a hasty supper, from Latin and English Commons, (still standing as then, less changed than most anything else) and the scattered boarding houses, little groups of the fellows eagerly wended their way across or around the Seminary grounds to the field back of the Seminary buildings. This field is somewhat level at first as it runs back, dotted here and there with boulders and ledges of protruding rock, with an old quarry or sand

hole bounding it on the East, but after a while dropping quite rapidly, till at the far end it was terminated by a public road slanting across it. Hardly a less promising place was foot-ball ever played on.

Once on the ground the two best players chose sides, by much experience wise to select the most skillful. Perhaps only twenty-five or thirty at first, but gradually augmenting and apportioned till seventy-five or a hundred or more on each side were facing each other. The side to which either gave the ball always went out to the far end of the middle field, faced back again toward the Seminary, and deputed one of their number to "raise" the ball; that is, kick it from a well selected place on the ground, high and far over toward the ranks of the opponents, ranged say two or three hundred feet before them. Happy was the side which had on it, to perform this function, the one who in this far excelled us all, of splendid physique and noble bearing, gifted in mind as in body, of whom his fellows said with admiration, "he could take any stand he pleased," genial and generous in spirit, expressly formed for a noble and successful career, what was the subtle weakness or defect of character which blasted all and led him through vice and crime to an early and ignoble death! But all that was hidden then. We followed him with pride as he went back say fifty feet to run and then always, just as he came to the ball, he stopped short, losing all his momentum. Then we looked at each other and laughed and said, "John always does that." But having stopped, like a pair of huge compasses, he swung back that mighty leg "with thews of Anakim" and with it smote the ball, and it would rise, just at the right angle and shoot out with the renewed impulse of a "home run" hit, far over above the opposite side,

Till e'en the banks of Tusculum
Could scarce forbear to cheer;

and so the game began.

Foot-ball then was *foot*-ball and not hand ball or arm ball, as chiefly now. It was not fair to catch or hold the ball and it was dead the moment it was held, as it also was if it went out of bounds on either side. Then it had to be "umpired," as the term was. The fellow who held the ball tossed it up straight as might be into the air, both sides crowded thick

about him "on side," ready to smite it with fist, or beat it down, or gain any advantage. Then mighty was the struggle. The heaviest and stoutest who nowadays would be the rush line, but fifty or sixty of them, leaped and pushed and struggled and struck toward the ball. Back of them the lighter and fleeter men, who would play half-back now, waited eagerly if the ball by chance were dashed near them, while still farther out, like a full-back, I see with the eye of memory the most elegant of valedictorians and most skillful of rushers watching if the ball came too far out to cunningly guide and rush it around the side and at the last perilous moment when the enemy had all but met him, give it a well-directed powerful kick toward the opposing goal. Such a foot-ball made to be kicked, was of course round, presenting a good honest diameter to the toe impelling, not oval and tricky to the kick as now.

So the tide of battle ebbed and flowed. Sometimes it seemed impossible to get the ball either way, so hotly was the ground contested. From side to side across the field the crowd of combatants swayed; over limits into the quarry went the ball here, or into the apple trees of a neighboring yard on the other side, only again and again to be brought back and umpired; but ahead toward either goal it would not go till after an hour's contest within a string little more than a hundred feet wide across the field, both parties were wearied nearly to exhaustion.

On another evening the ball would be instinct with life, as if of quicksilver. Kicked at first far over toward one goal, a happy and prompt return kick would send it back, when perchance some "peanut" (for playing off side was termed "peanutting" — why, I never knew) amid howls of execration, getting control of the ball and skillfully dodging and outrunning a score of adversaries at last would drive it over the enemies' limit — for goals, we had none, only a stone wall across one end and the other.

But autumn evenings are short. The sun has long set, the grass is wet with dew, and the ball scarcely visible any more, a bit of animated blackness in the darkness. Home to our rooms we went under the yellow elms growing leafless fast, eagerly discussing the points of the play, tingling with health and life, our brains clear and fresh to program the task of the morrow.

To a modern foot-ball player this may all seem unscientific and barbarous. Largely the game was undeveloped, to be sure, but the opposing sides were by no means mere mobs. The centre, the guards, the tacklers, the end men, and the backs were all there, only more of them and unnamed as yet, but doing their work respectively, in no mean way. Two advantages must be admitted over the present game. The attack then was on the ball and not as now upon the player so largely, and so the brutal element and the dangerous element were pretty much eliminated. And second, the whole school could play and have the pleasure and benefit of it. Now, it is twenty-two men who play, and the multitude look on; then it was the multitude that played and the twenty-two or less who looked on. Everything is highly differentiated and organized now in most every line. Glee clubs have captured and confined the singing which formerly of an evening made the campus melodious. The singing may be better now, but how about the singers, — the great multitude who used to love to join in in an humble way? Foot-ball is a greater game, perhaps, than it used to be, but how about the players, — those who ought to be playing, and can't now? We are more scientific than we used to be, but are we happier?

In the year before I went to Andover there had been an extraordinary interest in the meetings of the Philomathean Society, usually called "Philo" for convenience, and it had not died out. While the class of 1857 were Seniors the question had been proposed for debate, in substance thus: Ought a man ever to argue contrary to his own beliefs? In that class was Joseph Cook, who had developed at a very early age an extraordinary gift in public speaking, and at this time had very largely the manner and the power since displayed for so many years in his Monday Lectures, in Boston. He took the negative with great ardor. On the affirmative was very prominent, one of my own class, a man of much subtlety of thought and facility of speech, who has since attained prominence as a corporation lawyer, and practices in New York. The debate waxed hot. One night was not enough, so it continued the next Wednesday evening, and again the next. The whole school took sides, and urged on the contestants, or themselves joined in the fray. Perhaps there was

dogmatism on the one side and sophistry on the other; one need not wonder. The affirmative called their leading opponent Fulmineus Jupiter, though his name was down on the Catalogue as Flavius Josephus. He, on the contrary, elaborated a great argument against his adversaries, and attached thereto letters commendatory from Dr. Park and other notable men, and published all in a pamphlet called the Truth Teller. No such debate had ever been in Philo, and perhaps the like of it never has been since. The men of my day had been witnesses or participants in this great contest. In these debates the contestants were those who had been trained in the last year's great experience. I cannot remember that our debates were great, but they were good, and they were attended by the school en masse. Those days just before the war were full of debate, and the school shared abundantly in the spirit of the times.

But the recitation-room, Number Nine, and the hours we spent in it are the most memorable of all. There sat the master whose decided personality permeated and restricted the whole institution. In our sports and our debates we were never out from under its supervision, but in our recitations we came into immediate individual contact with it. Dr. Taylor could be tender and kind, as I found when the saddest experience of my youth befell me, but in general to us he was embodied authority, and his aim was to rule by inspiring awe. Under other conditions that round, benevolent countenance and portly figure might have displayed geniality or even jollity, but he set himself into severity and hardened his face and made his eyes cold and his voice a muffled roar that he might inspire fear, that we might walk properly and study faithfully. His very spectacles had an awe-inspiring gleam.

After morning prayers, which Dr. Taylor led, the Senior class went upstairs and across to the room on which was the number nine painted, a good-sized room extending clear across the front of the building, with walls colored a pea green. While Uncle Sam, for we called him nothing else except when we accosted him, was interviewing any offenders whom he might have requested to remain after prayers, we indulged in mild conversation, some of the more restless spirits even venturing sometimes to shin up the slender iron columns which supported the middle of the room,

but a portly tread heard advancing in the hall quieted us, and we were demurely in our seats when the Master had taken his chair behind his pulpit-like desk.

One week we recited in Greek all the time twice a day till Friday afternoon (which with the Saturday morning recitations was all we gave to mathematics), and the next week in Latin all the time, an arrangement which gave continuity to our efforts and worked well. Morning recitations extended from nine o'clock till well after eleven ; afternoon, from three o'clock till nearly half-past four. Once in his seat, Dr. Taylor would draw from his pocket a little box which contained small tablets, on each of which was inscribed the name of a pupil. Shuffling them only a little he drew one out and called the name. Up sprang the owner thereof and fell to reciting, and the three or four who knew their names had come next last time reckoned where their passage would come, and conned it diligently.

Grammar came first. "Do you want the exact words of the book, sir?" "Yes," would be the reply, "unless you can improve on them," which, as Dr. Taylor had himself translated the Kühner Grammer, we used to regard as a squelcher. Later on we began with Band's Manual. It begins, Hispania, *Spain*; Lusitania, *Portugal*; Gallia, *France and the west of Switzerland*; and so on the world over for many pages. When it came to Syria, with its Turkish modern names, it was a very serious matter. There was once a youth who had never failed before, becoming nervous, floundered and was about to sit down. "Go on," roared the Doctor at him, when incontinently he took up the list where he had dropped it, and rushed to the end.

Then came the Virgil or Homer or whatever it was to be translated. Perhaps the reciter stumbled in his passage. "Have you prepared this lesson?" "I have looked it over," the youth would say. "You mean to say you have overlooked it. Be seated." Or if the performer did well, he read along till the little lead pencil all electric with authority rapped on the desk, and "pause there" was heard. Uncle Sam had prepared a very fine translation of the whole text we went over, "had it down cold," as the modern expression is, and the exact translation he gave on advance

he demanded in review. How well I remember some of them. In the first book of the Iliad, line 193 he rendered: "While he was considering these things under the influence of reason and passion" (*κατὰ φρένα καὶ κατὰ θυμόν*). And in the Cataline of Sallust the passage, "idem velle atque idem nolle, ea demum firma amicitia" became "identity of desire and aversion, that is the only bond of friendship." From year to year these phrases were handed down and even greeted as veritable friends by each succeeding class. It was possible to make very brilliant recitations under these circumstances. Bright and faithful men could on review, at least, perform about as the master desired. I have never in all my experience in class-rooms heard individuals recite so finely as did some of our best scholars. Nor have I ever known so many men, good, bad, and indifferent, brought to so high an average of scholarship. When we went into Number Nine the principal thing was, to have got our lesson. The insistence of a mighty will was upon us. If we complied and did our duty, it was well; if we shirked, it was made unpleasant for us.

Dr. Taylor did not mark or grade us in scholarship. That whole matter of standing was in abeyance; but at the end of the Winter term, when advance work was largely done, each man made out a list of the class in the order in which he judged them to stand in scholarship, with his own name at the bottom, and handed it in to Dr. Taylor, and from those lists the final order of standing was made, subject always to any change which he thought just.

In the order I have followed in taking up my subjects, to this present age I may seem guilty of an anti-climax. Athletics have come to the front, apparently at any rate, with scholarship and oratory quite in the background. But it was not so then.

But let me not be a mere laudator temporis acti. The world, and the schools with it, have grown wiser and better in thirty-five years, — that I believe; but I do not believe that any Andover boy now finds better and truer friends than I found there in that former time, and prize now more even than then.

Cornelius L. Kitchel, P. A. '58.

Parliamentary Government in Japan.

ON November 29th, 1890, was opened the first session of the first parliament ever held in Asia. From the time of Jimmu Teno, who is said to have ruled in the seventh century, B. C., through an unbroken succession of twenty-five centuries, the government of Japan has been an absolute monarchy. Even up till within twenty years, those who desired a government more for the people were not only held in contempt, but were actually in danger of their lives. Since then a great movement has been going on, and the country is now ruled under a system as well conducted and on as firm a basis as that of many European nations. A change so radical and complete cannot be found in history. It is as though the dark middle ages were entirely blotted out of England's annals.

The causes of this change centre chiefly in the present emperor, Mutsuhito, whose reign is well termed that of the "Enlightened One." When in 1867 this ruler came to the throne, he made a vow that he would give his people constitutional, representative government. And that vow has been nobly kept.

After careful administration and thoughtful consideration of foreign systems of government, the country was ready for her constitution. By this constitution, promulgated in 1890, the Emperor's power is limited. guided and held in control by a Parliament, or Diet, as it is called. This body consists of two houses, the House of Peers, and the House of Representatives. The former includes the Imperial family, the nobility, and any whom the Emperor may appoint. The latter is purely representative, the members being elected from the several districts of the empire. These houses meet every year for a session of three months, opening and clos ing simultaneously, and without their approval no law can be passed. The constitution is very comprehensive and meets crying needs in many directions, notably in respect to the judicature, religion and the press.

A score of years ago, and even later, it was no uncommon occurrence for a man to be thrown into prison and kept there for years for some cause of which he was utterly ignorant. Under the new regime, no Japan-

ese citizen may be arrested, detained, or punished unless in strict accordance with the law. Neither may he be deprived of his right to be judged by the law.

The article, however, which perhaps is most closely connected with our interests, and which was hailed with the greatest rejoicing by the Christians throughout the empire is this: "Japanese subjects shall, within limits not prejudicial to peace and order, enjoy freedom of religious belief." The value of this article can not be estimated save when one remembers that crucifixion and extermination of one's family were formerly sure accompaniments to the embracing of Christianity.

The third of the most important provisions is that of sanctioning free speech, printing and publication. Immediately previous to this, any newspaper throwing the slightest slur or making the least criticism on any of the government's proceedings was promptly suppressed. Although in one instance a Tokyo paper which had been thus suppressed got rid of the difficulty by simply changing the title of the next issue, already set up; yet it was not always so simple a matter, and was, to say the least, a great inconvenience. Now the actions of the Diet, of the Cabinet, and of the Emperor himself lie fully open to censure and criticism of every kind.

As to the actual working of the Diet more promise than accomplishment has been done. The chief action has been in regard to finance. At the first session, the Budget (the government's estimate of the expenses of the current year) was taken in hand by the Liberal or Popular party, who proposed a reduction of ten million dollars (silver). By the Constitution the House has absolute control over a part of this Budget, about twenty million dollars, but cannot reduce the main part, in round numbers sixty millions, without the consent of the Cabinet. This body declared that it was impossible to comply with their demands, but the Liberals stuck to their point, and the result was a reduction of six and one-half millions, which, although a compromise, was yet a victory for the House.

At the recent session in February of this year, things reached even a greater crisis, and only the interference of the Emperor himself prevented a serious rupture. A proposition similar to the one just mentioned was made by the House, and as promptly refused by the Cabinet.

The House repeated its demands and adjourned for five days "to give the Cabinet time to make up its mind." The Cabinet, at the end of this time, again refused, and suspended the Diet for fifteen days. The House still made the same demands, and adjourned until the last day of the session. Then it was that the Emperor interfered, and calling both the Diet and his Cabinet together told them that they must not quarrel but must work together. To build the men-of-war (about which there had been much difference of opinion) he agreed to give one-tenth of his private allowance for six years, or three million a year, — and he requested all the high officials to do the same. With this advice another compromise was made and all was quiet when the Diet finally adjourned March 1st.

As to parties little can be said. The system of government is too new. The Liberals have been mentioned. Clan spirit tried to rule, but of course was unsuccessful. The House is mostly made up of groups. It is a fact worthy of notice, however, that among these groups the government has none that ventures to stand forth as its pledged supporter.

The gains of parliamentary government in Japan may be briefly summed up as follows: The Diet has asserted its right to control the making of laws; it has done away with arbitrary legislation; it has shown that it can and will examine into any of the government's proceedings which it please; and it has insisted upon a large reduction in the Budget, and so brought about the dismissal of many useless officials. But greatest and best of all it has demonstrated the fact that the majority of its members can conduct themselves as becomes true Japanese and the representatives of a nation. *Donald Gordon.*

The Freshman's Ghost.

WE, the guests, were sitting around the open fire-place, amusing each other by telling the most uncanny ghost stories we could invent. To render the tales more spectral, the light had been turned low and the soft shadows cast by the blazing pine logs flitted across the faces of the merry company and magnified their forms into weird and contorted images on the walls of the richly furnished room.

And now the attention of all was turned to the handsome fellow over there, with those magnetic dark grey eyes, who related to us, in a dreamy voice, the following strange tale:

Jack was a Freshman at Portsmouth College. He was a nervous fellow who spent much of his time in reading exciting novels. He roomed in the North Wing, his den being at the head of the winding stairs on the third floor. The room at the foot of these stairs was occupied by Harry Craige, a Sophomore. Although in different classes, these fellows soon became well acquainted.

One evening quite a number of Sophomores were assembled in Harry's room, laughing and joking, and laying plans for a night's sport.

"Where's a Freshy, fellows?" said one. "There's Jack up-stairs; he would be just the fellow."

At this moment a knock was heard at the door and who should enter but poor Jack who came to borrow a book his friend had promised him. Seeing who the company were, he attempted to withdraw, when the fellows caught him, pulled him down into a chair, and insisted on his staying. Although Jack heartily wished he were safe again in his cosy room, he resigned himself to his fate, seeing no other way, and was soon an active member of the merry company.

"By the way, Jack," said a great, burly Sophomore, strong as an ox, whom the fellows called "Samson," "did you know your room is, or was, haunted?"

He had drawn his chair up in front of Jack's, and sat down opposite

him. Laying his hand heavily on the Freshman's knees he looked fixedly into his eyes. The others gathered around the pair.

Jack turned away from the steady gaze of the Sophomore, and answered with a forced laugh, "No, I hadn't heard of it."

"Indeed! then for your benefit I think I must give you the history of your room." And he related to him the curious story of a poor fellow who, many years ago, was found one morning in that very room in high delirium. And yet, he had seemed perfectly well and happy the evening before. Many weeks he lingered thus on the verge of death. During his sickness he never for a moment fully recovered his reason. Sometimes he babbled senselessly about his friends, but more often he was wholly unconscious of all that passed around him. He recovered at last from his illness, but the doctors had succeeded in restoring only the body, his mind was gone — lost forever.

"Gone," the Sophomore repeated in a hollow voice, while looking Jack full in the face. The others closed up around the two, and Samson continued, "The physicians said the sickness was probably caused by some terrible fright. The Faculty immediately suspected hazing, and spared no pains in trying to discover the culprits; but whether it was indeed this dangerous sport, or some more horrible cause they have never been able to determine, and to this day the mystery of the north chamber remains a secret."

"Quite a good story," said Jack with a yawn, as he turned away from the Sophomore's steady gaze.

During the recital of the tale he had caught a glance from his friend Harry which re-assured him, and he felt no harm at present; but he had noticed with uneasiness, in the reflection of the mirror hanging on the wall before him, that a few of the upper class-men behind his chair were whispering earnestly together, and it was evident from their looks that he was the object of their conversation.

"Gad! fellows," said one of the Sophomores around the Freshman, "it's nearly twelve o'clock. Guess we'd better turn in."

"Well, Jack," said Samson, rising from his chair, "hope you won't be disturbed this evening."

"Don't know," was the reply, "might find me a raving maniac in the morning. Good night."

"So long."

In a few minutes all the company departed. Our Freshman breathed a sigh of relief as he turned to Harry, who said, "Here's the novel you came after. Quite an interesting collection of detective stories." Jack took the book and then said with a smile, "You don't suppose I will see these fellows again to-night do you?"

"Well, I don't know. I hardly think you will, but it's well to be on your guard. Better be careful about locking your doors and windows. Just as well to be on the safe side, you know."

"Yes, of course. Well, good night," and the Freshman started towards the door.

"Oh, Jack," Harry called, "If anything should happen to-night I'm right down here, you know. Good night."

Jack slowly mounted the three flights of stairs to his own room. After he had carefully locked himself in he sat down and began to think over the Sophomore's story. He knew he was growing nervous. He tried to shake off the feeling, but the last words of the Sophomore kept recurring to him, "Or some more horrible cause." He caught himself wondering what it might be. Then he tried to keep it out of his thoughts by reading the novel Harry had lent him, but the exciting book only served to increase his nervousness. He went to the windows and to the door again, and examined the locks. They were all secure. Some one might be hiding here, he thought. He glanced hurriedly around the room, dreading to see some form lurking near him. Then he went to the bed. He trembled as he looked fearfully under it. He saw nothing. He commenced to undress. He heard a rap at the window. His nervousness changed into fear. He glanced up quickly and held his breath. He heard no sound. One, two, three minutes passed. Then in that intense, awful quiet there came slowly from the window rap,—rap,—rap.

Like lightning he slid back the bolt, threw open the door, bounded from the room, and stood at the head of the stairs. Then he laughed nervously. "It was only the curtain," he said. Looking over the circu-

lar banister he saw, far below him, a faint light. He wondered if it was from Jack's room. He went down the stairs a little way to find out. As he did so his heart gave a bound and his nerves tingled in every fibre, for right behind him he heard clearly on the still night air a distinct foot-fall. He dared not look around. He felt the cold sweat ooze out of every pore.

He stepped down again, and plainly as before came that step behind him. He could stand it no longer. With one wild yell he rushed down stairs. Flap—flap,—flap, he heard behind him at every step. Bursting open the door he threw himself into Harris' arms, trembling in every limb.

"Great Scott, man! what's the matter?"

"The ghost—it followed me—down stairs—behind me. Oh Harry!"

"Behind you? why I see nothing—oh." He turned quickly that Jack might not see the expression on his face. He controlled himself with an effort, and not until it was all over did Jack understand the strange wild look that Harry gave him as he said in a low and intense voice: "You must do just as I tell you. Your life may depend upon it. If your courage fail you for an instant you are lost. Go out into the hall and remount the stairs. The instant you hear that step throw your hands round behind you, close to your body, and clutch with all your might. You understand?"

Jack nodded assent, yet his face was ashy pale, and he could hardly stand from trembling.

"Go then, and God help you," said Harry.

Noiselessly the Freshman entered the hall. The next instant he was on the stairs, and then in the deadly silence came that frightful step. With all the strength of his athletic frame Jack threw his hands behind him, and clutched—.

The handsome story-teller with the dark eyes had paused in his tale and was absently gazing into the glowing coals.

"Oh! what—what did he—what happened?" screamed one of the guests, a pretty girl, near the fire-place.

"He clutched—" said the dark-eyed fellow, in a dreamy, far-away voice, "He clutched—his dangling suspenders."

A. B. Emery.

A School Assembly.

AMONG the knowing ones much dissatisfaction is expressed as to the manner of dealing with questions which concern the school and the evils which threaten it. Years ago Dr. Arnold said regarding the government of Rugby school that the only way to get the most out of any boy was to trust him, and to allow the student all reasonable freedom until he abuses his privileges. What the results of his methods were is known to all.

It seems a pity that after this attempt at a more democratic government of schools was so successful the plan should have been given up, and not more widely introduced. Only in recent years has the wisdom of Dr. Arnold impressed itself upon the minds of those foremost in the ranks of American educators.

First among the schools to take up the work in this country was Harvard. Many have been the objections to the steps taken by that university in its treatment of students as men. Yet however severe the criticism may have been, the faculty of Harvard, and those who have been attending the university since the plan was introduced, agree in calling it a triumph.

This same democratic spirit led to the organization at Amherst of the "Senate." This body, composed of students from the various classes, decides many questions which directly and indirectly concern the students. Although this assembly does not have the final decision of any matter, yet its opinion is very weighty with the faculty, and the veto power, which lies with the President of the college, is very seldom used. In a recent lecture, President Gates expressed himself as entirely satisfied with the workings of the "Senate," and further, stated that its results had exceeded the expectations of all concerned. He was loud in his praise of the manner in which the fellows had taken hold of the idea, and made it a practical reality.

It must be clear to all that the best way, and in fact the only way, to deal with those matters which are considered as unbecoming a true

student and a gentleman, is to create in the minds of the student body an opinion against such doings. As long as a fellow thinks the only harm in doing anything wrong is the being caught in the act, just so long will the present state of affairs exist. As long as the only thing he cares to avoid is the faculty and demerits just so long will the school remain on a low plane.

Drinking and gambling are the two evils which threaten all schools and colleges most. Most young men do not take time to look sensibly at these two factors. The pleasure of a moment, the hope of gain without labor lead many to a miserable after life. The way to suppress these evils most readily is to create a sentiment against them. Would an assembly of students do this, or assist in doing it? We think it would. Such a body would tend to bring before the fellows in a clear light these threatening evils. It would give to the faculty on all important questions the student's side. It would be more lenient in the punishment of slight offences, the cause of which boys alone can understand, and older persons have forgotten. If an assembly would do these things, then we should have it. Would it not be well to give the plan a trial?

Lines.

The silvery moon shines soft and still;
In forests deep the breezes die:
This day is fainting on yon hill,
And soon with yesterday will lie.

Just so pass by the days of man,
Each falling into Time's dark sea,
So let us learn in youthful days
That life's for us to act and be.

Mr. Pendleton of Matoning.

IT was certainly very warm in Matoning. The sun shone down on the little town in the valley, out of a cloudless sky. A warm breeze from the river blew up Broadway, barely moving the branches of the tall poplars bordering the side-walk, and sweeping the yellow dust along in scurrying clouds. The idlers in the little park at the top of the hill lay quietly on their benches, shading their eyes with their worn-out hats, and looking at a boy who was lazily scrubbing the steps of a building opposite. It was a tall structure of a style peculiar to growing Western states, embodying the gracefulness of detail borrowed from the East, together with a certain boldness of outline seldom seen east of the Alleghanies. On the windows of the first floor was the inscription, "Matoning Valley Gas Co., John D. Pendleton, Pres."

Through the open casement sounded the voice of a clerk lazily dictating to a young man in a flannel coat who was vigorously pounding away on a type-writer. The click of the machine sounded out on the still air, sharp and metallic. All at once, from behind a half-closed door opening to an inner apartment, came the words, "Sam! Oh, Sam!" The man working at the machine stopped. "Well, sir?" he said. "Shut up that machine! Blamed if it ain't too hot to work this P. M."

The two clerks looked at each other and hesitated. Finally, one of them turned towards the inner room and said, "Is there anything else, Mr. Pendleton?"

The man within pondered a moment, and then replied, "No, boys, I believe not. You fellows had better go down to the river for a swim. I'd join you myself only I suppose 'twouldn't be just the thing; Hey, boys?" The young men smiled. Then, putting on their hats, passed quietly out of the building.

Mr. Pendleton stood still a moment and looked after them. He was tall, with broad shoulders, and carried himself with a certain grace and dignity which impressed those who met him. But beyond this, no one, even of his friends, could have called him handsome. "Sharp" was what

they termed him. "Almighty sharp. Why, sir, John D. Pendleton is about the smartest man in this state!" His keen wrinkled face bore the marks of a life struggle, while his bright blue eyes had a look of intelligence and cunning, born of long experience with the ups and downs of Western business life. There was about the man a certain air of reliance and self-confidence, hardly definable, yet very evident, which made one almost instinctively decide that here was a man able to look out for himself under almost any circumstances.

Mr. Pendleton was in his shirt sleeves. He had removed his collar and cuffs, and had bound a large silk handkerchief about his neck. Turning to the window he sat down in a cushioned office chair and laboriously deposited his feet upon the table in front of him. "Well," he remarked to himself, mopping his brow with a second handkerchief which he produced from his trousers pocket, "I'll be blamed if I ever did see such a warm day since I came to Matoning. Makes me think of that time down in Virginny when we chased the Rebs up the Shenandoah. The Lord couldn't make it any hotter then 'twas then. Guess I'll take a little snooze and then go home and get Matilda for a row on the river." So saying, he stretched his feet still farther onto the table, leaned his head back on the leathern rest and was soon dozing.

He was awakened from his nap by a loud cough. With a resounding thump, he pulled his feet to the floor and stood up. Two gentlemen dressed in black and looking extremely warm stood before him. One he recognized as the pastor of the church to which he belonged. The other was unknown to him. Stepping forward, he said, "Sit down, gentlemen, sit down! I hope you'll pardon my shirt sleeves, but I don't calculate to stand on ceremony much these days, its too blamed hot. I'll leave that to you gentlemen who have to hold up other people's dignity besides their own." They all laughed, Mr. Pendleton loudest of all. Then the minister said, "Mr. Pendleton, this is the gentleman I spoke to you about sometime ago, who is coming to conduct revival services for us. Mr. Baker, this is one of the prominent members of my church, Mr. Pendleton." The two men shook hands, and Pendleton remarked, "Yes, sir, that's my name, Pendleton, John D. Pendleton, president of the Matoning

Valley Gas Co. I'm very glad to see you, sir, very glad. But sit down, gentlemen, sit down." The two ministers occupied a hard horse hair sofa, and looked extremely uncomfortable. Mr. Pendleton remained in the office chair by the window. A considerable pause ensued, during which they all gazed vacantly at the window curtain, idly flapping in the breeze.

At length, the evangelist, who was a tall, thin man, with ill-fitting clothes and a rasping, sonorous voice, asked in a half-inquiring, half-apologetic tone, "Ah, — Mr. — Mr. — "

"Pendleton, John D. Pendleton," suggested his friend.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Pendleton, I was merely going to ask whether you thought the present time a fit one for our meetings. Ah — to — to put it in biblical phrase, whether the fields are ripe for the harvest?"

"Well, sir," said Pendleton, after a pause, "as to that, I'm not much of a judge about spiritual affairs, but in my opinion," — he here shut one eye reflectively and nodded at the men on the sofa, "In my opinion, the Devil has an almighty hard grip on this city, and you fellows will have to buckle your armor on pretty blamed tight if you want to keep it burnished bright."

"Yes sir," he continued in a loud voice, not heeding the fact that he had mixed his metaphors, "these here fields are pretty durned ripe! I have a good opportunity to see about all the people there are in this city, and I tell you there's a good many bad eggs amongst them. These here small towns do beat the devil for wickedness!" He had been emphasizing these various statements by vigorous taps on the desk, and now sank back in his chair quite overcome.

The evangelist nodded, and then said in his deep, penetrating key, "We hope the Lord will bless our efforts to turn sinners to him. I have great hopes that he will descend on this city and save you all." "Amen," murmured the minister reverently. Pendleton fidgeted in his chair. He did not like this sort of talk in the least. It had a hollow, wooden sound in his matter-of-fact ears. Finding him unresponsive in regard to further questions of the same sort, the two clergymen bowed themselves out, after exacting a promise from Pendleton to come to the meeting that night.

"Oh, yes," responded that gentlemen, "I'll be there, if I melt a collar a doing it."

During supper that evening Mr. Pendleton was pre-occupied and thoughtful. He did not eat his favorite dish of buttered toast with his usual relish, and would stop sometimes in the midst of a sentence and gaze solemnly at his plate for a long time. His wife noticed it, but she had not lived with him twenty years for nothing, and accordingly held her peace. At length, her husband folded his napkin and pushed back his chair.

"Matilda," he began, "Matilda, I suppose we'll have to go to meeting this P. M., shan't we?"

"Why, certainly, John!"

"And I'll have to get into my thick coat?"

"Yes."

"And my tight shoes?"

"Certainly."

"And a clean shirt too, I suppose?"

"Of course."

"O, good Lord! I'll sweat my head off. I can stand it working in the office in my cool duds, but it's going to be awful over there to-night, perfectly terrible! I say, Matilda, let's not go."

"Now, look here, John D., you know you've got to go to that meeting. You also know what it is only decent and respectable for you to wear. If my husband goes to meeting, he's going there looking right."

"Well, I say, Matilda, don't you think it would be all right to wear that pink shirt?" His wife sniffed indignantly, but did not deign to reply. The pink shirt in question was one that Mr. Pendleton had bought on an Eastern trip the year before. The dapper clerk had assured him that it was just the thing to wear in hot weather, and he had accordingly brought it home in triumphant anticipation of the solid comfort in store for him. But it found no favor in Matilda's eyes. She very cuttingly inquired whether he intended wearing that thing or not, and Pendleton sadly laid it away to be gazed at only in secret.

At last he stood before his wife ready for inspection, tight shoes,

clean shirt and all. A high collar cut his chin with its rasping edge; but he never winced. "Matilda," he said in a firm voice, "will I do?"

"Oh, yes, I guess so — why — why, John D. Pendleton, you haven't any necktie on! There! let me tie it for you." After much twisting and turning on Matilda's part, and groaning and rolling of eyes on her husband's, the tie was satisfactorily arranged, and they set out for the meeting.

The services were to be held in a building which had been used for skating at the time when that craze was at its height. Since then it had served for various purposes, ranging from fancy bazaars run by missionary societies, to supposed theatricals of patent medicine venders. To-night the floor had been covered with chairs, and at one side a platform for the speaker had been erected. When the Pendletons reached the building, it was nearly time for the opening of the service. The seats were rapidly filling up. The great white arc lights shone down from among the tattered Japanese parasols upon a very animated picture. Here and there were little knots of women eagerly exchanging the latest gossip. Grave and sedate business men lingered in the back of the hall with their hands in their pockets, and discussed the state of trade and the long continuance of the hot spell, with grave faces and shaking heads. Now and then the shrill laughter of a group of girls arose above the general din. Young men with their sweethearts walked down the aisle, trying hard to appear unconcerned, but feeling very uncomfortably in reality. Two or three specimens of the so-called village dude lounged in the rear, making very audible comments upon various giggling maidens in front of them. Everywhere fans were moving up and down, flashing bright in the white streaming from the rafters.

At length a row of gentlemen ascended the platform and took seats in the rear. They were the clergymen of the city, as was evident from their dress and actions. Last of all came the evangelist, looking pale and tired. But his eyes flashed with feeling and one could see that he was only restraining himself until the proper moment. He stepped to the front of the platform and slowly raised his arms. At once the noise began to lessen, and soon had ceased altogether.

"Let us sing to the praise of God, No. 42," he began. Thereupon a young girl who appeared very much frightened played the opening notes, and soon the whole congregation burst forth into one of those simple, yet tender, hymns which touch the hearts of plain, every-day humanity, as the finest music fails to do.

After the song the evangelist stepped forward and began his sermon. It was simple almost to baldness, yet admirably adapted to such an assembly as this. People as a rule appear susceptible to sentiment rather than reason. It was certainly so in this case. As he warmed up to his subject and grew more and more earnest, the tender, appealing words ceased, and in their place came a current of such scathing rebuke and terrible denunciation as the hardened reprobates of Matoning had never heard before. His clear shrill voice was raised almost to a shriek. The magic began to work. Here and there women bowed their heads, while their husbands stared. One poor creature on the first bench fell flat on the floor before the platform, and cried aloud for pity, but the speaker howled on, calling down on them the wrath of God and the power of the devil with equal fervor. At last he raised himself for a supreme effort: "O, come, ye sinners, or ye shall be lost, — destroyed forever. Turn ye, turn ye from your evil to the Lord." He stopped. All over the house arose sobs and cries and amens. With a few simple closing words he gave out another hymn and then dismissed the meeting. Slowly, almost reluctantly, the people arose and began streaming out the doorway. The evangelist coming out among the last, happened by chance upon the Pendletons, who urged him to stay with them while in Matoning. After a moment's thought he accepted the invitation, and the three passed out of the building on the way to the Pendletons' house. When they reached the gate Mr. Pendleton remarked, "Well, Matilda, I guess we'll leave you here, I want to show Mr.——, Mr.——," "Baker," put in the evangelist. "I want to show Mr. Baker around the city a little bit this evening if he'd like to go."

"Certainly," said the evangelist, "I should be very glad to go."

Accordingly they set out along the quiet street lighted here and there by a solitary electric lamp. Their footsteps echoed loudly on the brick

pavement as they passed out of the town and up to one of the neighboring hills. "I want to show you the city from Billings Hill," said Mr. Pendleton, wishing to explain the reason for such steep climbing.

At last they reached the top and turned around. Down below them lay the city, dark, save where a dazzling arc light shot up through the trees. Beyond the town lay the river, sweeping in a majestic curve around the distant hills. Above, in the great circle of blue, the stars burned bright. A cool breeze fanned their heated cheeks, and they stood silently watching the city below. Finally Mr. Pendleton broke the stillness. His voice sounded subdued, almost dreamy. "Yes sir, it's a pretty sight up here. I reckon it as pretty a view as you'll get of Matoning. I always bring strangers up here to show the sights. Matoning, you know, is my great pride. You see I've kind of helped build the town. Why, I can remember when there weren't no Matoning at all. Only those hills and the river and the sky. I tell you them was great days when a man built his dugout with one hand and kept a good hold on his shooting iron with the other. I've seen Matoning grow, sir, grow like a weed. We had a good site here and we boomed it like the devil. Didn't seem to get along much at first. I guess 'cause there's so many of these here new towns out West. But one day we found gas down here below town, and then we was a made place. Why, people just jumped to get here. Prices went up about 300 per cent, and we fellows,— well we made a pile. I kept my weather eye peeled and worked the gas company for all 'twas worth. I bought shares and bought 'em. Bought night and day, Sundays and all, for I tell you — no disrespect to the Lord's day — a booming town don't let its booms stop Sundays no more than any other day of the week. Once the gas blamed near gave out. I didn't go to bed for four nights! I can remember them nights yet, those nights of watching. I used to count my shares and wonder how much they would bring as old paper. I was as low as I ever want to be. If these wells had a give out I'd a killed myself, I verily believe I would! But then the tide turned and news came they'd got a new well, and then 'twas all plain sailing. I made a big pile, sir, out of them shares, and I haven't lost any since. And it's all due to Matoning, all due to Matoning. That's why I sort of love this

town. It is dirty and rough, I know; but it's made me, sir, it's made me!"

Mr. Pendleton was silent. He was really very much in earnest. What he had said was true. He did love Matoning. Matoning, the dirty, ugly Western town. By it he had won name and fortune and wife. Besides, although he knew it not, he was a type of just such a town as Matoning, ugly, self-reliant, and prosperous.

"Mr. Pendleton," said the minister softly, "don't you think the Lord did it all?"

The President of the Matoning Valley Gas Company drew himself to his full height. "Well, sir," he said, "the Lord did his share, but I tell you we folks here in Matoning did a thundering big pile ourselves." After delivering himself of this statement Mr. Pendleton and the minister turned back and descended the hill.

. . . . . .

The next morning was fully as warm as the previous day had been. Mr. Pendleton sat in his private office writing some letters. Although in his shirt sleeves, he looked hot and tired. Something was evidently worrying him. Every little while he would stop and go to the telephone, talk loudly to some unknown person, and then sit down again. Finally he heard the bell ring. With a bound he was at the instrument. "Yes," he said, "what is it?" Then came the message. As he heard it the color left his face, and the great drops started on his brow. His fingers tightened over the receiver. Silently he heard the message and then left the instrument. He sank heavily into his chair, and bowed his face in his hands. A long time passed. Then he raised his head and muttered, "Well, it's got to come. What's the use in putting it off? Sam," he shouted, "Sam!"

"Yes sir," sounded from the outer office.

"Send Mr. Douglass in here."

In a few moments Douglass, the vice-President of the Company, appeared. Pendleton looked at him a moment, and then motioned to a chair. "Sit down, Douglass, I want to talk to you," he said slowly. It sounded as though he were talking through his tight set teeth.

"Why, Mr. Pendleton, you are ill," burst out Douglass, noting his chief's pale face and wild eyes.

"No,—no,—I'm not ill," said Pendleton, wiping his brow with a nervous jerk of his hand, "Only I want you to pay attention. There's something that's got to be said , and I'd rather you'd hear it than anyone else,—because I think you — trust me." Mr. Pendleton nearly broke down, but recovering himself with an effort he continued with terrible slowness and emphasis, "Douglass, the—gas—has—give out!

"What?" Douglass almost screamed, "given out? Impossible!"

"Shut your mouth," interposed Pendleton sternly. "Do you want the whole office to hear you? Yes, the gas has given out. It—hits—us pretty—hard—doesn't it?"

"Hard! why it'll ruin us, utterly ruin us! But tell me how—why—it can't be—why—"

"Jones just telephoned that about five minutes ago all the old wells stopped spouting all of a sudden."

"But the new ones,—the new ones," interrupted the other.

"Douglass, you are too excited. Keep cool. It won't do no good to lose our grip. What's done is done!" Pendleton felt master of himself now, and spoke with perfect calmness and deliberation. "The new ones," he continued, "ain't been struck yet. There's a bare chance of getting gas by them, but the chance is blamed scanty."

A long silence. Then Douglass asked in a weak, begging tone of voice, "How much will the Company be out?"

Pendleton did some rapid figuring, then said very slowly, "The Company will be out somewhere near one hundred thousand, as near as I can make out. There are about ten thousand shares, I guess. That means ten dollars a share loss."

Douglass bowed his head in his hands. Pendleton eyed him pityingly, and then said, "This is hard, my boy,— blamed hard. I don't know how —"

"Mr. Pendleton," called the office boy, suddenly thrusting his head in at the door, "Mr. Baker is here to see you."

"O, good Lord," moaned Pendleton, "I can't see see—I—but still,

what's the use of making any fuss? Douglass," he continued in a cold, steady tone, "You let me see Mr. Baker alone, will you?"

"Good morning, sit down. What can I do for you?" asked Pendleton as Baker, entered. His face was set, but he gave no outward sign of the fearful agony he was suffering.

"Fine day, Mr. Pendleton, isn't it," said Baker brightly.

"Very fine day. What—can—I—do—for you?"

Then he replied, with his usual apologetic cough, "You see, Mr. Pendleton, your talk of last night set me to thinking about your gas company. Your enthusiastic description of the money in it has made me—" Pendleton groaned and hid his face in his hand.

"Why," said Baker anxiously, "Are you ill?"

"Oh no," sighed Pendleton, "Only a slight pain in my head—go on."

"Well, as I was saying, your description of what a good thing the Company is has interested me. Now what I want to do is this. I have got together quite a little sum of money which I — ahem — wish to invest in your Company."

"What," yelled Pendleton, springing to his feet.

"Why, invest in gas with you," replied Baker, astonished at the excited tone of his companion.

Pendleton looked at him eagerly, half pityingly, and then asked in a whisper, "How much is it?"

"Well," said Baker apologetically, "It's quite a large sum,—it is fifty thousand dollars."

Pendleton sank back into his chair and turned to the window. He was thinking, thinking hard. Here was a chance to unload his stock. He could sell to Baker before he found out the gas had failed, and then.—

"Well, sir," said Baker, "What do you say?"

"Give me a moment more," said Pendleton, "Only a moment." He thought of his home, his wife, his happy life here in Matoning,—all would be gone—all—all. But then it was wrong. Yes, no doubt it was wrong.

"Well, sir," said Baker again, "The minute's up. What do you say?"

"Mr. Baker," said Pendleton grasping his chair to support himself, "I—can't—do it."

"Oh, don't say that, sir, think!"

"Think? I have thought, thought it all out. I've thought too blamed much for my own good. No sir," he said, drawing himself to his full height, "I can't do it. Positively no."

"Think again," said Baker, pleadingly, "Don't be hasty—think of my money."

"Stop?" howled Pendleton, "Won't you stop?"

"Mr. Pendleton," replied Baker, coloring up a little, "I am afraid you are inclined to be selfish."

"Selfish, selfish! O, good Lord, will you get out?"

"What?" interrupted Baker.

"Yes, get out. Clear out. Damn it, *won't* you go?"

The clerks in the office, aroused by the sounds proceeding from the private room, were now thrown into a state of the greatest excitement by seeing Mr. Baker suddenly appear through the doorway as if impelled by some force within, and hastily leave the building. In the inner room Mr. Pendleton lay bent over his desk. his head lying on the top. It was all gone, money, home, everything,—everything in this world he had set his heart on. "Well, let it be so, all gone." For a long time the man lay there. Suddenly the telephone bell sounded. It took Mr. Pendleton about one second to reach the instrument. "Yes," he shouted, "What is it?" After he had heard the message he called, "Douglass, Douglass." In a moment Douglass was with him. "Douglass," said Pendleton solemnly, "This gas company is still agoing! They struck gas in the new wells, and struck it rich, too. Why, he says the gas is so strong it nigh blew the top off the derrick."

"Hurrah!" shouted Douglass, regardless of propriety.

"Amen," said Pendleton, wiping the perspiration from his brow.

"Oh," added Pendleton, "By the way, I just refused fifty thousand dollars worth of stock in Matoning gas."

"Why?" asked Douglass, wonderingly.

"Oh," said the President of the Matoning Valley Gas Company, "for various reasons."

Cornelius P. Kitchel.

Manual Training in our Public Schools.

DURING the last century the education of the masses has been a problem to which our ablest statesmen and writers have given their deepest attention. Through their untiring energy we now possess a public school system of whose past we may well be proud, and to which we look as the mother and promoter of our present prosperity. Yet during the last few years there has arisen from all classes a growing distrust in the prevailing methods. The system which is now in vogue in our public schools seems to be inadequate to the needs of the American people, and a crying want is felt for a revision of the present curriculum.

When first these schools were founded, the education they held out to every student was sufficient to secure for him a livelihood, but the state of society has changed, and now beyond the Grammar School there is little which attracts the average student to further study. The cause is obvious. The old system of apprenticeship and the old system of employment have passed away for ever. Fifty years ago a boy learned to make his living under the supervision of some master mechanic where now he is compelled to shift for himself, and the trades are over-crowded with such unskilled labor. The educated man was then the exception, not the rule, and the public schools were but sparsely attended. Now education is the birthright of every American child, and he who would stand in the front must not only be educated, but must be skilled in whatever branch of work he has chosen to pursue. The majority of the young men who attend our high schools have not the means for a collegiate education, and when they have completed their course they are sent out into the world unfitted for a successful career. Each year the higher grades are attended by fewer boys, while in the upper classes a far too great proportion are girls. The very system which has been so beneficial in the past seems to be slowly losing its hold on the confidence of the people.

The inadequacy of the present system is plainly proved by the growing number of criminals and the great amount of vice that abounds in our large cities. Both arise from the younger generations, who are

driven to ignorance and wickedness by the inefficient accommodations of our public schools, and their inabillity to reach the lower classes of our population. Our modern cities are politically corrupt and morally depraved. Their streets are the daily scenes of vice which are almost on a level with those of ancient Rome, they harbor an army of criminals which grows with its growth, and they are without any systematized effort either to reform or to abolish it. With such glaring defects presenting themselves at every turn, can any doubt exist as to whether or no the present system should be revised. The plan of combining a course of manual training with our present curriculum takes hold of the remedy of the above evils in the most tangible and practicable manner, and it is the purport of this article to bring forward some views on the advisability of incorporating it in our public schools.

The schools of to-day train, in a great degree, the imitative or memorizing faculties, and pay less attention to the students thinking and reasoning powers. The system stops just where it seems it ought to begin. It teaches the student the foundations of usefulness, and then throws him off to learn as best he can how to apply his knowledge to every-day life. Manual training here takes her place alongside of the old system, and supplies this very need. It gives to education the practical side which it before lacked. It trains the mind and eye to work in concert, and the hand, the tool of both, to execute skilfully the work placed before it.

It must be distinctly understood that it is not the purpose of the advocates of industrial education to do away with any of the existing studies. Manual training must have the co-operation of the literary portion of the system, or it will be a most dismal failure, and serve only as an inefficient trade school. It may be described as a course in mechanical arts, and it is to be distinguished from the apprenticeship education on the one hand, and the manual training of young children, which is doing such a good work through the kindergartens among the poor of our large cities, on the other. The blending of manual and mental training makes an all-sided education which develops every set of faculties, and gives to its students a strong, robust, and well-rounded intellect, which will enable them to succeed in the midst of whatever circumstances they may be

thrown. The schools which now fit boys for college will then fit them for life as well.

The intellectual effect of Industrial Education is very great. Civilization from time immemorial has depended first upon intelligence, then upon morality. The more practical this intelligence becomes, the higher is the development of character. Look at the history of the past and you will see that those nations who were best skilled in mechanical arts stood upon the highest plane of civilization and moral culture. James Watt when a boy was a dunce in such parrot learning as he was taught in the little school of his youth, yet, led on by his love of knowledge, and under the influence of mechanical investigation and work, he became in after life one of the most accomplished scientific men of his time. Sir Walter Scott spoke of him as a man versed in every branch of learning, and as for science, that was his own distinguished walk.

There may be brought forward the objection that though industrial education is an excellent system *on paper*, yet it is impracticable under existing circumstances. To show how without any just foundation such a theory exists, we have but to look at the work that those schools which have incorporated manual training in their curriculum are even to-day accomplishing. In a recent report of the Toledo Manual Training School it was proved that those boys who spent half their time in the manual exercise of the school made as rapid progress in their other studies as those who did not take the course of manual training. When it is true that industrial students learn in half the time as much as those under the old regime, it is plain that the former are great gainers and the latter are overwhelmingly losers both in knowledge and energy. The universal popularity which everywhere attends this system is seen in the great increase of these schools throughout the country. The plan has proved itself on trial to be practicable and most beneficial to the students. Its merits have been so clearly recognized that it is but just to say that manual training must be eventually incorporated in our public schools.

Work and the love of work has made this country what she is to-day, and it is to this spirit that we must look for the remedy of every evil, both political and social, that is the offspring of idleness, and which may

threaten our republic. Manual training teaches this love of work, increases the freedom from all bonds of old customs, encourages individuality, stimulates clear and concise reasoning, and, above all, makes its pupils into true helpers of themselves and of their fellow-men. This is the reform which is brought forward by modern educators to correct the existing evils in this country. As an experiment it has been far more successful than its most sanguine advocates had reason to expect. As a result of actual experience in Boston since 1887 it has been found well adapted to the needs of American children, and to have made doubly certain its value by stimulating mental activity, which has shown itself in better work in other branches of study. When it is universally adopted in our public schools, another and great problem has been solved in a way best suited to elevate our people, dignify labor, and increase the benefits of skilled work, all of which contribute to the country's highest welfare. *S. L. Fuller.*

Springtime.

THE grassy lawn proclaims for thee a crown;
The bubbling brook now leaps in joy;
All heaven in merriment looks down
And smiling fields invite the "barefoot boy."
Above, below, on hill, in vale, by stream,
Beauty is queen of all, and rules supreme.
The mountain rejoices in wonderous might,
The valley smiles at the swelling river,
And in return the stream, in hasty flight,
Bedews the banks where rosebuds shiver.
Activity is now in tune,
Dashing abroad over city and meadow;
The primrose blusters in the heat of June,
The snowy lamb now prances in his clover;
There's nowhere a creature that feels not his boon,
And beauty and joy prevail the world over.

Editorials.

THE movement for the consolidation of Andover's Athletic interests has successfully reached its first stage. The committee appointed to investigate the matter, submitted a constitution covering the main points of organization and administration under the new system, and the school has adopted it. The same committee was continued, and empowered to put the system into operation. Much now depends upon the energy and sound judgment with which the committee enters upon its further work. The united sentiment of the school in favor of the new plan augurs well for its success if it be well begun.

It is important that a graduate treasurer be chosen at once, in order that his co-operation and judgment may be had in working out some of the details of the plan, especially in regard to the system of vouchers and accounts.

It is hoped that the spirit as well as the form of this new system will prevail from the time of its inauguration. It is important in a large school like this that opportunities for athletic activities be provided for the many, and not alone for the school teams. The great English schools are far in advance of us in this respect. Their cricket fields and tennis courts are laid out so as to provide for the entire school, and almost every undergraduate makes use of them. The advantages are found not alone in the healthy tone resulting from outdoor work by the entire student body, but also in the increased number of strong men developed in the various lines who would not be brought out otherwise.

Phillips Andover should lead all American preparatory schools in a system of athletics for every student, and not alone for the few. This plan will doubtless be the ruling one among schools and colleges a decade hence. Andover's standing in foot-ball and base-ball is an enviable one. The series of street and house games do much to strengthen these two departments, and to develop new material. The school's support of tennis and track athletic interests has been wholly inadequate in the past, largely

owing to the fact that these associations have not called on the school for financial aid. It is hoped that the new system will give these two departments the support and prominence of which they are worthy.

One of the changes that the Executive Board should endeavor to bring about is to alter the existing agreement with Exeter with regard to tennis and track athletics. We can see no good reason why Andover's representatives should not be allowed to enter the interscholastic tournaments in these events. There is no doubt that we could make a showing worthy of our high reputation. A greater interest in these branches would surely follow, and would tend to bring out more fellows into athletic work. Again, Andover's reputation would be spread through contact with other schools, and this would draw more students to her, for although it is an unfortunate state of affairs many boys are influenced in their choice of school and college by athletic fame.

The Month.

THE Means prize speaking took place on May 4, and fully came up to the standard set by the competitions of former years. One singular fact worthy of note is that only three classes out of the eight in school were represented. The prizes were awarded as follows; first, G. H. McClellan, '95; second, W. T. B. Williams, '93; third, W. B. Parker, '93.

The series of lectures upon the different colleges, given by some leading member of the faculty of each, came to an end on May 12. The closing lecture was by President Tucker of Dartmouth. These lectures have been both interesting and profitable, and much credit is due the Forum for arranging them.

The Bancroft and Draper Cottages, the two latest additions to the collection of new dormitories, are fast approaching completion, and will be ready for occupancy at the beginning of next year. Both are in some respects superior to the others.

The long-expected concert of the Harvard Glee and Banjo Clubs took place at the Town Hall Tuesday evening, May 9. It was a musical treat, and one that was thoroughly enjoyed by those present. Andover was represented by Farwell and Morgan, both of '89.

On Sunday, May 19, occurred the death of Mr. Edward Taylor. He was a faithful friend to the Academy, and was treasurer for over twenty years.

The base-ball games during the month have resulted as follows: Lawrence Stars 1, Andover 4; Boston Blues 0, Andover 23; Lawrence Stars 1, Andover 10; Lawrenceville 4, Andover 5; Boston College 2, Andover 11; Tufts 10, Andover 12; Brown 2, Andover 7.

The following men have been selected to speak for the Draper prizes; H. W. Beal, '93; W. J. Lapham, '93; W. B. Parker, '93; L. Ullmann, '93; O. M. Clark, '94; T. C. Hoffman, '94; D. B. Eddy, '94; C. Grilk, '95; A. E. Branch, '95; and J. W. Meldrum, '95.

The winners of the out-door tournament, held on May 24, are as follows: 100-yards dash: Cowdery '94 first; Womelsdorf '95 second; time, 10 3-5 sec. 100-yards hurdle: Thrall '94 first; McClellan '95 second; time, 17 3-5 sec. Pole vault: Davis '95 first; Mann '94 second; record, 8 ft. 8 1-2 in. Throwing base-ball: Manning '94 and Drew '94; distance, 312 ft. Quarter-mile run: Lapham '93 and McClellan '95; time 56 2-5 sec. Putting shot: Holt '95 and Rodgers 94; record, 34 ft. 6 in. 220-yards dash: Cowdery '94 and Thrall '94; time, 24 3-5 sec. Half-mile run: Laing '95 and Lapham '93; time, 2 min. 11 sec. Running high jump: Nettleton '94 and Holt '95; record, 5 ft. One mile bicycle race; Hooker '94 and Forbes '94; time, 3 min. 2 sec. Running broad jump: Paige '94 and Murphy '93; record, 19 ft., 5 in. One-mile run: Laing '95 and Starbuck '94; time 5 min. 2 sec.

The faculty have determined upon the day before commencement for Class Day, instead of the morning of commencement, as heretofore. The graduating exercises will come off at 10 A.M. on Tuesday, the 27th.

Clippings.

The chorus-girl's age is but twenty-two,
The chorus-girl's hair is of golden hue.
('Twas a reddish color when first she sung,)
Whom the gods (of the gallery) love dye young.

Columbia Spectator.

LITTLE THINGS.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of rye,
Make the "bitter feeling"
And the blood-shot eye.

Lehigh Burr.

RECTIFICATION.

"Our rector's a thief," she laughingly said,
"May the saints have grace on his soul;
Last Sunday, although he seemed pious and grave,
He put on his surplice and *stole*."

Brunonian.

How many old blocks one ought to meet
In mingling with Eastern stock,
If those you can pick up along the street
Are "Chips" from the old, old block.

Lafayette.

A TIME TO LAUGH.

I saw the man who drove the hearse
Grin like a fiend for full a minute;
"Why sir," I asked, "this ill-timed mirth?"
"Because," he chuckled, "I'm not in it."

Ex.

A Zulu belle is really like
A prophet, for you see,
She doesn't have much on'er
In her own country.

Cynic.

TRUE SINCERITY.

In modern days a maiden sweet,
In manner sinful, clearly,
Will write a note with fibs replete
And sign it "Yours sincerely."

Spectator.

A man came up to college
Who wished to sharpen knives;
He turned out the worst *sharper*
We've seen in all our lives.

Brunonian.

CHOLLY'S SOLILOQUY.

"Procrastination is the thief
Of time" I've heard them say.
I wonder if 'twas he that stole
The watch I lost to-day.

Brunonian.

A baseball game is no temperance game,
For the pitcher gives many a pull;
The ball goes off on many a bat,
While the bases quite often are full.

Brunonian.

Oh, the spring is fast approaching,
I know it must be near,
For I've seen the old-time placards
Of the goat and glass of beer.

Williams Weekly.

Mirage.

A TRAGEDY IN SCHOOL LIFE.

Act I.

Scene: A room on the third floor of a house in Latin Commons.

Two boys are apparently studying at a table where a light is burning brightly. — A hesitating step is heard on the stairs, followed by a knock at the door across the hall. — No answer. — A second knock is followed by the same result. Then a few steps and a knock at this door.— One of the boys starts to answer it, but is stopped by a gesture from the other in time to prevent any noise.— A questioning glance from No. 1.— No. 2 writes a few words on a slip of paper and hands it to him. (Another knock at the door.) No. 1 bows and smiles but says nothing.— The next knock is much louder and is followed in a moment by the click of the latch as it is lifted. In walks one of the base-ball managers who wants to find out how much "school spirit," in a substantia form, lodges in the breasts of these two fellows.— General depression of countenance.— The mercury drops from 78° F. to 28°. Curtain.

Act II.

Same room. Same fellows. Four days later, 4 P. M.

Again steps are heard on the stairs, followed by knocks same as before.— Nos. 1 and 2 exchange glances. "2" shakes his head, and after tiptoeing to the door, locks it with an ominous click. — After other knocks, the latch is tried by an unseen hand. The boys wink at each other, and the unknown, but anticipated personage, slowly descends the stairs.— General joyfulness and congratulations. Curtain.

Act III.

Academy Hall at the close of morning chapel.

The commander-in-chief has just read the list of those who are wanted at head-quarters. He included the names of "1" and "2" in his list. They stare at each other, and are stared at.— General paleness of aspect, together with questioning looks. Curtain.

Act IV.

The commander-in-chief seated at his desk in head-quarters.

"1" and "2" enter and stand in respectful silence. The following trialogue takes place:

Commander-in-chief. "No. 1, where were you at nine o'clock last evening?"

No. 1. "In my room, sir."

C.-in-c. "No. 2, where were you?"

No. 2. "In our room, sir."

C.-in-c. "Can you prove it?"

Silence in Court.

C.-in-c. "I doubt if you can. I knocked several times on your door at

nine o'clock last evening to have a little talk with you. No one replied to my knocks. Your light was burning brightly, so you could not have been asleep. I could not find you anywhere around; accordingly, you must have been out of town. It remains for you to prove that you were in your rooms. If you find that you cannot, your "walking-tickets" will be furnished on application. C'est tout. Omnes exeunt." "*Son Altesse.*"

Tom is to graduate to-morrow, and to-night he has curled himself up in his window seat for a little quiet thinking. There we can see him gazing very pensively across the campus, drinking in with his eyes the well-hidden graces of the dear old hump-backed Academy, and following the arches of the tall elms, through whose crisp, new leaves a gentle night breeze is rippling.

Tom's days have been busy ones lately, and sentiment has been forgotten; but to-night the coming separation that he is ashamed to say he dreads has awakened some very tender memories. Now we can see that in the half-light he is slowly turning the leaves of a large red book, stopping now and then to smile, or else turning hastily past something that seems to displease him. Let us look over his shoulder.

Oh, these memory books! What cruel masters they are! Many a fellow has bowed down to his, and has gummed and scissored and has even been guilty of petty larceny to keep its sides plump and fat, only to find in the end that it is a thing he hardly dares look at, for the very sight of its half-forgotten contents fills him with a distressing feeling of regret and pleasure. But here is Tom bravely facing the music. See! a puff of wind through the open window blows out a loose paper from the book. There it is — a copy of the very paper he blotted and blubbered over in the Doctor's office four years ago; that paper, full of questions that struck the home-sick young boy as being especially senseless and prying. Why did the trustees want to know his mother's maiden name? He laughs as he remembers the figure he cut then, and turns over the leaf.

Order does not mark Tom's scrap-book, and next we see a list of twelve marks of some sort. What a time Tom had last year with those marks! But half of them, as usual, were mistakes; and with a sigh of relief, Tom looks at the chaos of season tickets, clippings and theatre checks that follows this doleful exhibit. He smiles at "We are pleased to announce the election of Mr. Tom Blank to our board," and recalls the time he had collecting Phillipiana and reporting base-ball games. Here is a gaudy "Extra" with a glowing account, in which every word is an adjective, of the great foot-ball game of '91; the memory of the last five minutes of the first half sends the blood tingling through Tom's veins. He never has regretted the hat he ruined in that wild

scene — the hat whose band adorns the next page, with a little halo of blue pinks and roses from Glee Club serenades around it. This little square of paper brings the memory of some hard work on a Means piece and a subsequent disappointment. Here is the menu of a winter night's spread placed next to an E in geometry that came the next day. Tom feels of a rib or two as he looks at a bit of the pigskin that won the street championship last fall, and looks very self-satisfied at the sight of this souvenir of the senior reception. Now comes a memorable letter from his father, a prelim. certificate, a blue print of his home, and then Tom drops into a delightful dream over portions of a long brown glove that recall a rainy day on Salem Street and a very blue-eyed young lady.

Ah, you Middler, don't laugh at Tom! Wait until the time comes for you to leave one of the best places on earth, then these trifles will give you something of Tom's feeling as he shuts the book, and after a long look at his last Andover sunset, now dying away in a gray and purple haze, returns to the realities. *R. G.*

A bicycle or a balloon may have its charms, but as for me give me a canoe. What a glorious sensation one has when "swift glides his light canoe adown the rapid river." A sensation which he can feel nowhere else. Who can express the delights of a canoe? How it yields to every motion of the body; how it obeys the slightest hint of the paddle; how it darts ahead and then slackens its pace according to the river's humor. It seems truly a thing of life.

What rapture, what ecstasy to dream through mazes of foliage and ferns and water lilies; to glide over dark pools where the trout lie undisturbed! How beautiful the shadows dancing on the water! How sweetly the birds sing in the overhanging branches!

It is evening and you ascend the river, slowly plying your paddle, the canoe rocking and swaying to your every movement. The insects are humming and a cool breeze is rustling the leaves. If the river was beautiful in the daytime, what is it at night? The moon shining through the arch of tree-tops casts a long silver wake on the waters. Silent shadows hover about. Are you lonely? No, your companion is nature.

You come to an open stretch where it is almost as light as in daytime. A fish comes up within a foot of you, opens his mouth in wonder, blinks his eyes, and dives down again with a splash. You come to some flooded fields where the frogs are singing what to you in your mood are not unmelodious songs.

You reach the old stone where you started from, slip your paddle, and, with a few careful steps and a jump, are on it. You make fast the canoe, and, walking up from the river-bank, get a farewell glance of it over your shoulder, bobbing you a good night. *D. G.*

Leaves from Phillips Ivy.

As we wish to make this department as interesting as possible to both alumni and students, any information concerning the recent actions of the sons of Phillips will be gladly received.

Mr. Edward Taylor, one of the trustees and for twenty-one years treasurer of Phillips Academy, died Sunday, May 21. In addition to the many services he rendered the Academy during his life-time, he bequeathed to it $1,000, and two-thirds of the residuary estate.

'52.—W. G. Goldsmith has been appointed post-master at Andover, a position which he held four year ago.

'64,—Prof. A. S. Hardy will remain on the Cosmopolitan staff, as associate editor, for another year.

'70.—Mr. Charles S. Smith who has lectured at Abbot Academy during the winter has sailed for Spain. He will there pursue his investigations in early Spanish literature.

'76.—Prof. D. C. Wells of Bowdoin College has been chosen professor of social sciences at Dartmouth.

'82.—Prof. George R. Carpenter, associate professor of English in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has been chosen to fill the chair of English in Columbia College.

'86. — Robert E. Speer, Princeton '89, a secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, and one of the leaders in the Student Volunteer Movement, was recently married to Miss Emma Doll Bailey of Harrisburg.

'90.—Arthur F. Cosby, who has been elected president of the Harvard Union, took a second prize at the Boylston prize speaking May 11.

'92.—G. E. Merriam was one of seven contestants for the Freshman prize for sight reading in Latin at Amherst.

'92.—George H. Nettleton, Yale '96, had stories in the "Yale Courant" issues of May 13 and 27.

The following recent graduates of Phillips have been in town since our last issue: G. G. Bartlett, I. Beard, Cheney, Colby, D. Churchill, A. S. Davis, Fales, A. Foster, Gosline, G. Howard, H. B. Lang, G. H. Nettleton, W. F. Osborne, Sheldon, Stearns, Wadhams, Farwell, Morgan.

Books.

THE DIVINITY OF JESUS CHRIST, by the Editors of the Andover Review.

The period of a young man's school and college education is full of religious doubts and difficulties. He has just broken away from home influences, and has begun to think for himself and to question his old beliefs. This change is often so great that the student is startled by his new views and often is led to drop all religious faith because he sees some belief of his apparently melt away in the new light. Such young men are usually willing or even desirous to believe in Christ but have not the strength of mind or will to overcome the doubts that present themselves.

For these, if they are sincere in their desire, the above book will be an invaluable aid. The reasons for belief in the divinity of Christ are clearly and logically stated.

In brief, the argument is that the primitive church, the disciples and apostles of Jesus who were intimate with their Master and best suited to judge of his nature believed him to be divine; that Jesus had a self-consciousness of divinity in so far as accords with the limitations of the human mind to which his divine nature had for the time subjected itself; that the early Christians, by their utterances and lives, showed that Christ's divinity was an established doctrine of Christianity from its beginnings, and no theological afterthought; that Christ's revelation of God and his divine work in the redemption of man implies his divinity, and can be adequately accounted for in no other way; that the revelation of God in a divine-human personality is the natural and probable culmination of his revelation in nature and man; and that in the satisfaction of humanity in Christ is shown his divinity.

We sincerely hope that this beautiful and helpful book will meet the success it so well deserves. *N. A. S.*

ENGLISH COMPOSITION, by Barrett Wendell.

A book on rhetoric is not usually interesting reading, even to the diligent student. Such treatises contain long lists of rules and examples which render them, as Mr. Wendell says, "not simple enough for popular reading." But this work is not only simple but also interesting. The fundamental principles of correct writing, upon which all rules depend, are lucidly stated, and the reasons for the necessity of obeying them are clearly shown. The reader will find in it an inspiration which will be of more value to him than a wagon load of rules. It is a work that should be in the hands of everyone who is striving to attain proficiency in the use of English.

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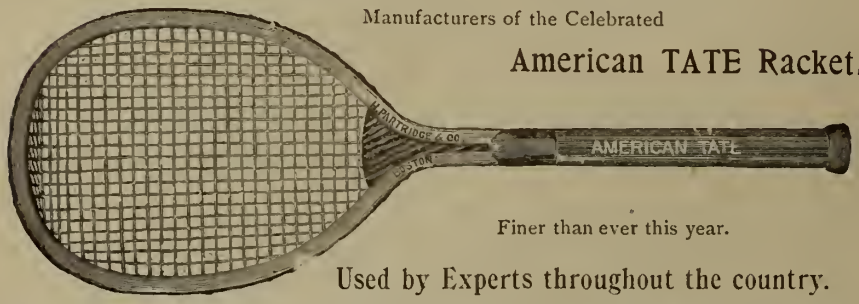
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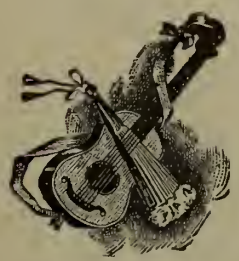
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He to his arms would press her,
Her lips would fondly kiss,
Alas, her skirt of crinoline
Forbids him all such bliss.

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He seized her in the dark and kissed
her,
And for a moment bliss was his;
"Oh, my, I thought it was my sister,"
He cried. She laughed and said,
"It is."

—*Yale Record.*

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My college love? Perhaps 'tis he
Who blithely burns a cigarette
And lights the muse through verses three;
Perchance 'tis he whose charms are set
In tenor tones to tuneful key;
Besides I'm tangled in a net
Of banjo strings, whose harmony
Sets forth Love's tender alphabet.

My college love? Ah well, you see,
So many charming youths I've met
Who could with graceful gallantry
Glide through love's mystic minuet,
That composite my love must be,—
For it were hard indeed to let
One reign alone, while Memory
Blends all in soulful silhouette.

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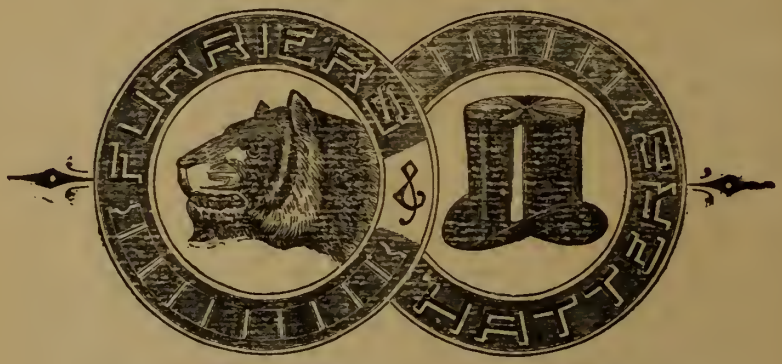
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